Special Double Number

FACING THE WORLD AT FIFTY
By Senator Albert J. Beveridge

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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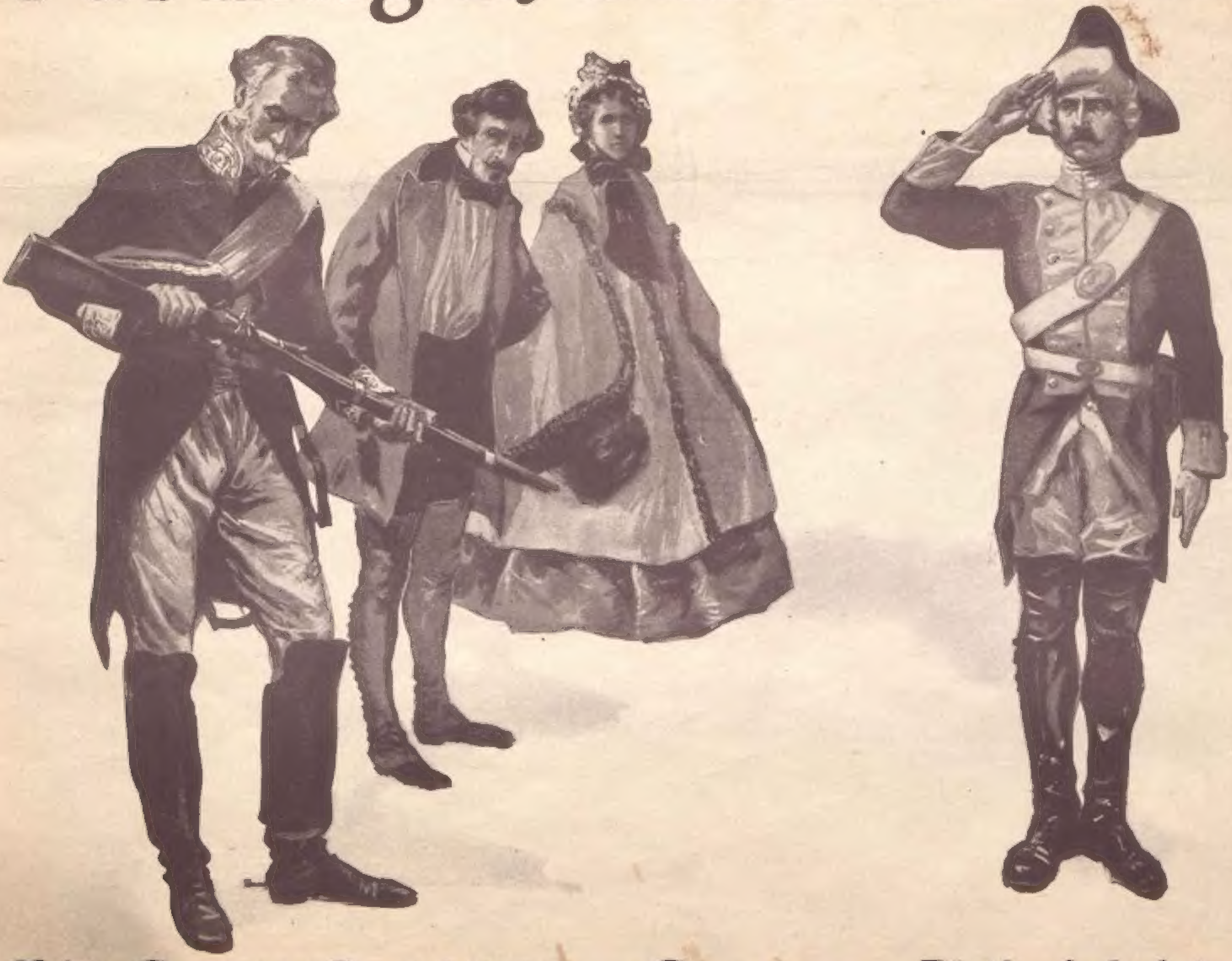
The Lane that had no Turning. By Gilbert Parker



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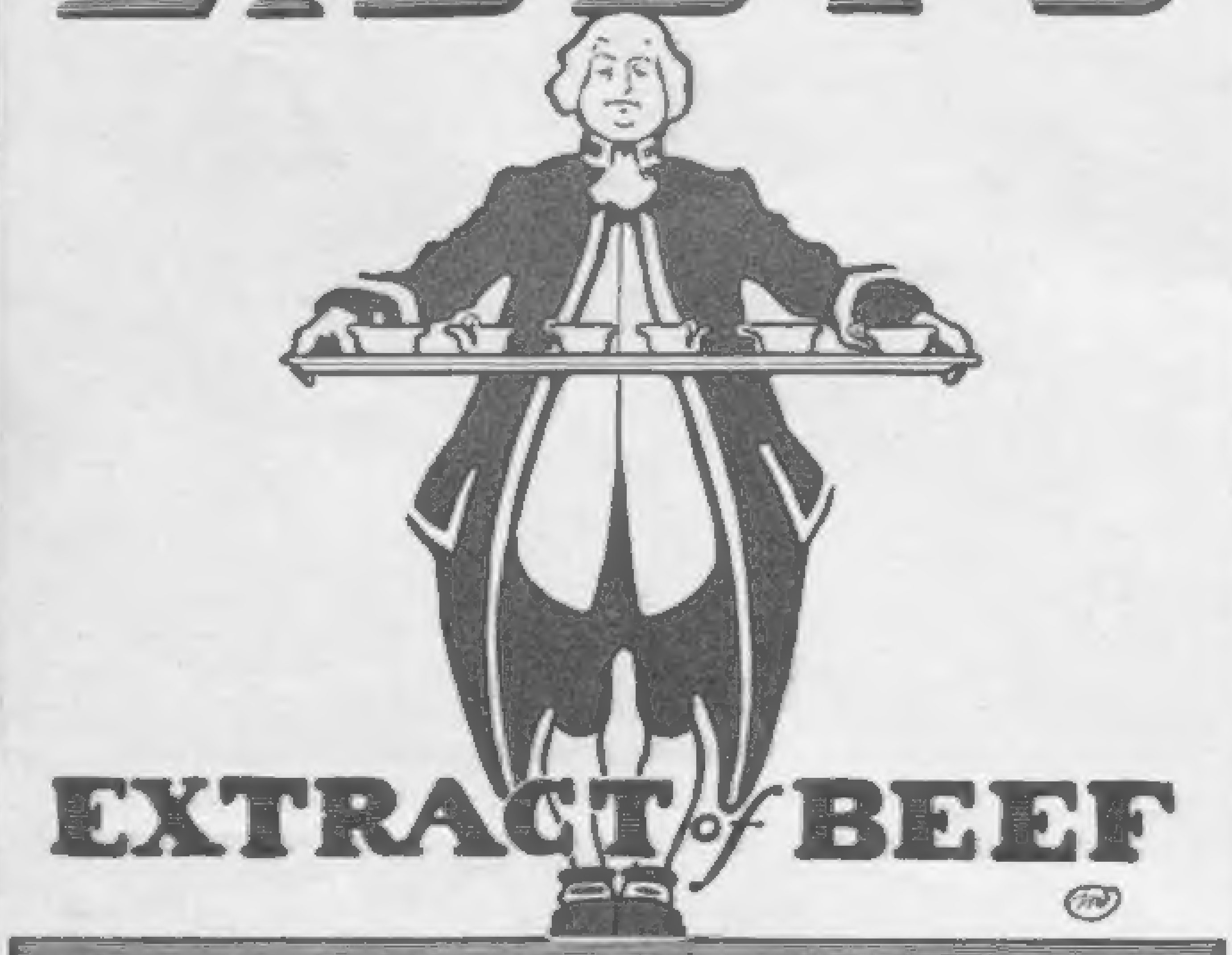

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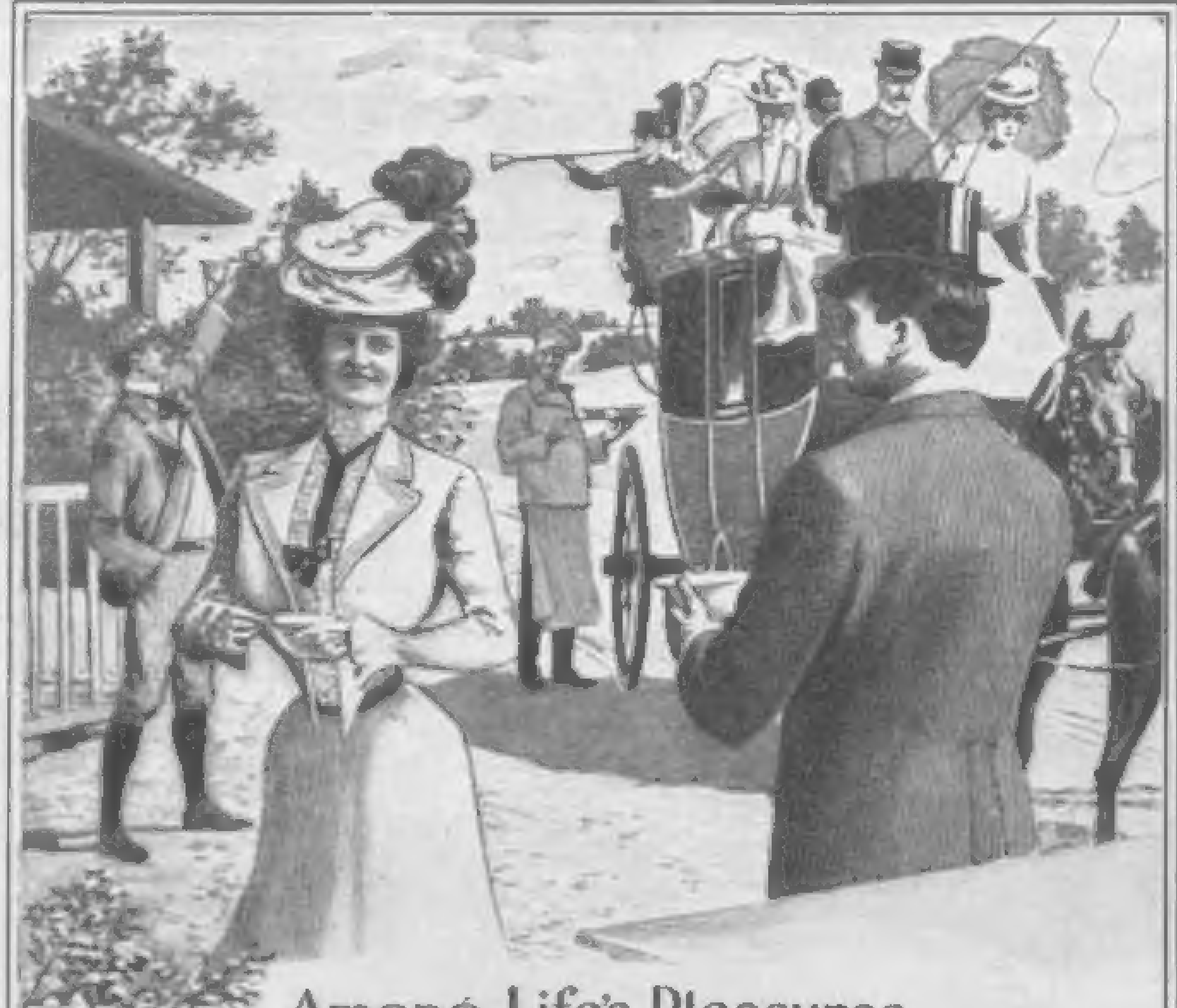

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The Lane that had no Turning

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FIRST CHAPTER—THE RETURN OF MADELINETTE

HIS Excellency the Governor—the English Governor of French-Canada—was come to Pontiac, accompanied by a goodly retinue; by private secretary, military secretary, aide-de-camp, Cabinet Minister, and all that. He was making a tour of the province, but it was obvious that he had gone out of his way to visit Pontiac; for there were disquieting rumors in the air concerning the loyalty of the district. Indeed, the Governor had arrived but twenty-four hours after a meeting had been held under the presidency of the Seigneur, at which resolutions were presented easily translatable into sedition. The Curé and the Avocat, arriving in the nick of time, had both spoken against them, with the result that the ardor in the minds of the habitants had died down, and the Seigneur had parted from the Curé and the Avocat in anger.

Once before Pontiac had been involved in an illegal demonstration. Valmond, the bizarre but popular Napoleonic pretender, had raised his standard there, the stones before the parish church had been stained with his blood; and he lay in the churchyard of St. Saviour's forgiven and unforgotten. How was it possible for Pontiac to forget him? Had he not left his little fortune to the parish? and had he not also left twenty thousand francs for the musical education of Madelinette Lajeunesse, the daughter of the village *forgeron*, to learn singing of the best masters in Paris? Pontiac's wrongdoings had brought it more profit than penalty, more praise than punishment; for after five years in Paris in the care of the Little Chemist's widow, Madelinette Lajeunesse had become the greatest singer of her day. But what had put the greatest strain upon the modesty of Pontiac was the fact that on the morrow of Madelinette's first triumph in Paris she had married Monsieur Louis Racine, the new Seigneur of Pontiac.

What more could Pontiac wish? It had been rewarded for its mistakes; it had not even been chastened, save that it was marked "suspicious" as to its loyalty at the headquarters of the English Government in Quebec. It should have worn a crown of thorns, but it flaunted a crown of roses. A most unreasonable good fortune seemed to pursue it. It had been led to expect that its new Seigneur would be an Englishman, one George Fournel, to whom, as the late Seigneur had more than once declared, the property had been left by will; but at his death no will had been found, and Louis Racine, the direct heir in blood, had succeeded to the property and the title.

Brilliant, enthusiastic, fanatically French, the new Seigneur had set himself to revive certain old traditions, customs and privileges of the Seigneurial position. He was reactionary, seductive, generous, and at first captivated the hearts of Pontiac. He did more than that. He captivated Madelinette Lajeunesse. In spite of her years in Paris—severe, studious years, which shut out the social world and the temptations of Bohemian life—Madelinette retained a strange simplicity of heart and mind, a desperate love for her old home which would not be gainsaid, a passionate loyalty to her past, which was an illusory attempt to arrest the inevitable changes that come with growth; and, with a sudden impulse, she had sealed herself to her past at the very outset of her great career by marriage with Louis Racine.

On the very day of their marriage Louis Racine had made a dreadful discovery. A heritage of his fathers, which had skipped two generations, suddenly appeared in himself: he was becoming a hunchback.

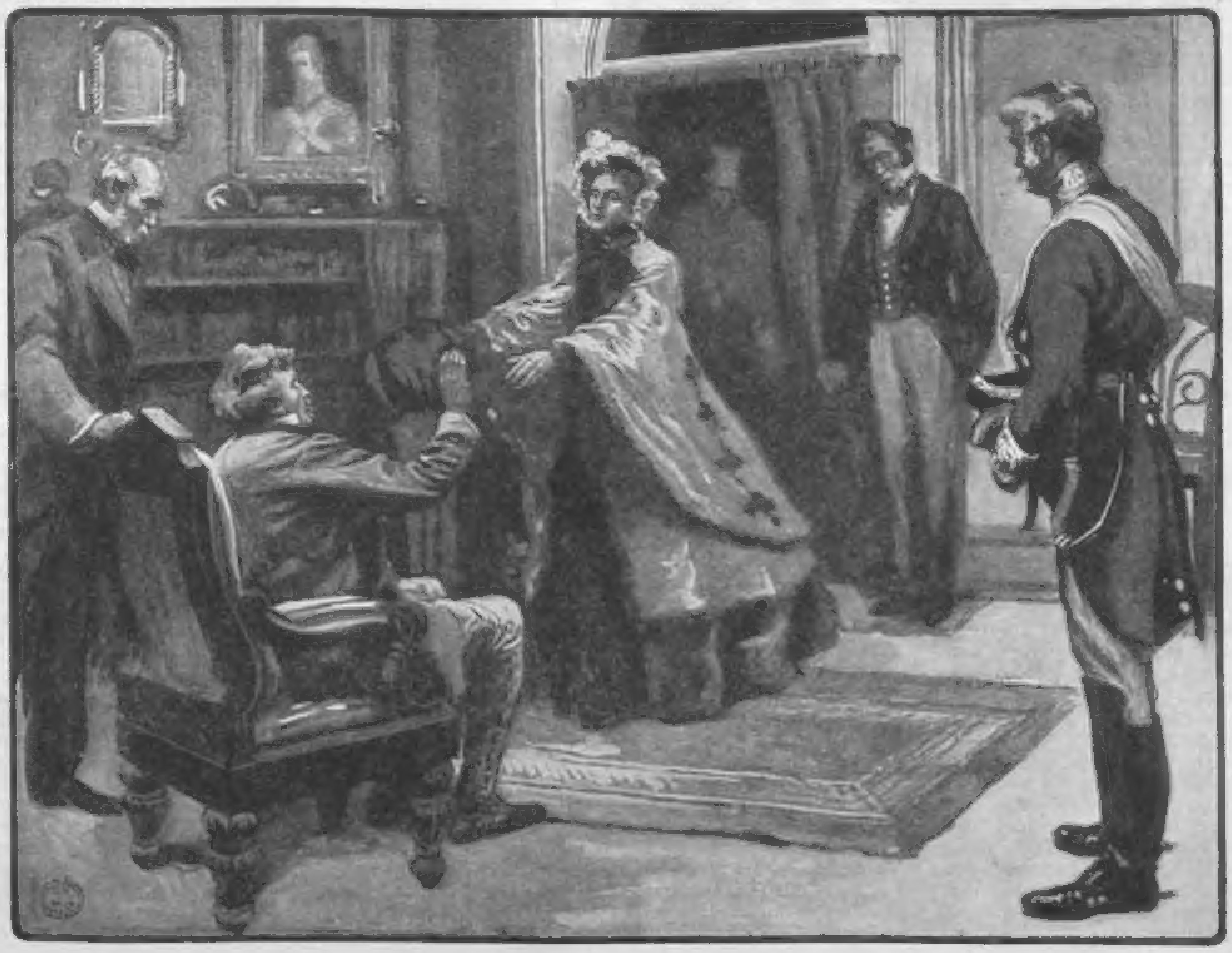
Terror, despair, gloom, anxiety had settled upon him. Three months later Madelinette had gone to Paris alone. The Seigneur had invented excuses from accompanying her, so she went instead in the care of the Little Chemist's widow as of old. Louis had promised to follow within another three months, but he had not done so. The surgical operation performed upon him was unsuccessful; the growth had increased. Sensitive, fearful and morose, he would not go to Europe to be known as the hunchback husband of Lajeunesse, the great singer. He dreaded the hour when Madelinette and he should meet again. A thousand times he pictured her as turning from him in loathing and contempt. He had married her because he loved her, but he knew well enough that ten thousand other men could love her just as well, and be something more than a hunchback Seigneur of an obscure Manor in Quebec.

As his gloomy imagination pictured the future when Madelinette should return and see him as he was and cease to love him, to build up his Seigneurial honor to an undue importance, to give his position a fictitious splendor, became a mania with him. No ruler of a Grand Duchy ever cherished his honor dearer or exacted homage more persistently than did Louis Racine in the Seigneury of Pontiac. Coincident with the growth of these futile extravagances was the growth of his fanatical patriotism, which at last found vent in seditious writings, agitations, the purchase of rifles, incitement to rebellion, and the formation of an armed liveried troop of dependents at the Manor. On the very eve of the Governor's coming, despite the Curé's and the Avocat's warnings, he had held a patriotic meeting intended to foster a stubborn, if silent, disregard of the Governor's presence amongst them.

The speech of the Curé, who had given guarantee for the good behavior of his people to the Government, had been so tinged with sorrowful appeal, had recalled to them so acutely the foolish demonstration which had ended in the death of Valmond, that the people had turned from the exasperated Seigneur with the fire of monomania in his eyes, and had left him alone in the hall, passionately protesting that the souls of Frenchmen were not in them.

The next day, upon the church, upon the Louis Quinze and elsewhere the Union Jack flew, and the British colors flaunted it in Pontiac with welcome to the Governor. But upon the Seigneury another flag flew—that of the golden lilies. Within the Manor House Monsieur Racine sat in the great Seigneurial chair, returned from the gates of death. As he had come home from the futile public meeting, galloping through the streets and out upon the Seigneury road in the dusk, his horse had shied upon a bridge where mischievous lads waylaid travelers with ghostly heads made of lighted candles in hollowed pumpkins, and horse and man had been plunged into the stream beneath. His faithful servant Havel had seen the accident and dragged his insensible master from the water.

Now, the Seigneur sat in the great armchair glowering out upon the cheerful day. As he brooded, shaken and weak and bitter—all his thoughts were bitter now—a flash of scarlet, a glint of white plumes crossed his line of vision, disappeared, then again came into view, and horses' hoofs rang out on the hard road below. He started to his feet, but fell back again, so feeble was he, then rang the bell at his



"Louis! Louis!"

side with nervous insistence. A door opened quickly behind him, and his voice said imperiously:

"Quick—Havel, to the door! The Governor and his suite are come. Call Tardif, and have wine and cake brought at once. When the Governor enters let Tardif stand at the door, and you beside my chair. Have the men-at-arms get into livery and make a guard of honor for the Governor when he leaves. Their new rifles, too, and let old Fashode wear his medal. See that Lucre is not filthy—ha! ha! very good; I must let the Governor hear that. Quick—quick, Havel! They are entering the grounds. Let the Manor bell be rung, and every one mustered. He shall see that to be a Seigneur is not an empty honor. I am something in the state, something by my own right!" His lips moved restlessly, he frowned, his hands nervously clasped the arms of the chair. "Madelinette, too, shall see that I am to be reckoned with, that I am not a nobody," he added, bringing his clasped hand down hard upon the wood.

There was a stir outside, a clanking of chains, a champing of bits, the murmurs of the crowd who were gathering fast in the grounds. Presently the door was thrown open and Havel announced the Governor. Louis Racine got to his feet, but the Governor hastened forward, and, taking both his hands, forced him gently back into the chair.

"No, no, my dear Seigneur. You must not rise. This is no state visit, but a friendly call to offer congratulations on your happy escape, and to inquire how you are."

The Governor said his sentences easily, but he suddenly flushed and was embarrassed, for Louis Racine's deformity, of which he had not known—Pontiac kept its troubles to itself—stared him in the face, and he felt the Seigneur's eyes fastened on him with strange intensity.

"I have to thank Your Excellency," the Seigneur said in a hasty, nervous voice. "I fell on my shoulders—that saved me. If I had fallen on my head I should have been killed, no doubt. My shoulders saved me!" he added with a petulant insistence in his voice, a morbid anxiety in his face.

"Most providential," responded the Governor. "It grieves me that it should have happened on the occasion of my visit. I missed the Seigneur's loyal public welcome. But I am happy," he continued with smooth deliberation, "to have it here in this old Manor House where other loyal French subjects of England have done honor to their Sovereign's representative."

"This place is sacred to hospitality—and patriotism, Your Excellency," said Louis Racine, nervousness passing from his voice and a curious hard look coming into his face.

The Governor was determined not to see the double meaning.

"It is a privilege to hear you say so. I shall recall the fact to Her Majesty's Government in the report I shall make upon my tour of the province. I have a feeling that the Queen's pleasure in the devotion of her distinguished French subjects may take some concrete forms."

The Governor's suite looked at each other significantly, for never before in his journeys had His Excellency hinted so strongly that an honor might be conferred. Veiled as it was, it was still patent as the sun. Spots of color shot into the Seigneur's cheeks. An honor from the English Queen!—that would mate with Madelinette's fame. After all, it was only his due. He suddenly found it hard to be consistent. His mind was in a whirl. The Governor continued:

"It must have given you great pleasure to know that at Windsor Her Majesty has given tokens of honor to the famous singer, the wife of a notable French subject, who, though passionately eager to keep alive French sentiment, has, as we believe, a deep loyalty to the flag of England."

The Governor had said too much. He had thought to give the Seigneur an opportunity to recede from his seditious position there and then, and to win his future loyalty. M. Racine's situation had peril; and the Governor had here shown him the way of escape. But he had said one thing that drove Louis Racine mad. He had given him unknown information about his own wife. Louis did not know that Madelinette had been received by the Queen, or that she had received "tokens of honor." Wild with resentment, he saw in the Governor's words a consideration for himself based only on the fact that he was the husband of the great singer. He trembled to his feet.

At that moment there was a cheering outside—great cheering—but he did not heed it; he was scarcely aware of it. If it touched his understanding at all it only meant to him a demonstration in honor of the Governor.

"Loyalty to the flag of England, Your Excellency!" he said in a hoarse, acrid voice; "you speak of loyalty to us whose lives for two centuries——" He paused, for he heard a voice calling his name.

"Louis! Louis! Louis!"

The fierce words he had been about to utter died on his lips, his eyes stared at the open window, bewildered and even frightened.

"Louis! Louis!"

Now the voice was inside the house. He stood trembling, both hands grasping the arms of the chair. Every eye in the room was now turned toward the door. As it opened, the Seigneur sank back in the chair, a look of helpless misery touched by a fierce pride covering his face.

"Louis!"

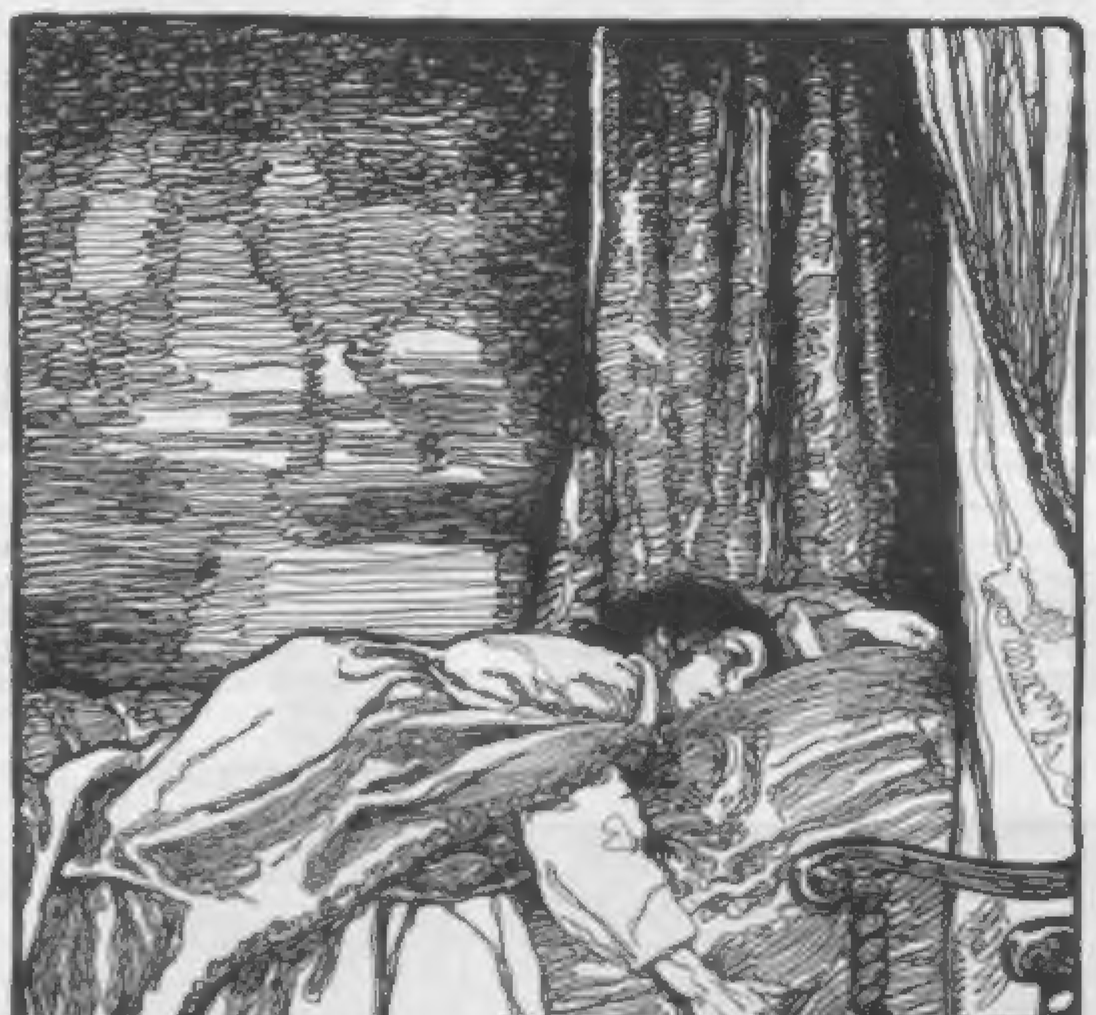
It was Madelinette, who, disregarding the assembled company, ran forward to him and caught both his hands in hers.

"Oh, Louis, I have heard of your accident, and——" she stopped suddenly short. The Governor turned away his head. Every person in the room did the same. For as she bent over him—she saw! Saw for the first time; for the first time, *knew!*

A look of horrified amazement, of shrinking anguish crossed over her face. He felt the lightning-like silence, he knew that she had seen, he struggled to his feet, staring fiercely at her.

That one torturing instant had taken all the color from her face, but there was a strange brightness in her eyes, a new power in her bearing. She gently forced him into the seat.

"You are not strong enough, Louis. You must be tranquil." She turned now to the Governor. He made a sign to his suite, who, bowing, slowly left the room.



—and sobbed her strength away

"Permit me to welcome you to your native land again, Madame," he said. "You have given it a distinction it could never have earned, and the world gives you many honors."

She was smiling and still, and with one hand clasping her husband's she said:

"The honor I value most, my native land has given me. I am lady of the Manor here, and wife of the Seigneur Louis Racine!"

Agitated triumph came upon Louis Racine's face, a weird, painful vanity entered into him. He stood up beside his wife, as she turned and looked at him, showing not a sign that what she saw disturbed her.

"It is no mushroom honor to be Seigneur of Pontiac, Your Excellency," he said in a tone that jarred. "The barony is two hundred years old. By rights granted from the crown of France, I am Baron."

"I think England has not yet recognized the title!" said the Governor suggestively, for he was here to make peace, and in the presence of this man whose mental torture was extreme he would not allow himself to be irritated.

"Our baronies have never been recognized!" said the Seigneur harshly. "And yet we are asked to love the flag of England and——"

"And to show that we are too proud to ask for a right that none can take away," interposed Madelinette graciously and eagerly, as though to prevent Louis from saying what he intended. All at once she had had to order her life anew, to replace old thoughts by new ones. "We honor and obey the rulers of our land, and fly the English flag, and welcome the English Governor gladly when he comes to us—will Your Excellency have some refreshment?" she added quickly, for she saw the cloud on the Seigneur's brow. "Louis!" she added quickly, "will you——?"

"I have ordered refreshment," said the Seigneur excitedly, the storm passing from his face. "Havel, Tardif—where are you fellows?" He stamped his foot imperiously.

Havel entered with a tray of wine and glasses, followed by Tardif loaded with cakes and comfits, and set them on the table.

Ten minutes later the Governor took his leave. At the front door he stopped surprised, for a guard of honor of twenty men were drawn up. He turned to the Seigneur.

"What soldiers are these?" he said.

"The Seigneury company, Your Excellency," said Louis.

"What uniform is it they wear?" he asked in an even tone, but a black look in his eye, which did not escape Madelinette.

"The livery of the Barony of Pontiac," answered the Seigneur.

The Governor looked at them a moment without speaking. "It is a French uniform of the time of Louis Quinze," he said. "Picturesque but not informal," he added.

He went over and taking a rifle from the hands of one of the men, examined it. "Your rifles are not so unconventional and antique!" he said meaningly and with a frosty smile. "The compromise of the centuries—*hein?*" he added to the Curé who, with the Avocat, was now looking on with some trepidation. "I am wondering if it is quite legal. It is charming to have such a guard of honor, but I am wondering—wondering—eh, Monsieur l'Avocat, is it legal?"

The Avocat made no reply, but the Curé's face was greatly troubled. The Seigneur's momentary placidity passed.

"I answer for their legality, Your Excellency," he said in a high, assertive voice.

"Of course, of course, you will answer for it," said the Governor, smiling enigmatically. He came suddenly forward and held out his hand to Madelinette.

"Madame, I shall remember your kindness, and I appreciate the simple honors done me here. Your arrival at the moment of my visit is a happy circumstance."

There was a meaning in his eye—not in his voice—which went straight to Madelinette's understanding. She murmured something in reply, and a moment afterward the Governor, his suite and the crowd were gone, and the men-at-arms, the fantastic body of men in their antique livery, armed with the latest modern weapons, had gone back to civic life again.

Inside the house once more Madelinette laid her hand upon Louis's arm with a smile that wholly deceived him for a moment. He thought now that she must have known of his deformity before she came—the world was so full of tale-bearers!—and had long since, maybe, reconciled herself to the painful fact. She had shown no surprise, no shrinking. There had been only the one lightning instant in which he had felt a kind of suspension of her breath and being, but when he had looked her in the face she was composed and smiling. After all his frightened anticipation the great moment had come and gone without tragedy. With satisfaction he looked in the mirror in the hall as they passed inside the house. He saw no reason to quarrel with his face. Was it possible that the deformity did not matter, after all?

He felt Madelinette's hand on his arm. He turned and clasped her in his arms.

He did not notice that she kept her hands under her chin as he drew her to him, that she did not, as had been her wont, put them on his shoulders. He did not feel her shrink, and no one, seeing, could have said that she did shrink in ever so little.

"How beautiful you are!" he said as he looked into her face.

"How glad I am to be here again, and how tired I am, Louis!" she said. "I've driven thirty miles since daylight."

She disengaged herself. "I am going to sleep now," she added. "I am going to turn the key in my door till evening. Please tell Madame Marie so, Louis."

Inside her room alone she flung herself on her bed in agony and despair.

"My God—oh, my God!" she cried, and sobbed and sobbed her strength away.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

* * *

Mr. Sargent and Lord Russell

BY GOOD fortune, two portraits of Lord Russell were painted, during the last year of his life, by Mr. Sargent, R. A. Both were exhibited at the Royal Academy. For the first, showing him standing in wig and gown and wearing his "S. S." (Sanctus Spiritus) chain of office, the commission was given by his second son, the Honorable Charles Russell.

Mr. Sargent had not known the Chief Justice before they met as painter and sitter, barring a barely bowing acquaintance. The two men were very interesting to each other. Sargent quickly understood his sitter, with whom was never any make-believe. He was as direct a man as Sargent.

Another commission followed, this time from Lady Russell, and the second, somewhat smaller portrait of the Chief Justice without a wig, came into being.

A foreign composer of eminence, a great friend of the painter, called one day while the portrait was in progress. As Lord Russell said he had no objection, the musician entered the studio. He was full of enthusiasm about a woman singer who was singing songs of his composing.

"There have been such splendid notices of her that I must really read you one or two of them," he said.

"Not now, sir; not now!" cried a masterful voice from the sitter's chair. The notices were not read.

Facing the World at Fifty

By Albert J. Beveridge

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LIFE has three tragedies: birth, death and the black conclusion of men past middle life who think they have failed—played the game and lost. The young man starting out in life has my heart; but the man past fifty who feels that he has failed has my heart absolutely and with emphasis. Apparently he has so much to contend against—the onsweep of the world, the pitying attitude of those of his own age who have succeeded, and, over all, his own feeling of despair. But the last is the only fatal element in his problem.

As a matter of fact, the man past middle life who has not achieved distinct success has probably only been "finding himself," to use Mr. Kipling's expression. He has probably only been growing. He has certainly been accumulating experience, knowledge and the effective wisdom which only these can give. And if his failure has not been because he was a fraud and because people found it out—if he has been and is genuine—he has been preparing for continuous, enduring and possibly great success if he only will.

I should say that the very first thing for this man to do is to see that he does not get soured. That attitude of character is an acid which will destroy all success. Keep yourself sweet no matter how snail-like your progress has been, no matter how paltry your apparent achievements. If you are already soured on men and the world, change that condition by a persistent habit of optimism. Make "looking on the bright side" a habit. It can be done. Mingle with people as much as possible—especially with the young and buoyant and beautifully hopeful. Be a part of passing events. Read the daily newspapers. Form the habit of picking out the brighter aspect of occurrences. There is an astonishing tonic in the daily newspaper. When you read it the blood of the world's great vitality is pouring through you.

Poor at Forty But Now a Millionaire

I know a man who is now a millionaire, but who, at the age of forty, was without a dollar. He is now not over fifty-five. He had spent all those forty years watching for his opportunity—aye, getting ready for it. When it came, his beak was sharpened, his talons keen as needles and strong as steel, and he swooped down upon that opportunity like a bird of prey. He told me all about it.

"No," said he, "I did not get discouraged. I was living, and my wife and children were living; and Vanderbilt was not doing any more than that, after all. I felt all the time that I was getting ready. I worked a good deal harder than I have since I achieved my fortune. Somehow, up to the time it came I had not felt equal to my chance; for I knew that my opportunity would be a large one when it came and I knew that it would come. It did come. Business men said for the first two or three years, 'What a change of luck Mr. —— has had! But he is not equal to it. He has never accomplished anything heretofore.'"

Yes, but he had been getting ready. He had been saving vitality, building up character, indexing and pigeonholing experiences, accumulating and systematizing a long-continued series of observations and all the potentialities of intellect and personality out of which, when applied to proper conditions, success alone is forged. And so he gathered to himself great riches, and the poor man of a few years ago is now—of course, of course, and alas! if you like—a member of one of the most powerful trusts in the country.

Get yourself into the current of Circumstance—"in the swim," as the colloquialism has it. A man of large experience and important achievement said to me not long ago: "I am afraid I am getting to be a 'back number.'" That was a distinct note of degeneration.

Don't get it into your head that you are out of step with the times. That in itself will paralyze both intellect and will. It is an admission of permanent failure. No matter whether you think the changed conditions and methods of business, society and affairs, which almost each day brings, are inferior or superior to the old conditions and methods or not, you must keep abreast of them; take in the spirit of them. An attitude of protest against the progressive order of things may be heroic, but it is not practical or effective. These conditions and methods which make you feel like a "back number" may not be the best; if they are not—make them the best if you will—but don't attempt to perfect them backward by returning to yesterday. The world is very impatient of apparent retrogression—it hurts its egotism.

"What! Go back to old conditions?" says the World. "Never! Never! Progress, alone, for me."

But sometimes it means *motion*, not *progress*, for true progress might possibly be a return to old and superior methods. No matter—I am speaking of your practical, personal and material success now. I am not speaking to you as a reformer or as a teacher of the elemental truths. You are a searcher, past fifty years of age, after the flesh-pots. Very well. Do not, then, run amuck of the world. Join in its progress even if that progress seems to you to be unreal.

Keeping in the Current of Circumstance

At the risk of iteration, I again urge constant mingling with people. It is from them that you must draw your success, after all. A man over fifty who feels that his life is a failure is apt to emphasize the outward manners and inward habits of thought of his earlier days, just as he would, if he could, stick to the old styles and fashions of the apparel of the days of his youth. To do the latter would be to call attention at once to his antiquity; but to retain his old mental attitude *is* antiquity indeed. People are quick to see, feel and know that you are in deed and in truth not of the present day. When they think that, you are discredited and at an unnecessary disadvantage. Therefore, mingle with men. Be an active and present part of society, not only that your whole mind and whole conscious being may be kept fresh and growing, but that people may not perceive the contrary.

Growing! Growth! It is only a question of that, after all. No man can ultimately fail who has kept himself alive and therefore kept himself growing. If you find that you have ceased to grow, start up the process again. Make yourself take an interest in large and constructive things of the present moment in your city, state and country and in the world. The mind and character of man are the two great exceptions to the entire constitution of the universe. Decay is the law that controls everything except these; but thought and character need never decay. They may be kept growing as long as life endures—and who shall deny that the philosophers of India are right, and that mind and character may continue to grow throughout illimitable series of existence.

Only two classes of men are hopeless: those who think to prevail by fraud and the contrivances of indirection, and those whose minds and characters have begun to disintegrate, or degenerate, if you like the latter word better. There is every reason why character should each day get truer bearing and why the mind each day should become more luminous, elevated and accurate. The Stoics said that even temperament might be given steadiness and poise by an exercise of philosophy and will—and the lives of many of them seemed to prove it. And, if all this is true, your fifty years have given you an arsenal of power that is an almost measureless advantage over younger men, if you will but use it; and it is to point out some of the methods for use and some of the mistakes which I have observed men in your condition make that this paper is written.

The Danger in Moving to a New Location

A great and natural desire of men such as those to whom this paper is addressed is to move from the places in which they have achieved no success to new locations where, as they put it, they "can start life afresh." Do not do it. Such a course is, ordinarily, as fatal as it is alluring. If you have been an upright man—and without this there can be no permanent success of any kind—your long residence in your community has put you to no disadvantage, but precisely the contrary. You have, during these years, secured the confidence of your community. They know you to be loyal, truthful, steadfast. This popular faith in the elemental qualities of your character is the foundation of success, and usually it requires years to establish that.

You are at no disadvantage because people do not have for you that admiration which the doing of things compels. The fact that your neighbors do not suspect your potentialities is really an advantage. If you have that righteous and permissible craft which every man should have, and if you take advantage of it, you can begin the work which shall bring you success without that envy and competition—that friction of jealousy—which every man of acknowledged power arouses. But if you, a man of fifty or over, go into a new environment, you carry with you that heaviest of all burdens, the necessity of making explanations.

"Why have you come among us at your age?" the people ask. "What is the story of your past?" they very properly inquire. "It must be that you were not a man of that integrity which commanded the respect and support of your old home," they will not unnaturally conclude; "either this, or else you were a failure there."

These are the two necessary and inevitable deductions, and either horn of that cruel dilemma of logic is enough to impale you. If you escape them, you do it because you do not attract notice, and this, in itself, is failure. And in any event, to gain the substantial confidence of the people, you must live several years among them, "doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with thy God," as the wise old prophet put it. And you have no time to waste in building up confidence at your period of life. That is an asset which your whole career of unsuccessful probity should have accumulated for you; and it is dissipated if you remove from among those in whose minds that belief in you exists.

I have seen this serious error made so many times, and nearly always with such destroying results, that I give it more space than its relative proportion deserves. I have in mind now two men who did precisely this thing. Their success in the two country towns where they had lived had been reasonable, but not considerable. It did not appear to be success at all to them, though. They were quite sure that they were bigger than their opportunities—yes, that was what was the matter—they needed larger opportunities, "larger fields," more "scope" for their powers. Each man was about fifty years of age. Each was a man of far more than ordinary talent. Each removed to a city. And in the city which each chose, each miserably, utterly, hopelessly failed.

Had they remained where for years they had been planting the seeds of confidence, respect and achievement, and had they awaited the slow processes of the harvest, each man would soon have become the leading man in his town, county and district, and would have remained so until the end of his days. For the harvest was nearly theirs. They did not understand that, while it takes a long time to prepare the soil and sow the seed, and let it grow to maturity, the ripening of the harvest comes in a few golden days.

What the Man of Lion Power May Achieve

It is true that there are exceptions to the above rule—the rule of abiding, of standing fast. But the exception is justified only when you have made so many definite, tangible and public failures in your old home that there is absolutely no possibility of further hope. Of course, if you are a man of lion heart and lion power, this is another matter. Any place on earth is a fit field for achievement by these savages of enterprise. I know one of these who won a fortune and lost it; won another and again lost; and who, finally, with judgments and executions showering upon him, set his face to a new land and resolved again to conquer fortune or die. He conquered—of course he conquered—and is now worth many millions. But, if you look into his kindly but deadly blue eye and consider the tragic and premature whiteness of his hair, and take in the whole resistless and compelling personality of the man, you will see why he succeeded.

We are all familiar with the stirring history of a certain great American master of millions who is now about sixty-five years of age and has amassed his wealth since he was fifty. He had failed, and failed often, before that time—failed once humiliatingly and irretrievably, so the ordinary man would say. So the ordinary man *did* say, and say hard and often. The details of his early catastrophes are not worth while here. The point is that they did not affect him except to make him stronger. They were the Thor-like blows with which Fate forged the masterful unconquerableness of this man. And unconquerable he has become. He has carried through daring plans; he has brought great financial institutions that opposed him to their knees; from the throne of his audacity he has dictated terms to boards of trade and made the princes of the houses of commercial royalty his servants. But if you look at his brow of power, at the merciless and yet delicate and sensitive lips, you will become conscious of why he succeeded—why he must eventually have succeeded anywhere.

I read with keen interest the other day a feature article in one of our great daily newspapers, giving incidents in the careers of fifteen American millionaires who made their fortunes after they were fifty (and, "say it not in Gath," but it was in one of the great yellow journals). But all these had the luck of the never-say-die men. They were all of the class that Emerson describes as having an excess of arterial circulation. Every failure to them was simply an access of information. They regarded each loss as another piece of instruction in the game. Well! Fortune always gives the game to such as these at last. Fortune loves a daring player; and, while she may rebuff him for a while, it is only to gild the refined gold of his ultimate winnings.

Church and Clothes Not to be Neglected

Another thing. Go you to church. Use clean linen. Wear good and well-fitting clothing. Take care of your shoes. Look after all the details of your personal grooming. In short, observe all the methods which human experience has devised to keep men from degenerating. There is an unalterable connection between the physical and mental and moral. The old saying that "cleanliness is next to godliness" has beneath it all the philosophy of civilization. It is an easy process that produces tramps. A few days' growth of beard, the tolerance of certain personal habits of indolence—and your tramp begins, vaguely, but none the less surely, to appear. This is accompanied by a falling off in clear-cut thought and a cessation of definite and effective energy.

One of the most brilliant women I ever met, the wife of a tea merchant in Canton, China, said that the philosophy of foreigners' dressing *en rigueur* regularly every evening in the far East, no matter whether anybody was about or not, was to keep themselves from degenerating to the conditions about them. The evening dress of the women and the evening dress of the men in the far East is merely a device to keep civilized. This is itself, of course, an interminable subject upon which several papers might be written; but perhaps I have said enough to make apparent to you its practical application. The processes of degeneration are as easy as they are fatal, and since to resist them requires courage, energy and alertness, it is only too probable that the man past fifty who feels that he has failed is beginning to submit to them. Do not do it. Resort to every possible method to prevent it; for degeneration, in itself, is failure—more, it is death. It is exactly the same force which rots out the heart of even the oak, manifesting itself in human character.

Do not conclude that things are fixed, that conditions are permanent, and that, as there is no apparent place for you as circumstances now exist, there never will be. Fix in your mind this dreadful and glorious paradox, that even the most permanent things are transient. Study the clouds—those visible emblems of human experience and institutions. A twist, a curve, a change in the shape and outline, and final disappearance into the universal blue—such is their destiny; and yet, each instant they are permanent, apparently, so far as that instant is concerned. It will be useful, also, to consider the political machine. There is nothing which, in its day, is apparently more permanent or powerful; yet it dissolves in obedience to the very laws on which it is built. So, my friend, there is never a time that you can truthfully say that there is not, and never will be, any place for you in the order of society and affairs.

The historic instances of great success past fifty are numerous and inspiring. They begin with Moses, who was forty years of age when "he slew the Egyptian," and they come down to our present day; to Bismarck, who, while brilliant as a young man, was not greatly great till he was past forty-five; to Disraeli, who, though dazzling in his youth and early prime, was not constructive or permanent in his success till comparatively late in life. Somebody with lots of sense said: "The man who, at thirty, will scuttle a ship, at sixty will rule a nation." Many of the great headlands that shoulder out into history—Washington, Lincoln and the like—became visible to the world after forty-five. Of course, it is true that the immense majority of the world's great achievers—generals, statesmen, poets, philosophers, inventors, builders—have been young men. But the noble exceptions contain sufficient inspiration for you if you still have the heart of purpose.

I like to think of a man fighting his best fight just at the end of life. There has always been something attractive to me about the expression of Western ruffianism, "Dying with his boots on," and the attitude of character that it describes.

From my infancy the story of the Bonhomme Richard has been like wine to my blood. Be you like that ship, my dear friend past fifty! She had, apparently, failed; but she kept in service. She had reached the age of decay and her timbers scarcely held together; yet she did not go out of commission. She attacked the Serapis, one of the youngest and staunchest and best equipped of the matchless navy of England. She was blown full of holes; still she fought. She was on fire; still she fought. The water poured into her hold and she was sinking; still she fought. Fought, fought, fought, and in the grim, the terrible and the sublime end she won. The Serapis was captured by the Bonhomme Richard and the victorious old ship's crew established themselves on the decks of the conquered Englishmen. The gallant old veteran of the waves was kept afloat that night, but at sunrise the next day they ran to her masthead her glorious old battle-flag, and she sank to her home in the abysses of the deep, with that banner of battle and of final victory flying as she sunk beneath the waves.

Be that your end, my friend, and that of all brave hearts. Fight until the last, and let your noblest and most decisive victory be won with the last efforts of your expiring life.

Young Barbarians—A Pleasant Sin

By Ian Maclaren

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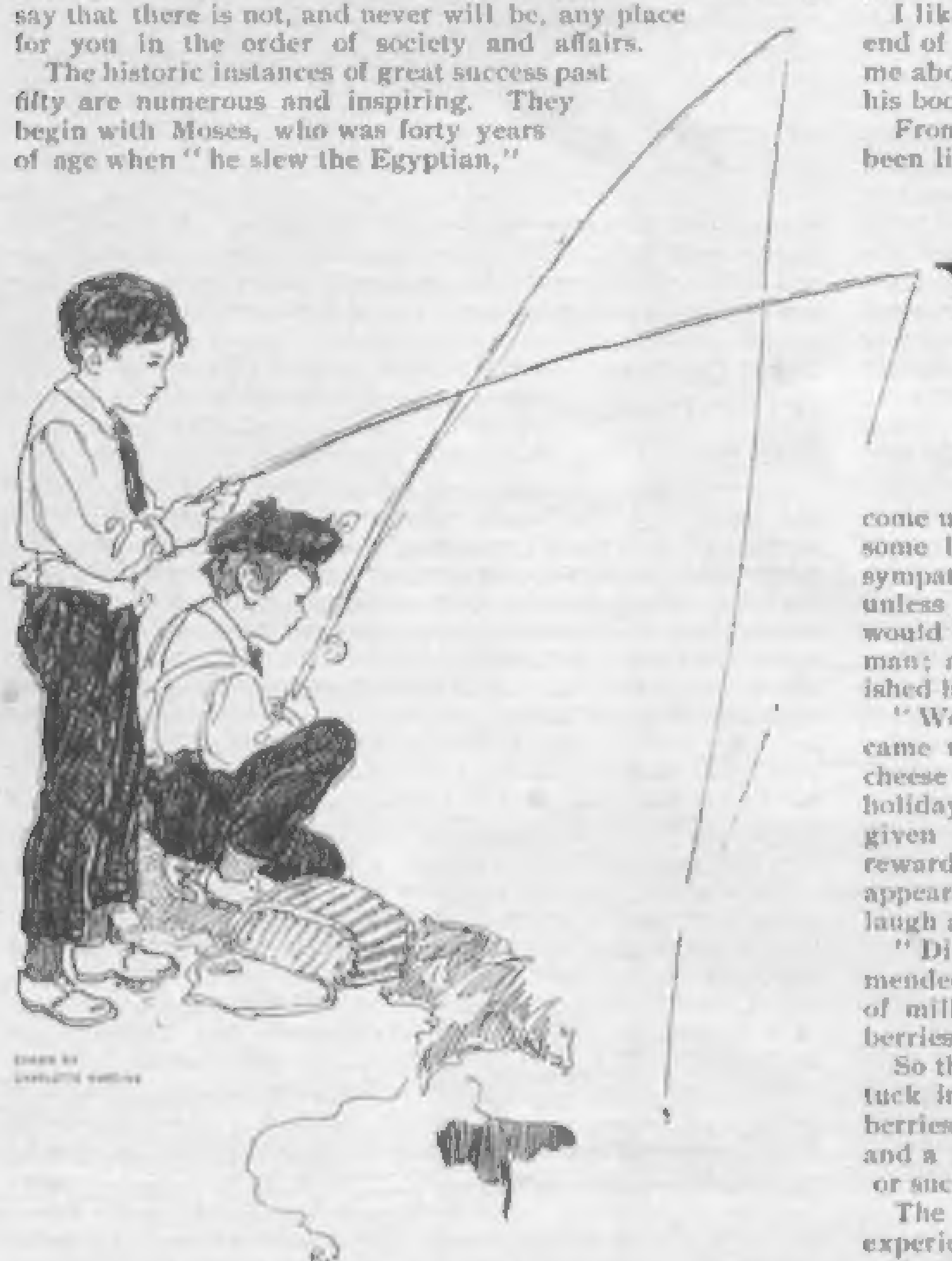

DRAWN BY CHARLOTTE HARDING

CAPTIOUS people, such as ministers of religion and old maids of the precise kind, no doubt considered that the Seminary was guilty of many sins; but those excellent people erred through lack of vision. Hunting mice in Moossy's classroom, putting the Dowbiggins' clothes into a state of thorough repair, raiding the territory of the "Pennies," having a stand-up fight between two well-met champions, say once a month, and "ragging" Mr. Byles, might have an appearance of evil, but were in reality disguised virtues, feeding the high spirit of those who were active, and teaching the Christian grace of meekness to those who were passive. There was only one act which the Seminary knew it ought not to do, and which all the boys wanted to do, which they enjoyed very much in doing, and were quite willing to be punished for doing. The besetting sin of a school—a country school—which will remain its sin until the days of the millennium have fairly set in, is playing truant.

This crime was equivalent to high treason in the State, and consisted in a boy absenting himself from school without the knowledge of his parents and without the consent of his master for a day or half of a day. The boy did not disappear because he was ill, for he was on such occasions outrageously well; nor because he was overburdened by work, for the truants always guarded themselves against brain fag; nor because he wanted to hang about the streets, or smoke in secret places.

He was simply seized with the passion of the open air and of the country. He wanted to tramp through the bosky woods, hunting for birds' eggs and watching the ways of wild animals; to guddle for trout under the stones of some clear, running mountain burn, or to swim in the cooler water on a summer day; or to join the haymakers on a farm and do a full day's work, as long as lesson time and harder than study. There was a joy in escaping from bounds, as if an animal had broken out from a menagerie; there was joy in thinking, as you lay beside your burn or under the shadow of a tree, of the fellows mewed up in the hot classroom and swatting at their sums, under Bulldog's eye; and joy in coming home in the evening tired, but satisfied, and passing the empty Seminary with defiance.

There is no joy—I mean sin—that does not have its drawbacks, and there were clouds in the truant's sky. Country folk had their own suspicions when they came on a couple of boys going at large on a working day, when the school was in session, as one might have a shrewd guess if he should come upon two convicts in their professional dress fishing in some lonely spot on Dartmoor. But there is a charitable sympathy with all animals who have escaped from a cage, unless it be a tigress looking for her dinner, and no one would have thought of informing on the boys, except one bad man; and Providence, using Spiug as an instrument, punished him for his evil doings—as I shall tell.

"Well, laddies," some honest farmer would say, as he came upon them sitting by the burnside eating bread and cheese and counting up their trout, "I'm judgin' it will be a holiday at the Seminary the now, or mebbe the maister's given you a day's leave for your health. Or is this the reward for doing your work so well? Ye have all the appearance of scholars." And then the good man would laugh at the simple raillery and the confusion of the boys.

"Dinna answer, laddies; for the least said soonest mended. But I'm thinkin' you wadna be the worse of a jug of milk to wash down your dinner, and there's some strawberries in the garden up by, just about ripe."

So they all went up to the farm kitchen and had a glorious tuck in, and were afterward turned loose among the strawberries, while the farmer watched them with keen delight and a remembrance of past days. Whose place in Heaven or such deeds of charity is already secure.

The authorities at home were not so lenient, and the experienced truant was careful, when he could, to time his arrival home about five o'clock in the afternoon, which allowed for the school hours and one hour more of special confinement. According to the truant's code he was not allowed to tell a lie about his escapade, either at home or at school, but he was not obliged to offer a full and detailed statement of the truth. If his father charged him with being kept in at school for not having done his work, and rebuked him for his laziness, he allowed it to go at that and did not accuse his father of inaccuracy.

When, however, a boy was by habit and repute a truant, his father learned by experience and was apt to watch him narrowly. If the boy had an extra touch of the sun on his face and his clothing was disorderly beyond usual, and his manner was especially unobtrusive, and his anxiety to please every person quite remarkable, and if in moments of unconsciousness he seemed to be chewing the cud of some recent pleasure, the father was apt to subject him to a searching cross-examination. And his mother had to beg the boy off with many a plea, such as mothers know how to use; and if the others did not succeed, and the appeal to the heart was in vain, she could always send the good man back upon his memory, and put it to his conscience whether he ought to visit too severely upon his son the sin the boy had inherited from himself.

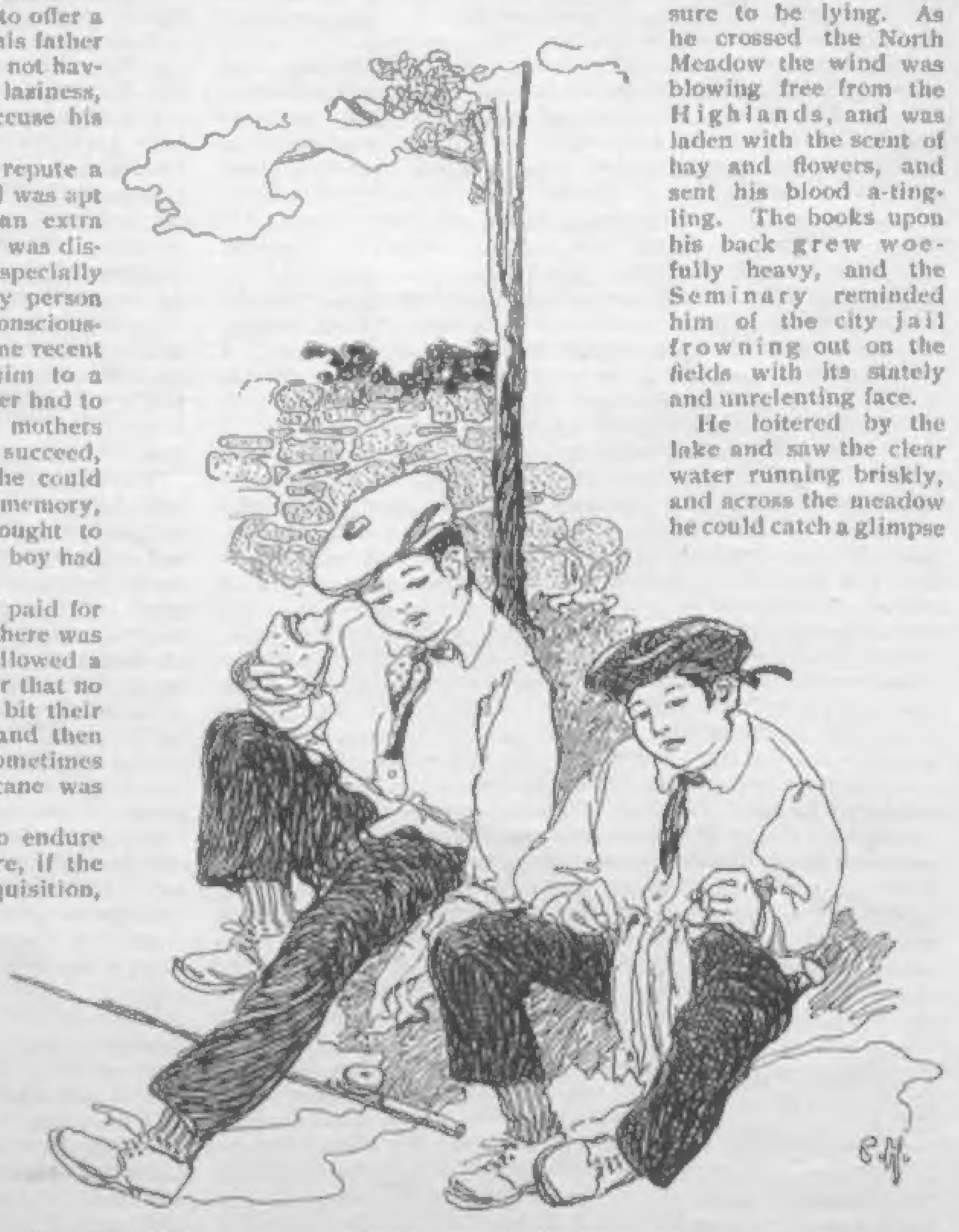
It was next morning that the truant really paid for his pleasure; and the price was sharp, for there was no caning to be compared with that which followed a day in the country. It was a point of honor that no boy should show distress; but even veterans bit their lips as the cane fell first on the right hand and then on the left, and right across the palm, and sometimes doubled on the back of the hand if the cane was young and flexible.

Spiug, though a man of war and able to endure anything, used to warm his hands at the fire, if the weather was cold, before going in to the inquisition, and after he had received a switching of the first order he would go down to the lade and cool his hands in the running water. It was an interesting spectacle to see four able-bodied sinners, who had given themselves yesterday to the study of Nature, now kneeling together, to cool their hands in our waters of Lethe; but you must remember that they made no moan before the boys and no complaint against the master. The school received them with respect when they came out, and Spiug would indicate with a wink and a jerk of his head that Bulldog had exceeded himself; but he was not to be trifled with for an hour or two, and if any ill-mannered cub ventured to come too near when Peter was giving his hands a cold bath, the chances are that Peter gave the cub a bath, too, "just to learn him to be looking where he had no business."

Possibly fear of consequences might hinder some weak-hearted boys, but it never prevented any of the hardy ruffians from having their day out when the fever seized them. Playing truant was the same thing for a boy as bolting for a high-spirited horse; done once, the animal is bound to try it again, and to both the joy of their respective sins must be very much the same.

Boys did not plan a week ahead and then go astray in cold blood, because this sin was not an act of malice aforethought—it was a sudden impulse, not a matter of the will so much as of the blood. Had one determined on Tuesday night to take Wednesday, it might have turned out in our fickle climate a cheerless day, when a boy would as soon be playing marbles in the breaks, or cricket in the dinner-hour, or, for that matter, amusing himself in Moossy's class. No; a boy arose in the morning ready to go to school, without a thought of wood or water—arranging his marbles, in fact, for the day, and planning how to escape a lesson he had not prepared; but he was helpless against Nature if she set herself to tempt him. No sooner had he put his nose outside the door than the summer air, sweet and fresh, began to play upon his face and reminded him of a certain wood. As he went through the streets of the town, a glimpse of the river, steely blue that morning in the sunshine, brought up a pool where a fat trout was sure to be lying. As he crossed the North Meadow the wind was blowing free from the Highlands, and was laden with the scent of hay and flowers, and sent his blood a-tingling. The books upon his back grew woefully heavy, and the Seminary reminded him of the city jail frowning out on the fields with its stately and unrelenting face.

He loitered by the lake and saw the clear water running briskly, and across the meadow he could catch a glimpse


DRAWN BY CHARLOTTE HARDING

—sitting by the burnside eating bread and cheese and counting up their trout

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Editor's Note—This is the fifth in the series of stories by Ian Maclaren under the general title Young Barbarians. The first of the stories appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of May 26. Each is complete in itself.

of the river, and in the distance the woods with their mysterious depths rising above the houses on the other side of the hill where he spent last Saturday.

The bell rings and he goes in, but not to work; the river is running through his heart, and the greenery is before his eyes, and the wind coming in puffs through the open window awakens the instinct of the wild animal in his breast, and invites him to be free. Spiug has a slate before him, but he is not pretending to do anything, but is looking out on the meadow, and sniffing the air, just like a horse about to make its bolt. He catches Howieson's eye and reads that Jock is ready. Howieson inquires by signal of Bauldie whether he prefers compound fractions to a swim, and Bauldie explains, also by signal, that, much as he loves fractions, he will be obliging that afternoon and join them in their swim. A fourth would complete the party; and when Spiug lifts his eyebrows with great dramatic art, "Piggie" Mitchell, three desks off, "Piggie," like the gallant spirit that he is, answers with a nod that he will not be found wanting.

Not a word has been said, and no one will say "Truant" at any time, but at the next break the four separate themselves quietly and unobtrusively from their fellows, and by the time the last boy has gone through the door, they are scudding across the meadow to Spiug's stable-yard, where they will make their preparations. Sometimes nothing more is needed than a hunch of bread and some fish-hooks; but as they ran Spiug had dropped the word Woody Island, and a day on Woody Island was a work of art.

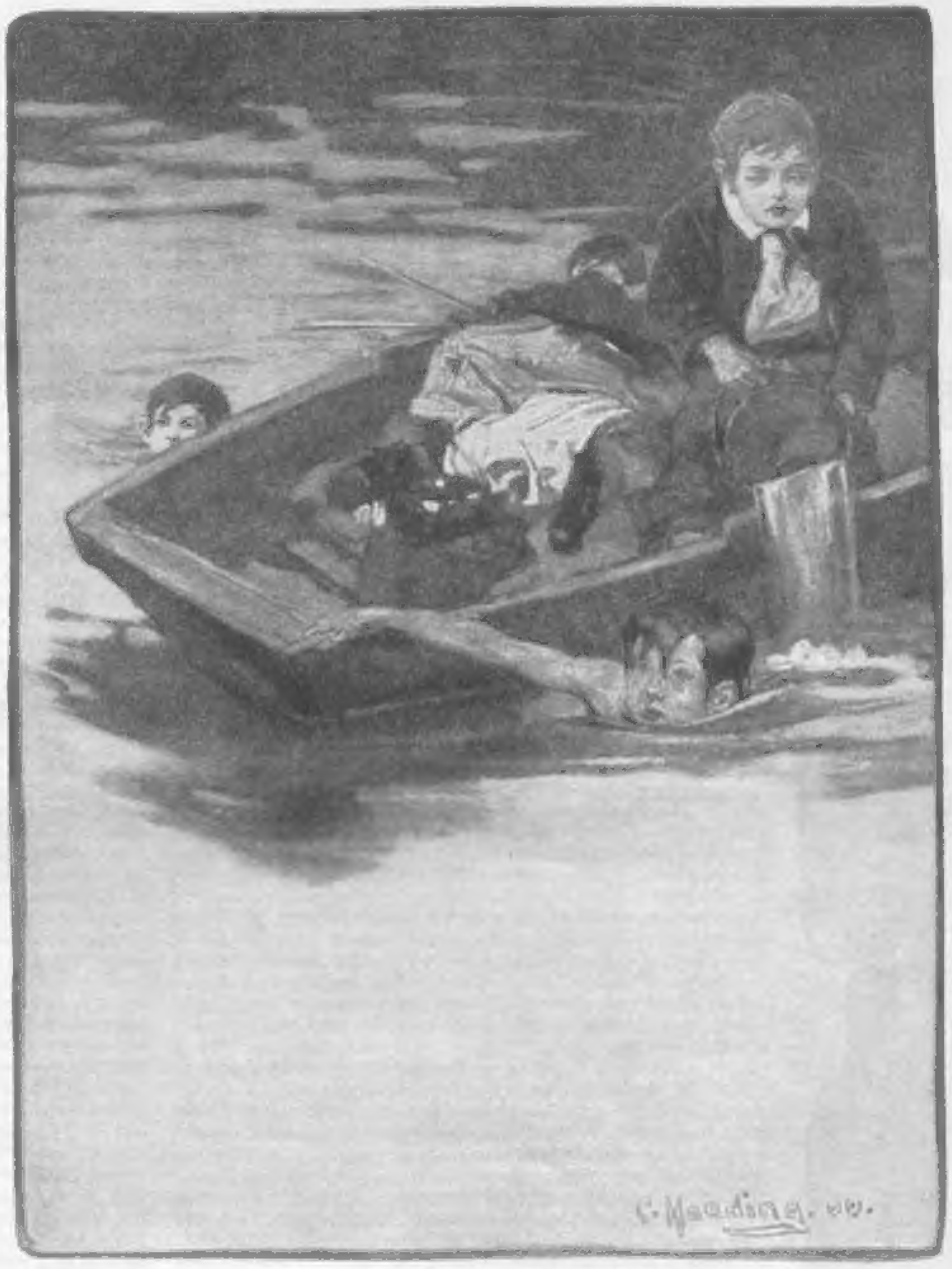
It lay a couple of miles above the town, long and narrow, formed by a division of the river into its main current and sluggish backwater. It was covered with dense brushwood, except where here and there a patch of green turf was left bare, and the island was indented with little bays where the river rippled on clean sand and gravel. It was only a little island, but yet you could lose yourself in it, so thick was the wood and so mazy, and then you had to find your comrades by signal; and it had little tracks through it, and there was one place where you could imagine a hole in the bank to be a cave, and where certainly two boys could get out of sight if they lay very close together and did not mind being half smothered.

When you left the mainland and went to Woody Island you were understood to blot out the Seminary and Muirtown and Scotland and civilization. Woody Island was somewhere in the wild West, and was still in the possession of the children of the forest; the ashes of their fires could be seen there any day, and you could come upon their wigwams in one of the open spots. There was a place where they had massacred three trappers and taken their scalps, and in that cave "Bullseye Charlie," the famous Indian scout, lying curled up like a ball, and with only the mouth of his rifle peeping out, had held twenty of the red-skinned braves at bay for a whole day. It was a fairy world in which our Indian tales could be reproduced upon the stage, and we ourselves could be the heroes we had so often admired. The equipment for the day consisted of one tomahawk; three axes out of small tool chests and one ax for breaking coals which "Piggie" used to steal for the day; two pistols (one belonging to Spiug and the other to Bauldie); a couple of toy rifles—not things for kids, mark you, but long rifles with bayonets, and which could fire caps; a tent, which was in reality an old carriage cloth from Peter's yard; and a kettle for boiling water—I mean cooking the game—which Jock Howieson abstracted from his kitchen.

Each boy had to visit his home on pretense of returning for a book, and bring away the necessary articles of war and as much food as he could steal from the pantry; and then everything, axes included, and, if possible, the rifles, had to be hidden away about their persons until the four, skulking by back lanes, and separating from one another, reached the top of the North Meadow, after which they went up the bank of the river, none daring to make them afraid.

They were out of bounds now, and the day was before them for weal or woe, and already Spiug was changing into an Indian trapper, and giving directions about how they must deal with the Seminoles, while Howieson had begun to speculate whether they would have a chance of meeting with the famous chief, Osceola. "Piggie" might want to try a cap on his rifle, but Spiug would not allow him, because, although they had not yet entered the Indian territory, the crafty foe might have scouts out on this side of the river, and in that case there was no hope of Woody Island. The Indians would be in ambush among the trees on the bank, and the four would be shot down as they crossed.

Their first enemy, however, was not Osceola's Indians, but a white man—a renegade—who, to his shame, was in alliance with the Indians and was always ready to betray the trappers into their hands. This miscreant was a farmer on the mainland, who was the tenant of Woody Island, and had a determined objection to any boys, or other savages except, as I have said, the Seminole tribe living on the island, and who used to threaten pains and penalties against any one whom he caught on his land. One never knew when he might be about, and it was absolutely necessary to reach the island without his notice. There was a day in the past when Spiug used to watch till the farmer had gone to his midday dinner, and then creep along the bank of the river and ferry himself across with the other trappers in the farmer's boat, which he then worked around to the other side of the island and kept there for the return voyage in the evening, so that the farmer was helpless to reach the island, and could only address the unseen trespassers from the bank in opprobrious language, which was sent back to him in faithful echo.



— pushed the boat out before them, swimming by its side

This forenoon the farmer happened to be hoeing turnips with his people in a field opposite the island, and Spiug was delighted beyond measure, for now the four had to drop down and crawl along through the thick grass by the river's edge, availing themselves of every bush and little knoll till they lay, with all their arms, the tent and the food, concealed so near the farmer that they could hear him speak and hear the click of the hoes as the people worked in their drills. If you raised your head cautiously and looked through between the branches of a shrub you could see him, and Bauldie actually covered him with his rifle. The unconscious farmer knew not that his life hung upon a thread, or rather, upon Bauldie's trigger. Bauldie looked inquiringly to his chief, for he would dearly have loved to fire a cap, but Spiug shook his head so fiercely that the trapper dropped down in his lair, and Spiug afterward explained that the renegade had certainly deserved death, but that it was dangerous to fire with so many of his gang present and the Seminoles on the other side of the river.

By and by the farmer and his people had worked themselves to the other end of the field, and the trappers, having ascertained that there were no Indians watching them, prepared to cross. Spiug, who had reached the boat, spoke out suddenly and unadvisedly, for the farmer had chained and padlocked it. It would not have mattered much to the boys in ordinary circumstances, for they would have stripped and swum across, and back again when they were tired of the other side, for every one of them could swim like an otter; but on this day they were trappers, with arms and food and a tent, and powder which must be kept dry, to say nothing of the kettle. There was a brief consultation, and Bauldie regretted that he did not shoot the farmer dead on the spot, and as many of his people as he could. Spiug, who had been prowling around—though cautiously, mind you, and ever watching for a sign of the Seminoles—gave a low, mysterious whistle, which was one of the signs among the trappers; and, when the others joined him, he pointed and whispered, "A Seminole canoe."

It was an ancient boat which the farmer's father had owned, and which had lain for years upon the bank unused. Its seats were gone, its planks were leaking, it had two open holes at least in it, and there were no oars. It was a thing which, in the farmer's hand, would have sunk six yards from the shore, but it had the semblance of a boat, and it was enough for the hardy trappers. Very carefully did they work it into the water, lest it should lose a whole plank on the road, and very gently did they drop it in, lest the Seminoles should hear. "Piggie" stuffed one hole with his bonnet, and Bauldie the second with his; Jock spread his jacket over an oozy part. They shipped all their store, and one of them got in to bale, and the others, stripping off their clothes and adding them to the cargo, pushed the boat out before them, swimming by its side. It was a mere question of time whether the boat would go down in mid-channel; but so splendidly did "Piggie" bale, ready at any moment to swim for his life, and so powerfully did the others push, swimming with their feet and one hand and with the other hand guiding the boat, that they brought it over safely to the other side; and the fact that half their clothes were wet through mattered little to men who had often hidden from the Indians in the water, with nothing but their eyes and nose out; and at any rate, the food was safe. The matches and the caps also were dry, for "Piggie" had taken care of that, and in the worst emergency they would have been carried on the top of his head if he also had been obliged to swim.

They brought the boat into a little creek and, communicating by signs to one another—for they were too old hunters to be speaking now, when there might be a party of Seminoles in that very wood—Spiug and Jock hid themselves, each behind a tree with rifle in hand, to cover the others, while "Piggie" and Bauldie drew the boat up under cover of the bushes and hid it out of sight, so that even a Seminole's keen eyes would not have been able to detect it. The trappers made a hiding-place beside the boat, and left there the superfluous garments of civilization, confining themselves to a shirt and trousers and a belt which held the pistol and tomahawk.

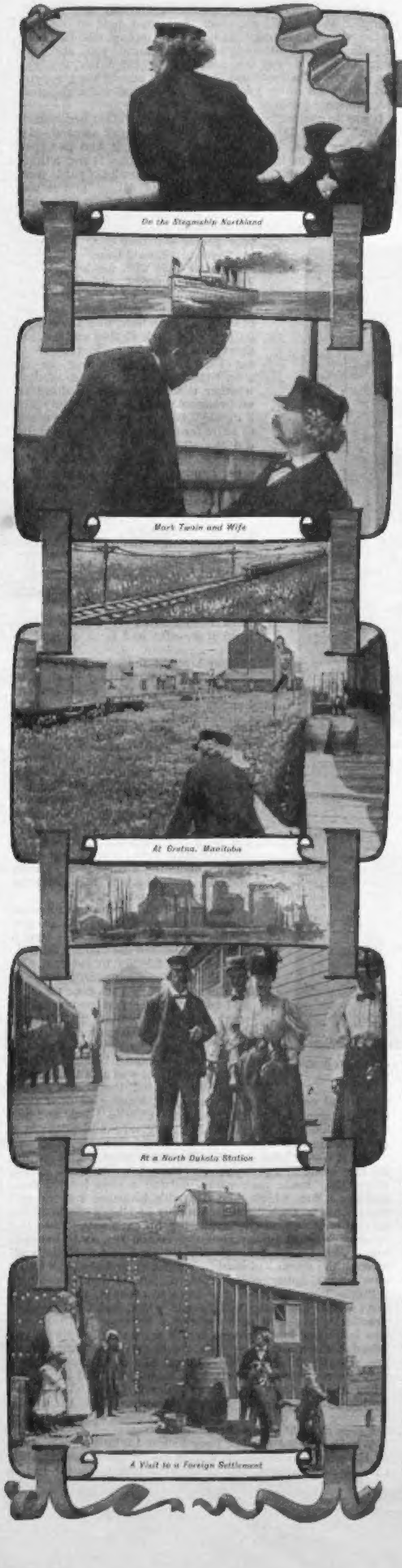
Spiug and Jock, as the two veterans who can discover the trail of the Seminoles by a twisted leaf on a branch or a broken stick on the ground, warned their friends to lie low, and they themselves disappeared into the brushwood. They had gone to scout and to make sure that no wandering party of Indians was in the vicinity. By and by a wood-pigeon cooed three times; "Piggie" nodded to Bauldie, and Bauldie hooted like an owl; then they knew that it was safe to advance. The two rejoined the scouts, whom they found on the edge of a clearing, leaning on their rifles in picturesque attitude. "Bullseye Charlie" led, and the others followed in single file, pausing now and again at a sound in the woods.

But it was a false alarm. Then they went on as before, till they came to a pretty spot on the other side of the island, where they made their camp, cutting a pole for the tent, lighting a fire, which they did with immense success, and proceeding to cook dinner. As they had been afraid to fire for fear of attracting any wandering Indian's notice, they had no deer or wild turkey, but they made tea, and they had bread and butter (though the butter had turned into oil through the warmth of Bauldie's person), and they had half a ham which Spiug contributed, a pot of jam for which "Piggie" would some day have to account, and six jam tarts which Howieson bought and which had been reduced practically to one in Jock's pocket. Sparrow had managed two bottles of stone ginger, which were deeply valued, and afforded them a big mouthful each, as they drank without any cup and shared honestly by calculation of time. While they ate they kept their rifles by their sides, and once, even when their mouths were full of jam tart, at a signal from Bullseye they all sprang up and disappeared into the woods, returning in a minute to finish the tarts. It was a rabbit, but they thought it was the Seminoles.

What a day they had! They fought Indians from one end of the island to the other, killing and scalping twenty-nine; they captured the Indian camp, with four beautiful Indian

(Concluded on Page 19)

Across the Continent with Mark Twain



On the Steamship Northland

Mark Twain and Wife

At Gretna, Manitoba

At a North Dakota Station

A Visit to a Foreign Settlement

MARK TWAIN first became a lecturer in California in 1865. He had returned to San Francisco from the Sandwich Islands, and was asked to lecture on his impressions. His Western success was immediate, and by Petroleum V. Nasby's advice, in *1872-3*, he made his first Eastern appearance in Boston. He has remained ever since the universal platform favorite, not only in all English-speaking lands but in Austria and Germany.

When the failure of the publishers with whom he was associated swept away the savings of years—his entire fortune—he shouldered the outstanding obligations of the firm and, at the cost of his own vitality, immediately set about paying thousands of dollars worth of debts not incurred by him and for which, save in his own sense of honor, he was in nowise responsible. In this design a tour of the world was planned, and I undertook the American management. Under date of June 11 he wrote me from Elmira: "If you've got to have a circular for this brief campaign, the chief feature, when speaking of me, should be, that he (M. T.) *is on his way to Australia and thence around the globe on a reading and talking tour to last twelve months.* You get the idea? Traveling *around the world* is nothing—everybody does it. But what I am traveling *for* is unusual—everybody doesn't do that."

Two days before he started from Elmira, New York, he had been dragged from a sick bed to appear in New York City in supplementary proceedings. "Mark" did not complain, but silently determined to work out his salvation and his freedom from debts.

There were five of us in the party: Mr. and Mrs. Clemens, Clara (one of their daughters), Mrs. Pond and I. During the journey I kept a detailed journal, from which I shall quote.

CLEVELAND, July 15, 1895.

At the hotel with "Mark Twain," his wife and their daughter, Clara. "Mark" looks badly fatigued. The annoying supplementary proceedings in New York are telling upon him.

Threats of interference with his lecture business here by his one annoying creditor worry him, but he is nursed and cared for by his tender, affectionate wife, whose soothing influence on him seems instantaneous. "Mark" is very nervous and much distressed. There are intimations that his baggage will be attached, and other annoyances. I can't help it. I feel that these people have surrendered all they have to their creditors, and I don't believe the creditors think half so much of them as they would had they taken care of themselves.

Tuesday, July 30, *en route.*

All the afternoon there were the level prairies of North Dakota wheat just turning the whole country a lovely green; then came the arid plains, the prairie-dog towns, cactus, buffalo grass, jack-rabbits, wild life and the Missouri River—dear old friend that had borne both of us on her muddy bosom many a time. It was a great day for both "Mark" and me.

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA, July 31.

"Mark" is improving. For the first time since we started he appeared about the hotel corridors and on the street. He and I walked about the outskirts of the town, and I caught a number of interesting snapshots among the Norwegian shanties. I got a good group including four generations, with eight children, a calf and five cats. "Mark" wanted a photograph of each cat. He caught a pair of kittens in his arms, greatly to the discomfort of their owner, a little girl. He tried to make friends with the child, and buy the kittens, but she began to cry and beg that her pets might be liberated. He soon captured her with a pretty story, and she finally consented to let them go. Few know "Mark's" great love for cats, as well as for every living creature.

Friday, August 2.

To-day "Mark" and I went from Butte to Anaconda without the ladies. At Anaconda we found a very fine hotel and several friends very anxiously waiting to meet "Mark." Elaborate arrangements had been made to lunch him and give him a lively day among his old mountain friends, as he had been expected by the morning train. Fortunately he missed this demonstration and was in good condition for the evening. He was introduced by the mayor of the city in a witty address of welcome. Here was our first small audience, where the local manager came out a trifle the loser.

A little incident connected with our experience here shows "Mark Twain's" generosity. The local manager was a man who had known "Mark" in the sixties, and was very anxious to secure him for a lecture in Anaconda. He therefore contracted to pay the price asked. Anaconda is a small city, whose chief industry is a large smelting furnace. There were not enough people interested in our entertainment to make up a paying audience, and the manager was short about sixty dollars. I took what he had, *all* he had, giving him a receipt in full. As "Mark" and I were not equal partners, of course the larger share of the loss fell to him. I explained the circumstances when we had our next settlement at the end of the week, hoping for his approval.

"And you took the last cent that poor fellow had! Send him a hundred dollars, and if you can't afford to stand your share, charge it all to me. I'm not going around robbing poor men who are disappointed in their calculations as to my commercial value. I'm poor and working to pay debts that I never contracted, but I don't want to get money in that way."

I sent the money and was glad of the privilege of standing my share. The letter of acknowledgment from that man brought out the following expression from "Mark": "I wish that every hundred dollars I ever invested had produced the same amount of happiness."

In Helena (August 3) the people did not care for lectures. They all liked "Mark" and enjoyed meeting him, but there was no public enthusiasm for the man who has made the early history of that mining country famous all over the world. But he met many old acquaintances and some of them had come all the way from Virginia City to see their former comrade of the mining-camps. One man, now very rich, came from Virginia City, Nevada, on purpose to see "Mark" and settle an old score. He stepped into the Montana Club just as "Mark's" health had been proposed.

"Hold on a minute," he broke in; "before we go further I want to say to you, Sam Clemens, that you did me a dirty trick over there in Silver City and I've come here to have a settlement with you."

There was deathly silence for a moment, when "Mark" said in his deliberate drawl:

"Let's see. That—was—before—I—reformed, wasn't—it?"

Senator Sanders suggested that inasmuch as the other fellow had never reformed, Clemens and all the others present should forgive him. Thus the row was broken up before it commenced and all was well.

SPOKANE, August 8.

In the forenoon "Mark" and I walked about this remarkable city. In the afternoon our entire party drove about in an open carriage. Our driver pointed out some beautiful suburban residences and told us who occupied them.

"That house," said he, as we drove by a palatial establishment, "is where Mr. Brown lives. He is receiver for the Spook Bank, which failed last year for over $2,000,000. That man, up in the next house, is receiver for a great manufacturing company. It failed for nearly a million. The president and directors of that company are most all in the State prison, and this 'yere house that we are coming to now is where the receiver of the local gas and water company lives." So it went all the way up the street.

"Mark" turned to the ladies. "If I had a son to send West," said he, "I should educate him for a receiver. It seems to be about the only thriving industry."

We found here a magnificent new theatre. It has cost over $200,000, and never yet was a quarter filled. The manager was greatly disappointed at the receipts for the lecture; he had counted on a full house. Where he expected the people to come from I don't know. "Mark" didn't enjoy it and manifested no delicacy in so expressing himself.

As we have a day here the ladies have overhauled and repacked their trunks. I think there is no occupation that has such fascination for women when traveling as the unpacking and overhauling of large traveling trunks. They go at it early, miss their luncheon and are late to dinner, and yet show no signs of fatigue. This business seems to increase the power of endurance for delicate women as nothing else can do.

That night at 11:30 we went aboard the sleeper on the Great Northern Road. Everything was in readiness for us. The next day was one full of interest as we rode over the Rockies on the zigzag road, traveling over thirty miles to make seven. "Mark" rode on the engine, greatly to the delight of the engineer.

We transferred at Seattle to the little "Greyhound of Puget Sound"—The Flyer—said to be the fastest steamer in the world. "Mark" sat on the deck of The Flyer watching the baggage-smashers removing our trunks from the baggage car to the truck which was to convey them to The Flyer, and exclaimed: "Oh! how I *do* wish one of those trunks were filled with dynamite and that all the baggage-destroyers on earth were gathered about it, and I just far enough off to see them hurled into Kingdom Come!"

We arrived in Tacoma at five o'clock. Here the ladies are to remain while "Mark" and I take in Portland and Olympia.

PORTLAND, OREGON, Friday, August 9.

"Mark" and I reached Portland on time, 8:22, and found the hall packed with a waiting audience, and the sign "Standing Room Only" out. The lecture was a grand success. After it "Mark's" friend, Colonel Wood, formerly of the United States Army, gave a supper at the Portland Club, where about two dozen of the leading men were entertained for two hours with "Mark's" story-telling. They will all remember that evening as long as they live. There is surely but one "Mark Twain."

PORTLAND to OLYMPIA, Saturday, August 10.

We left for Olympia at eleven o'clock. Somehow "Mark" seems to grow greater from day to day. Each time it seemed as though his entertainment had reached perfection, but last night surpassed all.

A young reporter for a local daily met "Mark" as he was boarding the train for Olympia, and had probably five minutes' talk with him. He wrote a two-column interview which "Mark" declared was the most accurate and the best that had ever been reported of him.

By Major James B. Pond

On the train a bevy of young ladies ventured to introduce themselves to him, and he entertained them all the way to Olympia, where a delegation of leading citizens met us, headed by John Miller Murphy, editor of the oldest paper in Washington. They met us outside the city, in order that we might enjoy a ride on a new trolley car through the town. As "Mark" stepped from the train, Mr. Miller said:

"Mr. Twain, as chairman of the reception committee, allow me to welcome you to the capital of the youngest and most picturesque State in the Union. I am sorry the smoke is so dense that you cannot see our mountains and our forests, which are now on fire."

"Mark" said: "I regret to see—I mean to learn (I can't see, of course, for the smoke) that your magnificent forests are being destroyed by fire. As for the smoke, I do not so much mind. I am accustomed to that. I am a perpetual smoker myself."

TACOMA, WASHINGTON, Monday, August 12.

The Tacoma Press Club gave "Mark" a reception in their rooms after the lecture, which proved to be a very bright affair. "Mark" is finding out that he has found his friends by the loss of his fortune. People are constantly meeting him on the street, at halls and in hotels, and telling him of the happiness he has brought them—old and young alike. He seems as fresh to the rising generation as he is dear to older friends.

SEATTLE to WHATCOM, Wednesday, August 14.

"Mark's" cold (the first cold he ever had) is getting worse. He worried and fretted all day. He had only two swearing fits; with but a short interval between them, they lasted from our arrival in town until he went to sleep after midnight. It was with great difficulty that he got through the lecture. The crowd, which kept stringing in at long intervals until half-past nine, made him so nervous that he left the stage for a time. I thought he was ill and rushed back of the scenes, only to meet him in a white rage. He looked daggers at me, and remarked:

"You'll never play a trick like this on me again. Look at that audience. It isn't half in yet."

I explained that many of the people came from long distances and that the cars ran only every half hour, the entire county was on fire, causing delays, and that was why the last installment came so late. He cooled down and went at it again. He captured the crowd. He had a good time and an encore, and was obliged to give an additional story.

VANCOUVER, B. C., Thursday, August 15.

"Mark's" throat is in a very bad condition. It was a great effort to make himself heard. He is a thoroughbred—a great man, with wonderful will power, or he would have succumbed. We had a fine audience, a crowded house, very English, and I think "Mark" liked it. Everything here is English and Canadian. There is a rumor afloat that the country about us is beautiful, but we can't see it, for there's smoke, smoke everywhere, and no relief. My eyes are sore from it.

VANCOUVER, Friday, August 16.

Our tour across the continent is virtually finished, and I feel the reaction. "Othello's occupation's gone." This morning "Mark" had a doctor, who says he is not seriously ill. Mrs. Clemens is curing him. The more I see of this lady the greater and more wonderful she appears to be. There are few women who could manage and absolutely rule such a nature as "Mark's." She knows the gentle and smooth way over every obstruction he meets, and makes everything lovely. This has indeed been the most delightful tour I have ever made with any party. "Mark" has written in a presentation copy of Roughing It:

"Here ends one of the smoothest and pleasantest trips across the continent that any group of five has ever made."

"Mark" is better this evening, so we shall surely have a good lecture in Victoria.

We left Vancouver at six o'clock, arriving in Victoria after midnight.

VICTORIA, B. C., Wednesday, August 21.

"Mark" has been in bed all day; he doesn't seem to get strength. He smokes constantly, and I fear it is too much; still, he may stand it.

We had a good audience. Lord and Lady Aberdeen, who were in a box, came back on the stage after the lecture and said many very nice things of the entertainment, offering to write to friends in Australia about it. "Mark's" voice began strong, but showed fatigue toward the last. His audience, which was one of the most appreciative he ever had, was in great sympathy with him as they realized the effort he was obliged to make, owing to his hoarseness.

A telegram from Mr. George McL. Brown says the boat for Australia will sail at six o'clock to-morrow evening. This I know is the last appearance of "Mark Twain" in America for more than a year, and I much fear the very last, for it doesn't seem possible that his physical strength can hold out.

VICTORIA, Friday, August 23.

"Mark" and I were out all day getting books, cigars and tobacco. He bought 3000 Manila cheroots, thinking that with four pounds of smoking tobacco he could make the 3000 cheroots last three weeks. If perpetual smoking ever kills a man, I don't see how "Mark Twain" can expect to escape. The steamer arrived about one o'clock. We all went on board and lunched together for the last time. Mrs. Clemens is disappointed in the ship, but she tells me she is going to brave it through. It is for her children. Our party got out on the deck and Mr. W. G. Chase, a passenger, took a snapshot of our quintette. Then my wife and I went ashore and the old ship started across the Pacific Ocean with three of our most beloved friends on board. We waved to one another as long as they kept in sight.

Before sailing, "Mark" wrote a letter from which I quote:

"Now that I reflect, perhaps it is a little immodest in me to talk about my paying my debts, when, by my own confession, I am blandly getting ready to unload them on the whole English-speaking world. I didn't think of that; well, no matter, so long as they are paid.

"Lecturing is gymnastics, chest-expander, medicine, mind-healer, blues-destroyer, all in one. I am twice as well as I was when I started out. I have gained nine pounds in twenty-eight days, and expect to weigh six hundred before January. I haven't had a blue day in all the twenty-eight. My wife and daughter are accumulating health and strength and flesh nearly as fast as I am. When we reach home, two years hence, we think we can exhibit as freaks.

"MARK TWAIN.

"VANCOUVER, B. C., August 15, 1895."

On September 17, 1897, he wrote me from Weggis, Lake Lucerne:

"I feel quite sure that in Cape Town, thirteen months ago, I stood on a platform for the last time. Nothing but the Webster debts could persuade me to lecture again, and I have ceased to worry about those. You remember in Vancouver, in 1895, I gave myself four years in which to make money enough to pay those debts—and that included two lecture seasons in America, one in England, and one around the world. But we are well satisfied now that we shall have those debts paid off a year earlier than the prophecy, if I continue able to work as I have been working in London and here, *and without any further help from the platform*. And so it is, as I said a moment ago, I am a cheerful man these days."

In another letter he said:

"I managed to pull through that long lecture campaign, but I was never very well, from the first night in Cleveland to the last one in Cape Town, and I found it pretty hard work on that account. I did a good deal of talking when I ought to have been in bed. At present I am not strong enough for platform work, and am not going to allow myself to think of London, or any other platform, for a long time to come. It grieves me, for I could make a satisfactory season in London and America, now that I am practiced in my trade again."

On April 4, 1899, he wrote me from Vienna:

"No—I don't like lecturing. I lectured in Vienna two or three weeks ago, and in Budapest last week, but it was merely for fun—not for money. I charged nothing in Vienna, and only the family's expenses in Budapest. I like to talk for nothing, about twice a year, but talking for money is *work*, and that takes the pleasure out of it. I do not believe you could offer me terms that would dissolve my prejudice against the platform. I do not expect to see a platform again until the wolf commands. Honest people do not go robbing the public on the platform except when they are in debt. (Disseminate this idea—it can do good.)"

As a letter writer "Mark Twain" is inimitable. He writes with the same unconventionality with which he talks, and his letters are the man.

"*Dear Pond:*

"Oh, b'gosh, I can't. I hate writing.

"Ever thine, MARK,"

is characteristic. "Hold on!" "Oh, come now!" "Oh, dang it, I'm head over heels in hard work on a book," "Sho—go 'long!" "Goway! you and his reverence. Tempt me not," are such expressions as give personality to his letters.

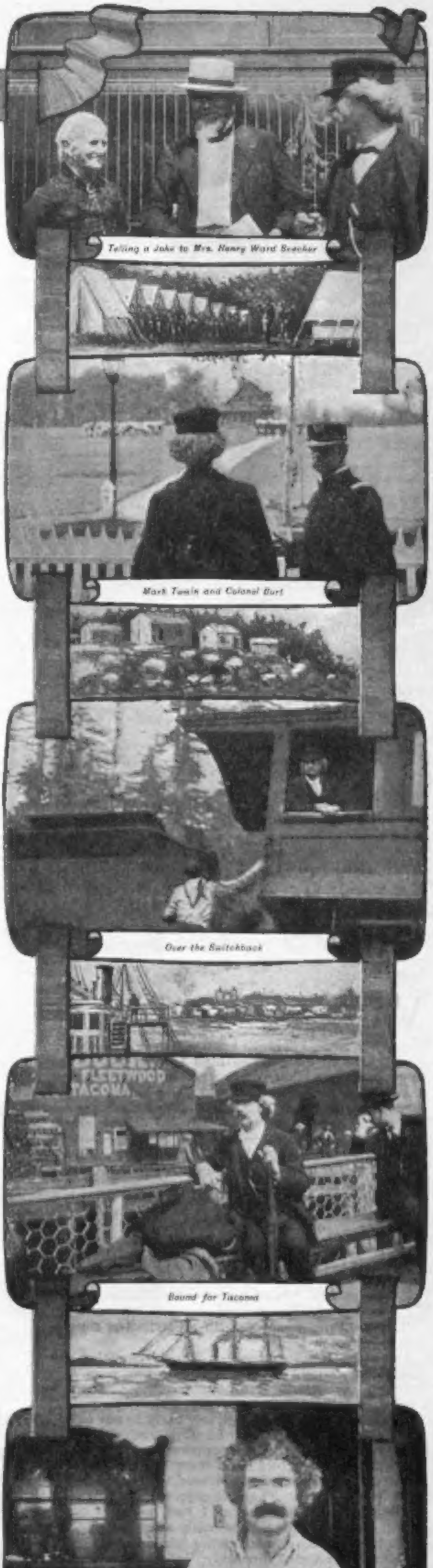
In the autumn of 1899 he wrote to me: "I'm not going to barnstorm the platform any more, but I am glad you have corralled Howells. He's a most sinful man, and I always knew God would send him to the platform if he didn't behave."

In another letter he writes: "Say! some time ago I received notice that I had been elected honorary member of the Society of Sons of Steerage Immigrants, and was told that Kipling, Hop Smith and Nelson Page are officers of it. What right have they to belong? Ask Page or Smith about it."

"Mark Twain" eats only when he is hungry. I have known him to go days without eating a particle of food; at the same time he would be smoking constantly when he was not sleeping.

"Mark" seldom had a cold, and, with the exception of carbuncles, was never ill.

Business relations and traveling bring out the nature of a man. After my close relations with "Mark Twain" for sixteen years, I can say that he is not only what the world knows him to be—a humorist, a philosopher and a genius—but a sympathetic, honest, brave gentleman.


Telling a Joke to Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher

Mark Twain and Colonel Burt

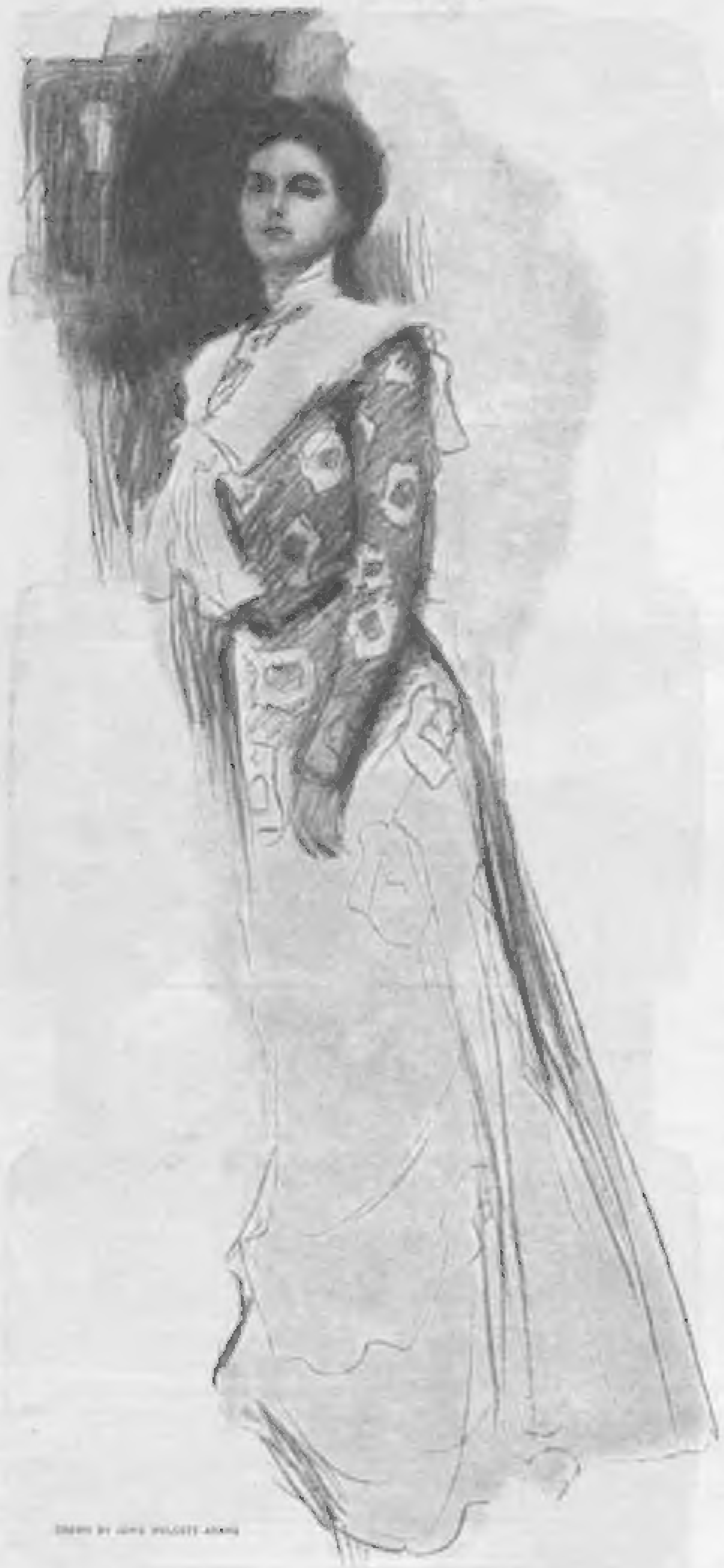
Over the Switchback

Bound for Tacoma

Breakfast at Olympia

COUSIN GEORGE

By Lilian Quiller-Couch



DRAWN BY JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

WHENEVER I am not engaged to Mr. Featherstone-Hope—*I mean to say, whenever my engagement to* Mr. Featherstone-Hope is temporarily fractured (it happens now and again), I immediately find myself permeated by the very highest of high spirits; the sort of exaltation—reaction—that comes when one has had a tooth out; one feels as if the whole world were before one, as if loss may be uncommonly like gain. (With the lover as with the tooth, one passes, *metaphorically*, of course, one's tongue over the gap and feels so buoyant, so free, so—well, I told Mr. Featherstone-Hope this after one of our reunions.)

"It's as if I stood on high altitudes," I explained. "There's a sort of exhilaration——"

"Yes," he agreed gravely; "that's it."

"Such as comes," I continued, "on reaching the top of a mountain——"

"Or the bottom of a glass of '*fizz*,'" he suggested.

"Nothing of the sort," I declared indignantly; "you don't understand in the least."

"Oh, yes, I do," he protested airily; "I know all about it."

"*You* know!" I exclaimed, scornful but calm.

"Rather," he declared with an irritating chuckle; "I'm just the same myself."

However, Mr. Featherstone-Hope's chuckles are not of much consequence (except that this one went near to re-severing our newly cemented engagement); it was the exuberance of spirit I was speaking of.

It happened that comparatively early in our united history Mr. Featherstone-Hope and I had quarreled bitterly, irrevocably. I think it was the occasion on which, after looking at me critically, he told me that my nose was freckled, and I retorted that if he were not pleased with my nose as the nose of his prospective wife, our engagement had better be ended while there was yet time, as I had no doubt that my nose would continue to freckle as freely after marriage as before, and I had no desire to sail under false colors.

"Oh," he retorted flippantly, "there's no question of false colors about your face——"

"Tom!!!"

"Well?"

"All is at an end between us," I said with dignity.

And then, instead of being contrite, he smiled and quoted that silly thing about there being as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it.

I always ignore platitudes—at least, Tom's platitudes—so I remarked that if he meant to call me a fish, I thought, for his sake, we had better part before I was tempted to prove forcibly that he was mistaken. I might be freckle-nosed, but I was not cold-blooded (he probably knew that already), and—oh, well, the end of it was we did part (for the sixth time) NEVER to speak again. And I immediately became permeated by that top-of-the-mountain feeling, and ran upstairs and did my hair in a most becoming way, quite an inspiration; then I turned out some silks and sewed furiously for ten minutes (I don't sew much when I'm engaged to Mr. Featherstone-Hope; I chiefly 'spar,' and the silks get tangled), and then I remembered that Cousin George was coming back from Germany, and I felt glad.

It was while I was smiling over Cousin George, and wondering if he remembered that day when he came to say "good-by" to me and Letitia at Miss Delp's school, and suddenly found out that kissing was not "rot," that home came Aunt Selina from calling on Aunt Caroline—she's Cousin George's mother—and told me that Cousin George had really returned, and how kind and thoughtful he had grown, and how he had insisted on taking her, Aunt Selina, next day to the concert in aid of Shoeless Waifs, when he heard how much she was interested in the Cause.

"And I had been telling him, Patricia, that you were staying with me," she concluded deprecatingly, "and I said that you would have to come, also; but George is so good-tempered he did not seem to mind numbers, did not seem in the least disconcerted—not at all shy or awkward, you know. I think Germany has improved him greatly."

"But I go to Aunt Theresa's to-morrow, Aunt Selina," I ventured.

"I have thought of that, my dear. You can go on to Victoria Station from the concert, and your luggage can follow. Your Cousin George and I will see you into a hansom; I'm sure he won't mind that."

Privately I, also, thought that Cousin George wouldn't mind that. I decided when I went to bed that night that I could not travel in the blue cloth coat and skirt as I had intended; the blue muslin would be much better; after all, it is one's duty to dress rather smartly when one is going to a Shoeless Waif entertainment; some of the poor little creatures might happen to be there, and they're so fond of looking at pretty persons—*frocks*, I mean.

Cousin George came in good time next day to escort us, and as we said "Howdy-do?" to one another, I came to the conclusion that he had not forgotten that day at Miss Delp's.

He was taller and broader now. But I did not tell him so. Somehow, there comes a period when it seems better not to exclaim, "How you've grown!" when you meet your friends, and the period seems to be more definite with men than with women. I don't think I should mind it, but I felt that Cousin George might. So I only smiled, as we shook hands, and said how pleasant it was to feel that he really was in England again; and then I extricated my fingers from his grip.

It must have been rather a good concert, I think, for it didn't disturb me at all, and it kept Aunt Selina very quiet. Aunt Selina always says she is musical—but there—I say so myself sometimes; it depends who asks me. There was that long-haired Mr. ——, but, after all, that's nothing to do with this—what an unreasonable man he was, though. As I was saying, the difference between Aunt Selina and me is that she shuts her eyes when amateurs play Cavalleria Rusticana on the violin, and I my teeth. A mere matter of instinct, I suppose; in extremity we bring our strongest force——

"You're not listening a bit!"

I jumped.

Cousin George, who had the corner seat, next mine, had wriggled around till we were almost facing one another; and I became conscious that while my thoughts had been fixed on Aunt Selina's traits, my eyes had been fixed on Cousin George's chest.

"Well, you shouldn't wear such pretty ties," I protested. "I am easily distracted."

"'Tis a pretty tie, isn't it?" he asked, quite pleased. "I thought you'd like it."

I smiled.

"Patty," he lowered his voice, "d'you remember how you used to help me choose 'em?"

I still smiled.

"And I say, d'you remember those times when we stayed down with Aunt Ethel?"

I continued smiling.

"And, Patty," he leaned over my program with an amiable grin, "d'you remember—that last day at old Miss What's-her-name's school? How you said you'd rather kiss——"

I ceased smiling.

"I remember nothing," I interrupted sternly. But at that moment I did remember the platform, and looked at it.

Aunt Selina was sitting calmly beside me with her eyes shut, and for many minutes I was keenly conscious that somebody was playing something.

When my eyes had become surfeited with platform, I turned them again on Cousin George. He was looking rueful.

"Am I detestable in your sight?" he whispered abjectly.

"Not—not entirely," I admitted softly, and I smiled on him again. And Cousin George took my vinaigrette and my purse and my bracelet into his possession—they were too heavy for my muslin pocket and my wrist—and fanned me with my program as we listened to a fat little tenor avowing fruitless attempts "from Love's sickness to fly." When the interval came, Aunt Selina was, I presume, still beneath the music's spell; at any rate, her eyes were still shut.

"Cousin George," I said gravely.

"Patty."

"Have you paid your respects to Letitia?"

"Letitia! Why no, I—I didn't think of it."

"Letitia," I continued severely, "was at Miss Delp's that day. You came to say 'good-by' to her, too, you know."

"She didn't stay till the end, though," he grinned. "She wasn't there when you—when I—when you——"

"Cousin George," I said still sternly, "I hope you clearly remember that I *didn't*——"

"No, you *didn't*," admitted Cousin George ruefully.

"Letitia is very handsome," I volunteered. "She and I stay a good deal with Aunt Theresa from time to time, just as we used to, you know, before you went to Germany; only"—I sighed regrets—"the parties are grown up now—nieces, and other girls; nephews, and other men."

There was a pause.

"I wonder——" began Cousin George musingly, as he looked at me.

"Yes," I agreed; "a good many persons do."

"But—you are not—are you?—not——"

"No," I replied, "I am not." I did not consider it necessary to dilate on the fact that it was only yesterday my most genuine engagement was for the sixth time canceled. Cousin George sighed a sigh, the quality of which was complimentary.

"I," he said somewhat irrelevantly, "am going to stay with Aunt Theresa next week. I wish," he added impulsively, "I were going to-day." Dear Cousin George's worst enemy could not call him subtle.

It was rather a short concert. Cousin George and I were interrupted in our talking by having to stand up and sing God Save the Queen. Then we began to make our way out. And then Aunt Selina stepped down a step she didn't know was there, twisted her ankle, screamed, and fell into Cousin George's arms.

That is how it was that ten minutes later I came to be in a penny 'bus on my way to Victoria. Of course, Aunt Selina had to have the only cab we could see at the moment; of course Cousin George had to go with Aunt Selina; and of course I had to catch my train.

Some persons persist in saying that my life is so gay and so placid and so easy that I've never anything more serious than a split in my glove or a fly in my eye to trouble me; that for me things always tumble right-way-up—and so forth.

They'd experience jerks of astonishment, I am thinking, if they could conceive of one-half the paralyzing moments Fate demands that I shall live through. How would they like it, I wonder, if they were called upon to give up their cooks who take to drink, their husbands who fail to get into Parliament, their babies who develop mumps, and little odds and ends like that—things one can foresee and be prepared for—and face some of my staggering realities? How would they feel if they had been engaged to a man—had been what is extravagantly termed "all the world" to him during five distinct periods—had then quarreled past all possibility of reconciliation, had parted, had "cut" him, and then found themselves face to face with him in a penny 'bus, with—well, with worse to follow? Would they call that gay and placid and easy?

"Oh!!" I gasped, as my eyes fell on Mr. Featherstone-Hope in the opposite corner. Then I hoped he would consider that the sound had been jerked from my lips by the jolt of the 'bus. He looked at me and lifted his hat about a third of an inch from his hair, and I thought that a smile crept about his mouth. I looked abstractedly through him and the window to the shops beyond, and felt that I was vindicating my dignity and upholding the honor of my sex; and we rattled on in rigid silence (at least as rigid as is possible in a penny 'bus) within two feet of one another, while I began to enjoy myself, and oceans, metaphorically, rolled between us.

It was the conductor who accomplished my downfall.

"Fares, please!"

! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

My purse was lying, but for a layer or so of material, against Cousin George's heart!!

"I—I haven't any," I began faintly, overwhelmed by the situation. "I forgot——"

For just about six seconds the eyes—about twenty—of the 'bus were turned on me. The conductor and I eyed merely one another.

"Allow me, Miss." A voice beside me made me jump, and I turned to see a florid young man, with bushy hair, several rings, and a soft hat, holding a silver coin toward the conductor.

I hurriedly protested—albeit with all gratefulness—that I could not permit this; that I would leave my rings, my name, my word of honor—all these things as they flashed through my mind seemed so paltry compared with one 'bus fare. Then a voice I knew rather better than the voice of the be-ringed young man remarked with elaborate politeness: "We have met before, I believe; allow me to——"

"Oh, no!" I began. A terrible wavering took possession of me. On one hand was the young man, an utter stranger whom I should never see again to repay, on the other my bitterest enemy—and there was still my train fare to be faced, and—— But by this time Mr. Featherstone-Hope was receiving his change. In my wrath I turned to the be-ringed young man, smiled upon him, and thanked him graciously;

the conductor, all innocent of the blow he had dealt me returned to his footboard—and where, I ask, was my dignity then? and whose fault was it?

"I hope you enjoyed the situation," I remarked in freezing tones when, the be-ringed young man having got out Mr. Featherstone-Hope moved to the seat beside me.

"Thoroughly," he replied cheerfully. "To the very dregs."

"There were plenty of dregs," I said contemptuously.

He smiled.

"But where have you been?" he demanded. "Where are you going?"

"I have been," I replied haughtily, "to a concert in aid of Shoeless Waifs. I am going to Victoria."

"But why alone?"

"I have until now," I continued coldly, "been under the care of my Aunt Selina. I am going to the care of my Aunt Theresa."

"Without any money?"

"It shall be restored to you," I said with pride.

"That's a relief," he smiled irritatingly as [illegible] deep breath. "Still, I think they might have trusted you with a sixpenny bit——"

"Cousin George was carrying my purse and forgot to return it to me."

He stopped smiling.

"Cousin George! Who's Cousin George?"

I began to recover my temper.

"My cousin," I said meekly.

"Ye-es—so I gathered—but I don't see how——"

"He," I explained (self respect was surging back in me; I began to enjoy myself), "was at the concert."

"Oh, he was, was he?"

"Yes, he was. That," I added, "is why I went."

"I might have known as much," he said grimly.

"Yes," I agreed.

"At any rate, the fellow might have escorted you to Victoria." Mr. Featherstone-Hope became a little snappy in his manner at this point.

"Oh, you must not blame Cousin George," I protested; "he would much rather have come with me."

"You seem an adept at divination—helped by your power of self-appreciation, I presume."

"Oh, no," I explained amiably; "he told me so."

"Oh, indeed!"

"Yes."

When we had rattled on for some moments without speaking I broke the pause.

"Cousin George has grown such a fine fellow," I volunteered, "and just as good tempered as ever. We talked a lot about those old times before he went to Germany. He just beamed," I added with a little laugh, "when I told him that I was not engaged."

"Hum!"

"If he'd asked just one day earlier," I said with an innocent smile, demanding pleased interest in return, "I couldn't have said so. Wasn't it funny?"

"Oh, very!" grimly.

"Yes, that's just what struck me."

"You seem to have hurried to give him the news."

"Oh, no. I merely tried to talk of things which interested him. Miss Delp always taught us to do that. 'Always,' she used to say, 'talk of what is of interest to others, forget yourself.'"

"You consider the subject interested him?" savagely.

"I'm sure it did."

"And you forgot yourself?"

It occurred to me to sigh. Mr. Featherstone-Hope brightened.

"Did you forget yourself, Patty?" he repeated.

I felt I'd like just to look at him. I did.

The 'bus stopped before his smile had died.

"Good-by," I said tenderly.

"I am going to take your ticket," he said firmly.

"Oh, no," I protested. "I shall telegraph to Aunt Theresa and she can just telegraph back and make it all right——"

"I am going," he repeated, "to take your ticket." And he went.

"This is extremely ill-bred of you, Mr. Featherstone-Hope," I began haughtily when he returned. "You are taking advantage of my uncomfortable position."

"No, merely your first-class ticket."

"I am extremely angry."

"All right," he said cheerfully. "Go on, if you like saying that sort of thing."

There really seemed nothing to be gained by being angry, and it is very wearing, so I stopped.

"You are very reckless," I remarked. "You don't know that you'll ever be repaid."

"No, and you see, too, I don't care. I'm indulging in a new sensation, and I'm prepared to pay for it."

"Nothing very new about taking a ticket, I should think."

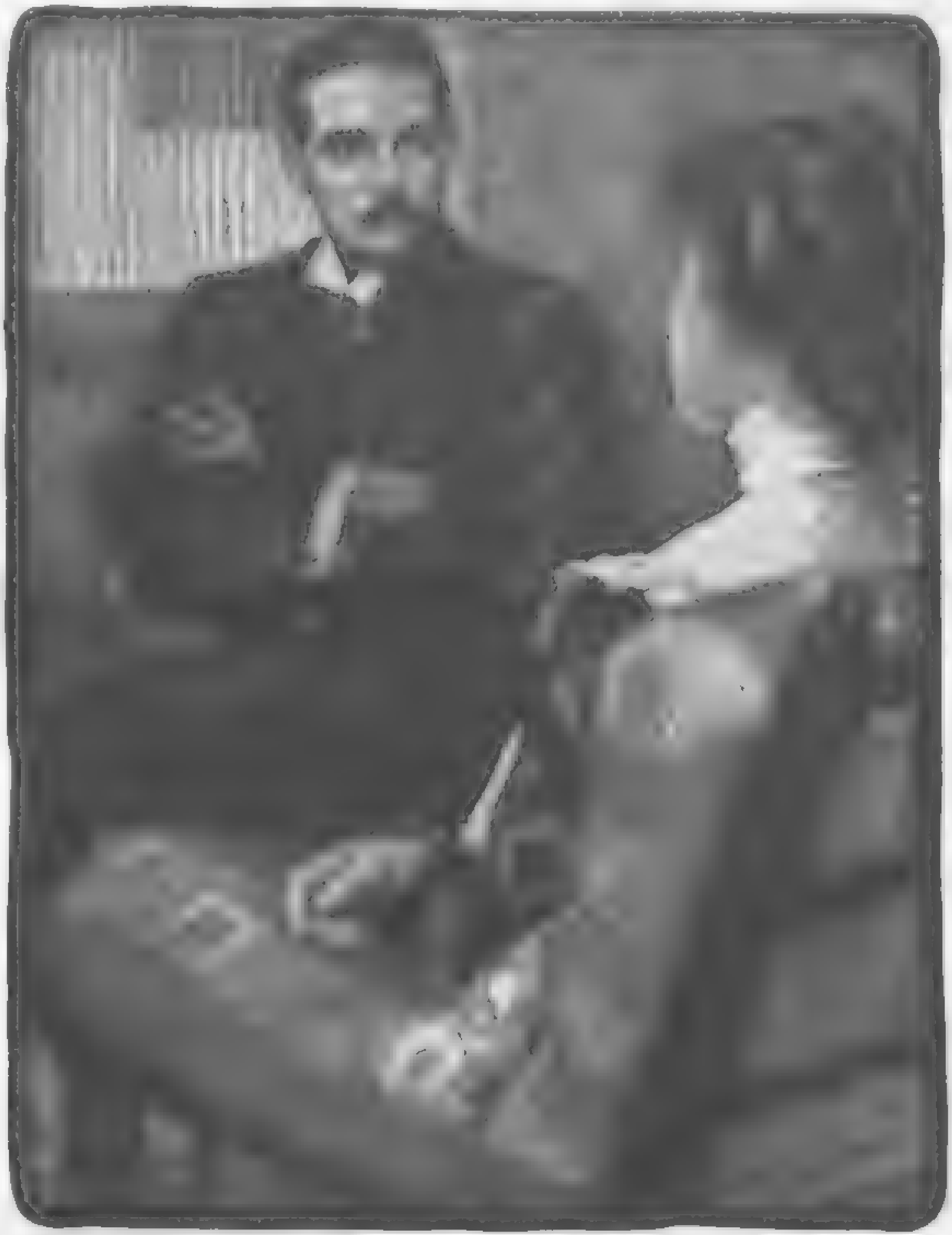
"For you—yes. I am experiencing the temporary illusion that we are married, and that I have to pay for everything. Something like a late-in-the-morning dream, you know: it can be thrown off when [illegible] pleases. Still, for the moment, we are married."

"Oh, are we?"

"Yes."

"In that case the ticket would, I think, have been third class," I remarked scornfully.

"I'm afraid you are right," he said slowly. "Still," brightening again, "we'll imagine it's the honeymoon."



Before he went back that evening Mr. Featherstone-Hope asked me if I didn't think it as well [illegible] being engaged

"Would that really be first class?" I asked in tones of cold doubt.

He sighed.

"I'm afraid so. You see, there would probably be Aunt Selina and Aunt Theresa and Aunt Ethel, and—well, to put it shortly, your twenty-two aunts, who would be fussing around the platform and expecting it of me, and I, being a nervous man, should be flustered into extravagance, which I should afterward repent, and as the saying is, 'throw it in your teeth.'"

"Then," I said thoughtfully, regarding the one ticket, "your idea of a honeymoon is to send your bride off by herself?"

"Oh, no, I would go with her, I think," he said, drawing another ticket from his pocket.

"You are coming!"

"I am sure your Aunt Theresa will be delighted to [illegible] me," he said as we stepped into a compartment.

"A good opinion of one's self must be such a prop in life," I soliloquized as I settled my hat before the little strip of mirror.

"Your Aunt Theresa," he went on firmly, ignoring my soliloquy, "is a kindly and a farsighted woman. She realizes my usefulness on occasion—she has, indeed, realized it on five—several occasions—up to the present."

I preferred to leave the topic. The train moved out of the station.

"How any man," I said musingly, "could ever marry me and face twenty-two aunts——"

"No one has," he suggested cheerfully.

"Mr. Featherstone-Hope!"

"Well, have they?" he protested.

"My Cousin George," I remarked thoughtfully, ignoring the question, "[illegible] of them already, in his [illegible]"

"Hang Cousin George!"

"Not for worlds," I objected. "He had such a pretty necktie on this afternoon—"

I allowed my eyes to meditate on the past.

"Pooh! A lot you care for neckties."

"Yes," I agreed softly [illegible]

"Some girls," he began [illegible]fully, "think of nothing but a man's frills and fripperies."

"I don't suggest frills," I said humbly.

"Suggest! You demand."

"Not frills," I protested.

"What's in a name? You judge every man by his dress."

"I do like to see a man neat and careful."

"I shall always," he said [illegible]fully, "bless my Aunt Matilda for teaching me to be tidy and clean——"

"Pooh your Aunt Matilda."

"Yes, my Aunt Matilda. I admit," he said politely, "that in the matter of aunts you have the advantage of me; still, you must own that I am clean and tidy."

"I don't think I ever noticed," I remarked with an elaborate yawn.

Before he went back that evening Mr. Featherstone-Hope asked me if I didn't think it as well to go on again being engaged. That's the worst of it: there has grown to be something so inevitable about Mr. Featherstone-Hope; I feel as if I were doomed—I mean, fated—to marry him, and it just makes me wild to be able to do both—marry him and *never* marry him, just to confirm my presentiment and trick Fate.

"Perhaps in twelve months' time we might try it again," I said. "My nose by that time may have yielded to treatment and——"

"A lot of mischief may be done in twelve months," he said sententiously.

"I am speaking of *after* twelve months," I said severely.

"Ah, I am not," he remarked. "I could see to it myself *after*, but the mischief——"

"Mischief——" I looked round in the still twilight. "Aunt Theresa leads a simple blameless life here."

"Oh, yes, you're right enough [illegible] here, I suppose."

The clock struck. Mr. Featherstone-Hope reached, by degrees, the other side of the gate.

"Think of me," I said as I shook hands, "as hedged round about with relatives. Aunt Theresa here and Aunt Ethel three miles off and——" I drew my hand away as I heard the train coming through the cutting—"Letitia due to-morrow, and—Cousin George coming next week."

"Cousin——"

"You'll have to run for it, I'm afraid."

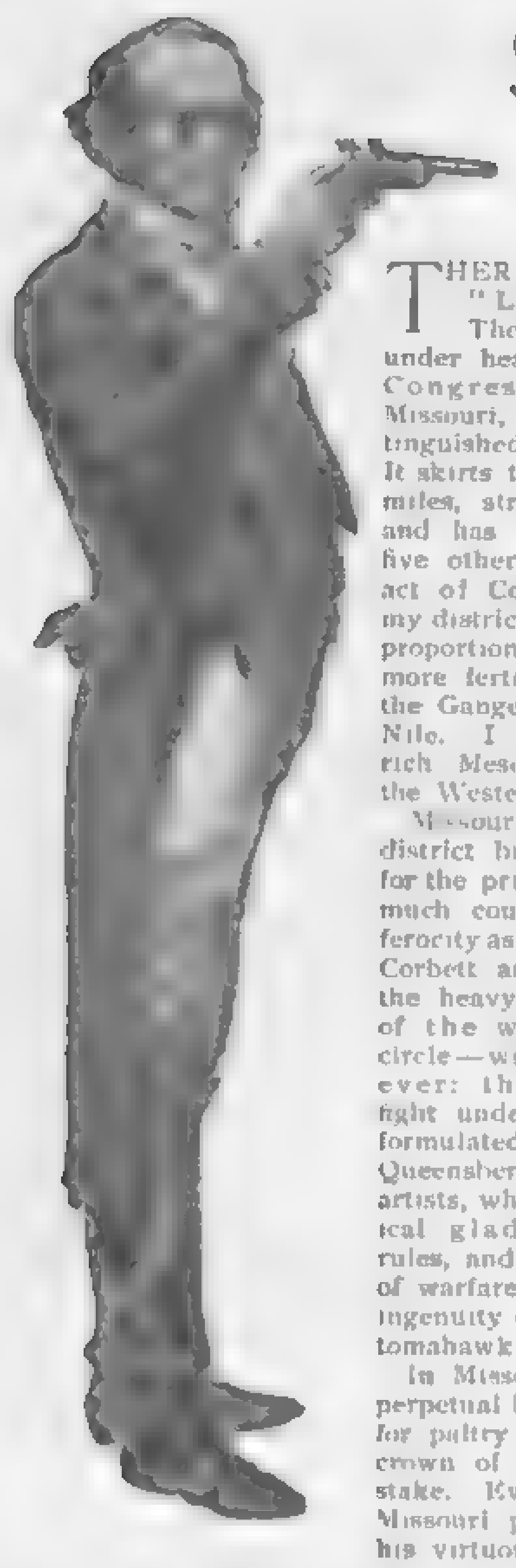
"But, Cousin——"

"There's the train! You'll have to run for it, really! Good-by, till—till—next year."

When I got indoors Aunt Theresa asked me how she should manage to amuse Cousin George, now he was so grown up and such a traveler.

I promised to help her if I could.

Editor's Note—The first meeting of Mr. Featherstone-Hope with Miss Patricia Pomeroy was in The Saturday Evening Post of May 5. This story is the sequel to A Sequence in Hearts.



Stumping in Old Missouri

By Champ Clark

THERE is an old saying, "Like land, like people." There is no richer land under heaven than the Ninth Congressional District of Missouri, which I have the distinguished honor to represent. It skirts the Mississippi for 126 miles, straddles the Missouri, and has in it the mouths of five other rivers navigable by act of Congress. Consequently my district contains an abnormal proportion of "bottom lands," more fertile than the valley of the Ganges or the Delta of the Nile. I love to call it "the rich Mesopotamian Country of the Western World."

Missourians, not only in my district but outside of it, fight for the prizes of politics with as much courage and as much ferocity as Sullivan, Fitzsimmons, Corbett and Jeffries battle for the heavy-weight championship of the world in the squared circle—with this difference, however: the physical bruisers fight under certain fixed rules, formulated by the Marquis of Queensberry and other fistic artists, while the Missouri political gladiators fight without rules, and use every instrument of warfare ever invented by the ingenuity of man, including the tomahawk and scalping knife.

In Missouri political life is a perpetual battle royal. Men fight for paltry offices as though the crown of the Bourbons were at stake. Every morning when the Missouri politician arises from his virtuous couch he carefully feels of his top-knot to see if it, like the flag of his country, is still there. He goes forth in the morning with his political life in his hands and he is lucky if he returns home at night with it still in his possession. In this Imperial Commonwealth eternal vigilance is the price of political life.

In the beginning, offices worth having—those whose rewards were fame rather than money—were few—"Like angels' visits, few and far between." Consequently it was a survival of the fittest—survival political, survival physical.

It is said of individuals that early impressions are never effaced. Precisely so with States. The pioneers give character to them.

The pioneer settlers in Missouri were the flower of Kentucky, Virginia and Tennessee youth—the daredevils of all that region—with a sprinkling of the élite from everywhere else. Hunt up a picture of any Missouri pioneer and it is a hundred to one shot that he has an aquiline nose, a square chin and clear blue eyes—the Julius Cæsar cast of features which indicates the ruler of men.

Thomas Hart Benton was the typical pioneer. Gaze upon his leonine physiognomy and you have seen them all. He was reared in the school of Andrew Jackson, and a more ferocious school of politics never flourished than that of St. Andrew.

To entertain positive opinions as to men and things and to stand ready to uphold them in any forum—even at the pistol's mouth—was the *modus vivendi* of the Jackson-Benton school.

Jackson killed Dickinson in a duel just over the Kentucky-Tennessee line, and Benton hadn't been in Missouri long before he killed young Lucas in a duel about politics.

How Leading Men Shot Each Other

Indeed, although Jackson and Benton began by being personal and political friends and ended the same way, Benton being the chief pillar of support of Jackson's Presidential policy, being even more Jacksonian than Jackson himself, this lifelong friendship was rudely interrupted by a street fight in Nashville in which the Benton Brothers—Thomas H. and Jesse—shot Jackson full of holes.

A quarter of a century afterward Benton went over to the White House one morning to see Jackson. The colored doorkeeper said: "Senator, you can't see the Gineral today."

"Why not?" asked the great Missourian.

"Because he's upstairs having a bullet cut out of his shoulder," replied the colored brother.

Benton, having the run of the premises, brushed past the guard, ascended to the Presidential bed-chamber, and found the surgeons extracting from the shoulder of the hero of New Orleans a bullet which either he or his brother Jesse had shot there in far away Nashville in the halcyon long ago.

Such performances would ruin a public man in Tennessee or Missouri now; but Andrew Jackson, despite his duels, his street fights and tavern brawls, was by long odds the most powerful and popular personage of that age. James Parton says that for twenty years the most serious and ponderous argument of Whig statesmen could be answered by yelling, "Hurrah for Jackson!" And most assuredly, since the morning stars first sang together there has been *no* man worthier of being hurrahed for than Old Hickory. He was patriotism incarnate.

Although Benton's enemies—and from the first he had multitudes of them—were forever shaking the gory corpse of Lucas in his face, he was for thirty years a most prominent Senator of the United States, the undisputed leader of Missouri Democrats for a third of a century and until he alienated their fierce affections by running counter to their political creed; and then he fell like Lucifer, never to hope again.

The code was part and parcel of the crude philosophy, the intense politics and the unquailing chivalry of those times. And who shall say that the bribery, the bulldozing and the ballot box stuffing of to-day are any perceptible improvement upon the strenuous methods of the fathers? They kept their honor bright as the spear of Achilles and the ploughshare of Cincinnatus. Whoever impugned it had to apologize, and retract humbly upon his marrow bones, or make good his charge in some sequestered spot in mortal combat. We must not judge these fiery political gladiators by the rules of conduct accepted in this pacific era, but by the rules then in vogue; and whatever else may be said of them, it must be confessed that the Jacksons and Bentons were a masterful race of men, as ready to pour out their blood in defense of their country as to go to death in private quarrels.

Statesmen of high degree were not then indicted for embezzlement, larceny and like offenses against moral and statutory law. Politicians of that heroic epoch would no more have thought of stealing an office than they would of stealing a horse.

Cowhiding Followed by a Duel

Benton set the political pace in Missouri, and his impulse is felt to this day. Following his impetuous example, Major Thomas Biddle, of the Regular Army, brother to Nicholas Biddle, President of the old United States Bank, stationed in St. Louis, cowhided Congressman Spencer Pettis while he was in bed asleep. Pettis promptly challenged him, and in the gray of the morning they killed each other on "the field of honor" on Bloody Island—in a political feud.

I think the last political duel in the State was in 1858 or 1859, between Thomas C. Reynolds—subsequently anti-Benton Lieutenant Governor—and B. Gratz Brown, a disciple of Benton, afterward the most brilliant Governor the State ever had, a Colonel in the Union Army, a Senator of the United States, and nominee for Vice-President on the ill-starred Greeley ticket.

As a result of that encounter, Governor Brown limped his way through life by reason of a bullet which Reynolds lodged in his hip.

In passing, to show what manner of men have ruled the political roost in Missouri, it may not be inapropos to state that Governor Brown wrote, as a mental recreation and for the instruction of his children, a book on higher mathematics! He was not only a fighter, but an orator, statesman, scholar and philosopher.

During the canvass of 1872 Governor B. Gratz Brown attended an alumni dinner at Yale, and some of the ribald Republican papers, not having the fear of God before their eyes, but being instigated by the devil, to borrow the vigorous language of the old indictments, started a story—a base fabrication—to the effect that at the Yale Alumni dinner Governor Brown was not only intoxicated, but so thoroughly so that, amid the feast of reason and the flow of soul, he, oblivious to mundane things, buttered his watermelon. Of course the opposition press made all the capital possible out of the canard.

How Brown Buttered His Watermelon

Later in the campaign, one of my predecessors in Congress, Colonel George W. Anderson, a man of splendid genius and rare oratorical gifts, who has always reminded me of Charles James Fox, was stumping for Greeley and Brown down in Southwest Missouri. One night in the midst of his speech an old fellow arose in the back of the house and said:

"Colonel Anderson, is it true that Governor Brown was so drunk at that Yale Alumni dinner that he buttered his watermelon?"

Colonel Anderson reared back on his pastern joints, straightened himself to his six feet two, and with a lion's roar answered:

"Yes, it is true that Governor Brown buttered his watermelon at the Yale Alumni dinner, and I am happy to inform you that that is the only way in which watermelons are eaten in polite society."

Anderson's happy retort was greeted with a shout of laughter and a roar of applause by his auditors. His interrogator sat down discomfited, and that was the last ever heard of the story of the buttered watermelon—all of which goes to demonstrate the value of Danton's famous motto: "*L'audace! L'audace! Toujours l'audace!*"

Colonel Anderson was a wonderful stumper. He was most emphatically a rough diamond. In the rough and tumble, catch-as-you-can style of debating he never had a superior in Missouri, which is saying a great deal. He was an adept in the use of every species of oratorical weapon.

Charles D. Drake was one of the most forceful characters that ever figured in Missouri politics. He was the father of the Constitution of 1865, prescribing the celebrated Test Oath—which came to be known as the "Draconian Code"—and which a Republican Supreme Court of the United States declared void as being contrary to the Federal Constitution and violative of the genius of our institutions.

He became a Senator of the United States and died Chief Justice of the Court of Claims.

Anderson and Drake locked horns at Palmyra. Drake spoke first. Anderson began his reply—famous in the annals of Missouri oratory—by rolling up his sleeves and roaring: "Now, fellow-citizens, I am going to pick a drake, and, by the great flying mackerel, watch the feathers fly!" And fly they did until Drake was indeed what Diogenes defined man to be—a featherless biped.

Missourians no longer invite each other to "coffee and pistols for two" about political differences. That performance is obsolete. We have most stringent statutes against it, but the old bellicose spirit is not dead, and it makes itself manifest in mental pugilistics.

Indeed, the redoubtable and truculent Benton himself lived to witness the passing of the bloody system; for though he began his career in Missouri by killing his man in a duel, he ended by being sued for slander.

The heroic epoch of Benton's life began as his Senatorial career closed, and produced a bitterness which this generation cannot comprehend. It came about in this wise: The Missouri Legislature, just as Benton's fifth term in the Senate was drawing to an end, undertook to instruct him how to vote on the admission of California—which involved the slavery question and all of its combustible matter—by what are known as the "Jackson Resolutions," for whose paternity as many statesmen set up claims as did cities for the honor of being the birthplace of Homer.

These resolutions were strong in their pro-slavery sentiments. The hard-headed, courageous, domineering, dogmatic old Senator spurned them, trampled them in the mud and spat upon them! Instead of obeying them, he wrote a new set, which he sent to the Legislature and peremptorily ordered that body to pass them "without dotting an i or crossing a t." Of course the Legislature refused to do anything of the kind. Then came the tug of war, and it was war to the knife and the knife to the hilt. Benton appealed to the people, and the Democracy of Missouri was rent in twain—a bad habit which the Democracy in general has.

Scandalous Charge of Stealing

To show the danger and bitterness of the great Benton and anti-Benton contest, the following is pertinent: When Benton was a lad attending Chapel Hill University in North Carolina, a story was started to the effect that he stole some money and hid it in his cravat. Notwithstanding his long and conspicuous career on the national stage, nothing could kill that story.

He and his friends always denied the truth of the tale, and the perfect rectitude of his long life in both public and private affairs is proof positive that they were right. If he had been dishonest or corrupt, his opportunities for amassing a fortune by prostituting his high office to base purposes would have made him rich beyond the dreams of avarice; but he died poor—which is the best evidence of his honesty. Nevertheless, the legend of his alleged indiscretion dogged his steps always.

When Benton made his "Appeal to the People," the "antis" carried around as an electioneering document a fine life-size portrait of the great Senator—with the end of a ten dollar bill protruding from the corner of his old-fashioned stock. That was in the good old times "befo' de wah." Has anything more cruel or vicious been done in these degenerate days?

Benton utterly despised his opponents and persecutors—and they were legion. Among them was one of greater intellectual force than Benton himself, James Stephen Green, subsequently a Senator of the United States. He is the man who effectually answered Stephen A. Douglas on the Lecompton Constitution question. Benton haughtily refused to hold debate with Green or any of the rest of them. He would make his appointment, deliver his speech full of gall and wormwood, aquafortis and Greek fire, then, gathering up his papers, he would hasten from the room. But always some one of his opponents was present to take advantage of the crowd which he had gathered and to address it.

On one occasion Green opened upon him so ferociously and so suddenly that Benton stopped in the doorway, shook his clenched fist at Green and roared: "It is written, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor!'"

Quick as a flash and in reference to the Chapel Hill money story, Green replied: "It is also written, 'Thou shalt not steal!'" I doubt if the annals of American stump oratory furnish a parallel to that passage at arms.

Even persons in the audience would jaw back at "the Great Missourian," as Benton was universally called. Once he was speaking, on a lovely day in October, in a magnificent grove in Ralls County. A substantial farmer, John Hawkins, nicknamed "Honest John," was lying on the luxuriant blue grass under the shade of a tree. In the middle of the Senator's speech Hawkins jumped up, waved his hat and shouted: "Hurrah for Colonel Benton! He has been my second choice for Governor of Missouri for thirty years!"

Colonel Benton stopped, and with great urbanity inquired: "May I ask who has been your first choice?"

Honest John yelled, "Any man to beat Colonel Benton!"

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

EX SENATOR GEORGE F. EDMUNDS

MRS TIMOTHY L. WOODRUFF

PROF. ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

A Tale of Twins

Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, Professor of American History at Harvard University, stands as one of the world's highest authorities in his chosen field, and has published a number of books on the history of this country

A story is told of how he and Mrs. Hart recently decided to adopt two children. And the two were to be twins. They must not be ordinary twins, but were to be chosen under certain specified restrictions.

They must be mere infants, so that the Harts could train them from the beginning of their consciousness. They must both be boys. They must be without spot or blemish, physically. They must be of good ancestry, in the sense that there must be no inheritance of crime-taint or of mental unsoundness. And they must be strictly of an American family. No touch of English or French or any other nationality for several generations back was to be allowed.

Among the friends of the couple and among a few orphan asylums and children's homes the fact of the quest became known, and from time to time Professor Hart was informed of twins that, it was thought, would just suit him. He or Mrs. Hart would always travel to the spot and examine the twins, only to return disappointed, as they were always, according to the judgment of the Harts, wanting in one or more of the specifications

But finally there came a notice of a different character. It was from the director of a Home who had already offered two sets of twins, only to have them declined

This time his notice was full of jubilant confidence. He had twins that he was absolutely positive would answer the requirements in every specification. This time Mr. Hart could not fail to be pleased. So confident was the tone, that both Professor and Mrs. Hart journeyed together to look at the wonders

They found them just as represented They were all that had been claimed for them. They were infant boys. They were physically perfect. They were of American ancestry Authoritative records showed that the parents and grandparents had been without mental or moral taint

But Mr. and Mrs. Hart did not adopt them. They have since then found and adopted a pair, but the twins that were shown them at that Home, and which filled the specifications in every particular, were not taken. For the infant boys were black

Ex-Senator Edmunds Found the Impossible

Mr. George F Edmunds, for many years a notable leader among American statesmen, and for a quarter of a century United States Senator from Vermont, is quietly rounding out his long life—he is now over seventy—in a fine home in the neighborhood of the famous Rittenhouse Square, in Philadelphia

He has a genial manner, and a certain humor which his friends think very delightful, and this humor he quietly indulges in expressing unexpected ideas

He likes to visit Washington occasionally, and to see again the scenes of his many triumphs.

He was visiting the Capitol, recently, in company with a distinguished foreign visitor who was traveling extensively in the United States. After the ex Senator had shaken hands with his former colleagues of the Senate and had introduced the foreign visitor, he escorted him out to the portico of the Capitol upon which the old Congressional Library opens. The visitor was admiring the fine view of the city from that point and was led to speak of the cities of the country and the great capabilities of our people. He was full of enthusiasm about all that he had seen, and exclaimed:

"It seems to me that nothing is impossible in America!"

"Oh, yes, there is something impossible," said Mr Edmunds, glancing up the broad expanse of Pennsylvania Avenue upon which were visible a brass band and a dusky, moving throng

The visitor shook his head in vigorous dissent

"What can possibly be impossible?" he asked

"Why," replied Mr. Edmunds with a twinkle, "to march a band of music up that avenue and have the negroes march the other way."

John Wanamaker and the Bricks

The recent laying of the corner-stone of the elaborately planned Wylie-Chambers Memorial Church, in Philadelphia, brings up an interesting story in the history of the Chambers Church—a church that has played a vital part in the religious history of Philadelphia. Mr. John Wanamaker paid nearly half a million dollars for the valuable Broad Street corner where for half a century that old church stood. The place held for him the dearest recollections of his boyhood

About half a century ago, when Mr. Wanamaker was a barefoot boy, he was attracted by the preaching of Doctor Chambers. The famous Presbyterian orator made people listen to him; he may not have preached their creed, but he brought them into his church to listen, if not to believe. He was too broad, so the old General Assembly thought, for a place in its body, so he established an independent church in a cheap wooden structure away down town

"Let us go hear the lion roar," was the comment of political Philadelphians in those days about the Doctor who was unafraid, and who so boldly took up questions of the day

Among the youngsters in the city who idolized him was John Wanamaker, the errand boy in a book store. He adored Doctor Chambers. The minister's fearlessness was to the boy the highest type of manhood.

One day the little wooden structure was filled and Doctor Chambers made an appeal from the pulpit that his people would help him to build a suitable church. He told of the need of this church and asked that his members, whom he knew were poor, would give substantial things if they couldn't give money. He concluded his appeal with a burst of eloquence

For an instant there was silence in the little, closely packed church. Then up in the small gallery a boy arose. It was John Wanamaker, and in a child's voice he called out, over the heads of the people

"I will give a load of brick from my father's yard."

There is also another story in regard to Mr. Wanamaker and bricks

Mr Wanamaker has for years past been the superintendent of what is perhaps the largest Sunday-school in the United States. One Sunday he told the children of the school about a mission school that was to be established in the city.

"And I want each one of you," he said, "to buy one brick and bring it here next Sunday. The bricks will be used in the construction of the mission school, and so each of you can feel that he has an actual part in the building."

On the following Sunday the school was aglow with excitement. Each of the hundreds of boys and girls had one brick—some had two apiece—some had even three. When Mr. Wanamaker stepped to the front of the platform there was a gleeful buzz that could not be repressed—and then the superintendent saw nothing but bricks, for up into the air went a forest of arms and each hand clutched a brick. And at the splendid showing, that proved how closely his suggestion had been followed, Mr. Wanamaker smiled a benign and satisfied approval

But the next day a fiery-eyed contractor, who was putting up a building near the Sunday-school, appeared before Mr Wanamaker with a bill for huge piles of brick that had literally disappeared from the face of the earth the morning previous.

A Lion that Roars Gently

Mr. Anthony Hope has the reputation of possessing a modest personality. He says that he dislikes to talk of his work; he deprecates the success of The Prisoner of Zenda; he says that he deplores the fact that he attempted a sequel He said at a Philadelphia table: "Awfully good of the public to buy so many copies of The Prisoner. I'm very glad they like it." And he said it in a manly, sincere way

But he made a remark when he was a guest of the Contemporary Club, in Philadelphia, that gave the appearance of conceit to those who didn't know him

There was a great crowd at the reception, and hundreds of people were presented, and shook hands with the good-looking young Englishman. A woman, well known in society, determined when she was presented to him to say something that would have no reference to anything he had written

She wished to be original. She thought he must be tired of having to talk so much of his books. So she said: "I know that right hand of yours must be very weary, Mr. Hope, you must be tired of this personal contact with America.'

"So very glad you like my books," he murmured with a soulful glance into her eyes. "Very, very kind of you, I'm sure;" and he extended his right hand to the next guest

Governor Woodruff's Ablest Lieutenant

Mrs. Timothy L. Woodruff, wife of the Lieutenant Governor of New York, is distinctively an American woman and yet she is like those English women who are wives of prominent political leaders, in that she takes a keen personal interest in helping to push the political fortunes of her husband

Her charming manners and personality are strong factors and she is successful, not only with the political leaders themselves, but with their wives. In fact, she fully understands the value of making friends of the women

She was a Poughkeepsie girl, and her father was a political leader there, and it is from having seen and known of so many political meetings, consultations and schemes at her girlhood home that she is able to assist, so efficiently, her husband in his ambitions

Mrs. Woodruff is also a leader in church work, is domestic in her tastes and is devoted to her family. She is far removed from the popular concept on of the "new" or "advanced" woman

She is impulsively warm-hearted and lovable. When, in an Adirondack camp near which she was spending the past summer, a poor boy, a servant, died, and his body was about to be sent to his mother in a rough box, Mrs. Woodruff at once declared that it must not be done in that way

Then she took enough silk from her own gowns to line the box, and enough lace to border the edges; she gave a pillow for the head, and with her own hands embroidered a cover for it.

"Now his mother won't think he was neglected," was all she said

Mooswa of the Boundaries. By W. A. Fraser

The Game of Slide

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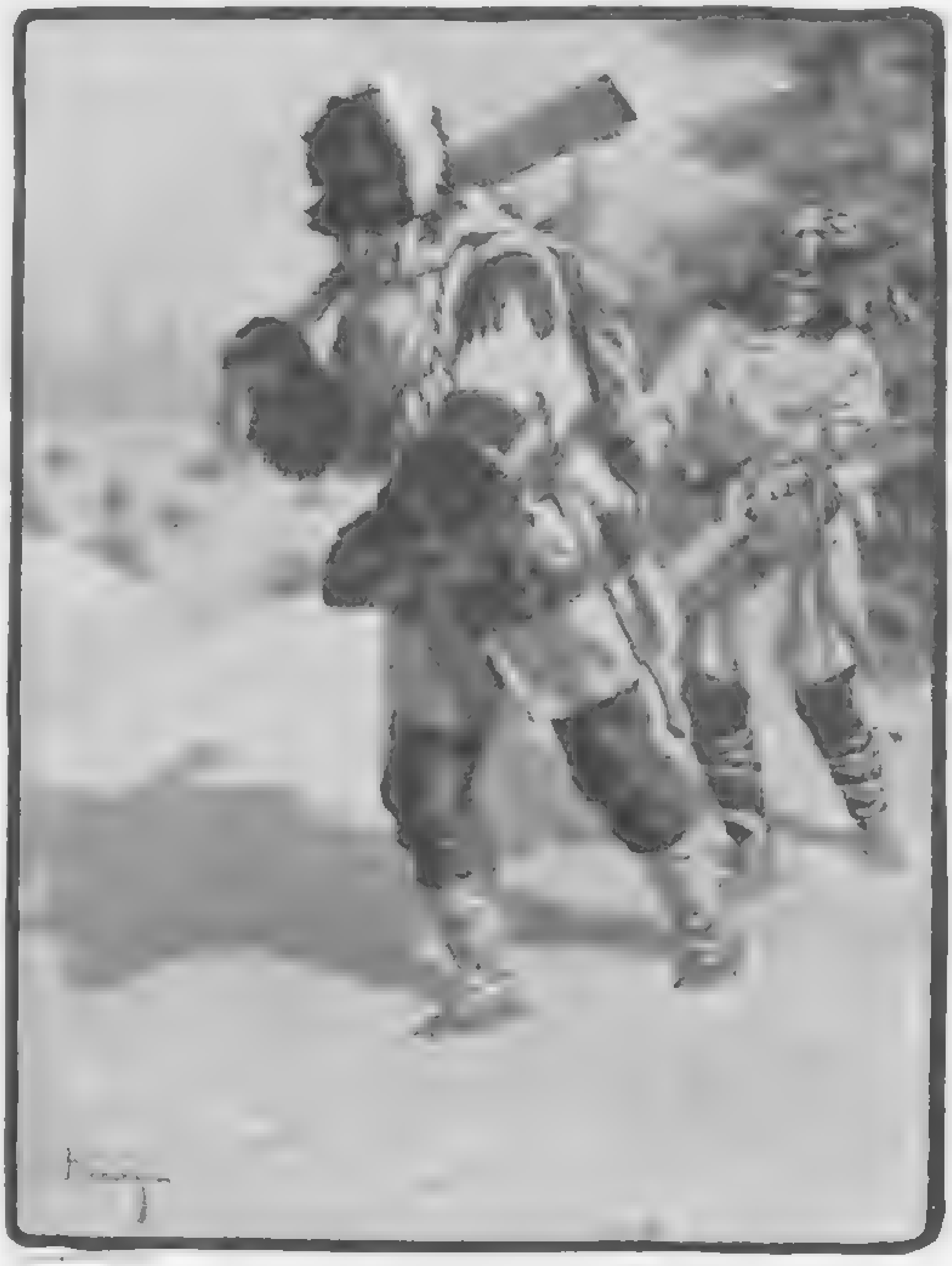


Cat," answered François; "dat's Mister Lynk"

"ROYAL SON," said the Red Widow next morning, "what is the burrow of the Men-kind like?"

"Ask Carcajou when he comes mother," replied Black Fox; and he related the incident of the night before.

"Are you sure, son, that the Kit man's mother is not with him?"

"No, dame, she is not."

"Then he will get into trouble that is certain. Well, son, together we must advise against this slayer who has the cunning of Carcajou and the Man knowledge of Wie-sah-ke-[illegible]."

"What shall we do, dame?"

"Now, thy red brother, Speed, must take the message to the strong runners of our comrades, Mooswa and the others, to meet as has been arranged; and when François has passed with the traps, go you five after the Man and gain knowledge of where they are placed, and do the things that are necessary for safety in the Boundaries. The watcher over Animals has sent snow last night for the first time this year, so your task will be easy. Just the length of a brisk run higher up the Pelican is a cut-bank with a hole as [illegible] this. Before you were born with your beautiful silver coat, I lived there. Now, François, even as he told the Man cub, will trap here, and who knows but he may put the fire-medicine with its poison breath in the door of our burrow, and seek to drive us out to be killed."

"That is true, most wise mother; the sight of the twisting red-poison is more dreadful than anything; for it smothers and eats up and is swift as the wind, and it spreads like the flood in the river, and it fears neither Man nor Beast."

"Well, son, while you follow the trail of this evil Trapper, I, with all your brothers, will go to the other burrow."

So while Speed glided swiftly through the Boundaries uttering his whimper-call to Muskwa, Rof, Mooswa and Carcajou, François and Rod each shouldered a bag of traps and started to lay out, for the winter's hunt, the Marten road, as was called a big circle of traps extending perhaps thirty miles.

The Boy was filled with eager, joyous anticipation. During his schooldays in town he had thought and dreamed of the adventurous, free life of the fur trapper in the great Northern spruce forests. That was chiefly because it was bred in the bone with him.

"Here is de Marten tracks," cried François, stopping suddenly; and with precise celerity he built a little converging stockade, by placing in the ground sharp-pointed sticks. Within this he set a small steel trap, covered it with leaves, and placed beyond the head of a fish.

"What's that track?" asked the Boy.

"Cat," answered François; "dat's Mister Lynk. He like for smell somet'ing, so I give him castoreum for rub on hes nose—perhaps some necktie, too."

He cut a stick four feet long and four inches thick and to the middle of it fastened a running noose made from cod-line.

Then, building a stockade similar to the last, and placing inside a fish head smeared with castoreum, he bent down a small poplar and from it suspended the noose, at the entrance to the stockade.

"Now, Mister Lynk, he go for smell dat," explained François. "He put hes fat head t'rough dat noose; perhaps he don't get him out no more?"

They moved on; and behind, quite out of sight, but examining each contrivance of the Trapper, came Black Fox, Muskwa, Blue Wolf, Mooswa and Carcajou. Whisky-Jack was with them—now flying ahead to discover where the enemy was, now fluttering back with a dismal "Pee weep!"

Carcajou at times traveled on three legs. "Got a thorn in your foot?" queried the Jay solicitously.

"Toes are cold," answered Wolverine shortly.

"He a weep!" laughed Whisky-Jack sneeringly. "They were hot enough last night when you called on François."

"Hello!" Carcajou exclaimed suddenly, "I smell castoreum, or is it Sikak."

When they came to a Lynx snare, almost immediately, he circled around gingerly in the snow, examining every bush and stick and semblance of track; then he peered in the little stockade. "It's all right," he declared; "that François is a double-dealing Breed. I have known him to set a snare like this for Pisew, and a little to one side put a number four steel trap, nicely covered up, to catch an unsuspicious, simple-minded Wolverine."

"But that's a snare for Pisew, right enough," continued Carcajou. "Watch me spring it!" he commanded, tearing with his strong jaws and stronger feet at the fastening which held down the bent poplar. Swish! and the freed sapling shot into the air, dangling the cordlike noose invitingly before their eyes.

"I believe they are heading for your house, Black Fox," remarked Rof as they trudged on again.

Sure enough, as the friends crouched in a little coulée they could see the Half-breed covering up a "number four" directly in front of Fox's hole. Near the trap François deposited two pieces of meat.

"If the old lady comes out she'll get her toes pinched," remarked Carcajou.

Black Fox laughed. "When François catches mother, we all shall be very dead."

When the Trapper had gone, the comrades drew close and [illegible]erly reconnoitered. "Only one trap!" cried Carcajou. "This is too easy." Cautiously fishing about in the snow he found a chain. Pulling the trap out, he gave it a yank—something touched the centre-plate, and it went off with a vicious snap that made their hearts jump.

"Is the bait all right, Whisky Jack?" asked Black King. "Was there any talk of white powder?"

"There's nothing in it," replied the Bird; "I saw them cut the meat."

"Well, Jack and I will eat one piece; there's a piece for you, Rof. In this year of scarce food even the Death Bait is acceptable. Are you hungry, Muskwa?"

"No; I am sleepy. I think I'll go to bed to-morrow for all winter. You fellows have kept me up too late now."

"Give me a paw to break the ice in the stream, Muskwa—I'm going to cache this trap," said Carcajou.

"All right," yawned Bear; "I can hardly keep my eyes open. I'm afraid my liver is out of order."

Muskwa slouched down to the river. Wolverine grabbed the trap in his jaws and followed. Bruin deftly scraped the snow to one side, uncovering a patch of the young ice, and two or three powerful blows from his mighty paw soon shivered a hole in it, and Carcajou dropped the trap through.

And so all day the conspirators followed François and the Boy, undoing their work.

To Muskwa's horror, near the nest he had prepared for his long winter's rest they found a huge Bear trap. At sight of its yawning jaws drops of perspiration dripped from Bruin's tongue. "Sweet sleep! Who in the name of forest fools told François where my house was?"

"Whisky-Jack, likely," snapped Carcajou malignantly.

"Not I," declared Jay. "I swear it! I keep the law. What evil I've got to say of any one I say to his face, I'm no traitor. You're a thief, Carcajou—your ears were cut off for stealing! But did I ever accuse you of betraying our comrades?"

"Never mind," answered Wolverine; "I didn't mean it. Nobody told François, it was the trail of your own big feet, Muskwa."

"How shall we spring the trap?" asked Bear.

"Don't touch it," commanded Carcajou. "Just leave it and François will spend many days waiting for your thick fur."

"But if I 'hole-up' here the Man will break into my house and kill me while I sleep."

"How can he find you?" asked Jack incredulously. "It's going to snow again; you'll be all covered up deep; and he'll never know where you are."

"Won't he, little brother? Man is not so stupid. How do you suppose I breathe? There'll be a little hole right up through the snow, all yellow about the edges, and François will find that; also, if there's frost in the air he'll see my breath. No, I've got to make another nest now."

"We'll help you fix a new house," said Black King; "but you had better wait—perhaps this snow will go away; then there will be no tracks to lead Trappers to your nest."

"And to think how I worked over it," lamented Muskwa. "For a week I carried sticks until my arms ached, and scraped up leaves and spruce boughs and soft moss until my hands were sore. Umisk boasts about his old mud lodge, with the lower floor all flooded with water—it's enough to give one rheumatism. I shouldn't like to live in a cold, cheerless place like that! If I had just pulled all that nice covering over me before the snow fell I should have been as comfortable as little Gopher in his hole."

"I'll tell you what we will do, Muskwa," said Black King; "we'll ask the old lady about this thing. You wouldn't mind a nice dry hole in a cut bank somewhere, would you? She knows all the empty houses from Athabasca to Peel River. I am in the same fix myself, for the family are moving to-day."

"That's a King for you!" cried Whisky-Jack.

"Now, we'll go back," ordered Black Fox; "the Man has set all his traps. If you discover anything new, come to the dead cottonwood—the one that was struck by storm fire—at Two Rapids, and give the Boundary call. I don't want you making a trail up to our new house for François to follow."

For the next few days François was busy completing his Marten road, quite unconscious of the undoing that had followed him. Fifteen miles out he constructed a small rest house that would do for a night's camping; thus he could nicely go the round of his traps in two days. The people of the Boundaries watched him, and wherever they found a trap they sprang it and ate the bait. Winter had properly set in, streams were frozen up, the ground was covered with snow, and the days were very short. One morning the Red Widow heard Beaver's plaintive whistle from the cottonwood.

"Son," she cried to Black Fox, "Umisk calls. Something has gone wrong in the forest." The King turned over, stretched his sinewy legs, and yawned. It was a full-drawn, lazy protest against being roused from slumber, for a brace of pin-tail Grouse, lying in a corner, gave evidence of much energy during the previous night.

"Bother this being King!" he yapped crabbedly. "To take care of one's own relatives is trouble enough. By the howl of a hungry Wolf! I saved Stripes from a trap yesterday—just in the nick of time to keep him from grabbing the bait. Now Trowel-Tail is after me. This place was bad enough when there were only animals here.'

Again Umisk's shrill little treble cut the keen, frosty air

"Hurry, lad!" cried the Widow. "Probably his family is in trouble

Black Fox stuck his head cautiously from the entrance to their burrow and peered through the massive drapery of birch tree roots which completely veiled that part of the cut-bank "Mother," he said, "make my brothers use the log path when they're coming home, or François will hold us up one of these fine days."

"I have told them, son: your two brothers were crossing the trail all yesterday afternoon. There are three blind holes within five miles up the stream, and to each one they have made a nice little false trail.'

"That's all right, mother; we can't be too careful"

He stretched each hind leg far out, throwing his head high to loosen the neck muscles and expand his chest, then shook the folds of his heavy, black cloak and yawned [illegible]. Then, stooping low in the cave mouth, with a powerful spring he alighted upon a log which crossed from one bank of the stream to the other. Umisk was whistling a quarter of a mile away down the left bank, but Black Fox started off up the right. As he trotted along he sang

"The trail that leads from nowhere to nowhere
Is the track of the King of the Tribe of Bewa."

Suddenly he stopped, crept under a big log, and then emerged, tail first, backing up cautiously and putting his feet carefully down in the tracks he had made. "They'll find me asleep in there," he chuckled; then hummed softly

"Under the log the King is asleep,
Creep gently, brother, creep,
Under the log is the old Fox's nest,
Creep, brother—mind his rest."

Suddenly, jumping sideways over a great spruce lying prone on the ground, he started off again, singing merrily

"The track that breaks,
Is a new track made;
For eyes are sharp
Where the nose is dead"

Down the stream, below where Umisk was waiting, Black King crossed, saying to himself: "Now, François, when I go home the trail will be complete, with no little break at my front door—dear François, sweet François

With Umisk was Carcajou waiting for the King. "What's up?" asked Black Fox

"The Man has found us out," squeaked Umisk despairingly

"Too bad, too bad!" cried the King with deep sympathy in his voice. "Anything happened—any one caught?"

"Nothing serious at present. One of the babes lost a toe—mighty close

"How did the Breed work it? The old game of breaking in your house—the burglar?"

"No; that's too stupid for François. Muskegs! but he is clever. The thing must have been done last night. He cut a hole in the ice of my pond near the dam, then shoved a nice, beautiful piece of poplar, with a steel trap attached, down into the water—one end in the mud, you know, and the other up in the ice. Of course it froze solid there. First Kit, that's my eldest son, saw it in the morning, and thinking one of our breadsticks had got away, went down to bring it back. Mind you, I didn't know anything about this; he is an ambitious little chap and wanted to do it all himself. Of course the poplar was fast—he couldn't budge it; so he climbed up to cut it off at the ice, with the result that he sprang the trap and incidentally lost a toe."

"It's great schooling for the children, though, isn't it?" remarked Black King, trying to put a good face on affairs

"It's mighty hard on their toes," whined Beaver "Hope it wasn't his nippers—forgot to look into that

"Nothing like bringing them up to take care of themselves," declared Carcajou. "All the same, my woodchopper friend, you just cut off that stick and float it with the trap to one of your air-holes; I'll cache it for François."

"I was thinking of keeping it," added Umisk, "to teach the youngsters what a trap is lik

"Well, just as you wish; only I'll go and make a greenhorn trail from the spot off into the woods, so our busy friend will think I've taken it—Hello, Nekik!" he continued, as Otter came sliding through the snow on his belly; "has François been visiting you, too?"

"I don't know; there is something the matter with my slide. It isn't as I left it yesterday."

"Birds of a feather! Birds of a feather!" screamed Whisky-Jack, fluttering to a limb over their heads. "What's the caucus about this morning—discussing the chances of a breakfast this year of starvation and scarcity of Wapoos. Mild winter! but I had a big feed. The Boy no more knows the value of food than he knows the depravity of Carcajou's mind

"Great hand for throwing away fat pork, isn't he, Jack asked Wolverine innocently

The Jay blinked his round, bead eyes, snapped his beak and retorted: "They put in their evenings laughing over the singeing you got when you dropped into the fire."

"Where's François, babbler?" asked the King

"Gone out to bring in Deer meat."

"Did he make a kill?"

"U-h-huh! my crop is full

"Not Mooswa?" broke in Black King with a frightened voice

"No—Caribou. Such a big shovel to his horn, too—must have been of the knowledge age. Ugh! should have known better than to let a Man get near him. Of course, François stuck the head on a tree to make peace with Manitou, and I'm fixed for a month. But you had better keep away, Carcajou, for he's getting a train of Dogs."

"Dogs!" growled Blue Wolf, coming into the circle; "who's got Dogs?"

"You'll have them—on your back, presently," snapped the Jay. "Saw you sniffing around there last night. If your jaws were as long as your scent you would have had that leg off the roof—eh, Rof? Burnt feathers! but I smell something," he continued. "Has any one found a castoreum bait and got it in his pocket? I don't mean you, Beaver, you don't smell very bad. Oh! here you are, Sikak; it's you—I might have known what sweet forest flower had cut loose from its stalk. Have you been rolling in the dead rose leaves this morning, my lover of perfume?"

The white-striped Skunk, ready to resent any insult, pattered with quick, mincing little steps into the group, his back humped up and his terrible tail carried high

"Smothered anybody this morning, Sikak?" asked the Bird

A laugh went around the circle at Jack's sally, for Skunk's method of fighting did not meet with universal approval

Blue Wolf thought Sikak was a good piece of meat quite thrown away. When hungry he could manage Badger, or even Porcupine; but Skunk! Ur-r-r, agh!

"Good morning, Your Majesty!" said Lynx as he arrived

"How is everybody up your way?" queried Jack. "How are all the young Wapooses?" Lynx grinned deprecatingly

"Pisew is not likely to forget the Law of the Seventh Year," remarked Carcajou with a sinister expression, "so he's not so interested in young Wapoos as he used to be

"What is the meeting for?" asked Lynx

"François has been visiting the pond of our little comrade, Umisk," replied Black King

"And has been at my slide, too," declared Otter

"Well, comrades, we had better go with Nekik and examine into this thing," commanded the King

"Oh, of course," cried Jack, "every community must have fishery laws, and have its fisheries protected."

The Otter slide was exactly like a boy's coasting chute on a hill. A smooth, iced trough ran down the snow covered bank, for a matter of fifteen feet, to the stream's edge, and ended in an ice-hole that Otter managed to keep open all winter. Generally speaking, it was Nekik's entrance to his river home, and, in the event of a danger that demanded a quick disappearance, he could shoot down it and into the water like a bullet. It was also a playground for Otter's family, their favorite pastime being to glide helter skelter down the chute and splash into the stream

"What's wrong with it?" asked Black Fox "There's a nasty odor of Man about, I admit, but your slide seems all clear and smooth."

"Something's been changed I had a little drop put in the centre for the youngsters, and they liked it—thought it was like falling off a bank, you know; now that part is filled up nearly level, you see. I don't know what is in it—was afraid to look; but I think François has set a trap there

"I'll find out," said Carcajou. "These traps all work from the top—I've discovered that much. If you keep walking about you're pretty sure to get into one of them, but if you sit down and think, and scrape sidewise a bit, you'll get hold of something that won't go off"

Talking thus, he dug with his strong claws at the edge of the slide. "I thought so!" he exclaimed suddenly "Here's a ring around a stake—I know what that means"

Feeling for the chain, he presently pulled out a number four steel trap. With notched jaws wide open and tip-plate holding its flat surface up, inviting the loosening pressure, it was a vicious looking affair

"Let me spring it," said Wolf "I'm used to them" Grabbing the chain end in his teeth, he threw the trap over his head as a dog does a bone in play, and when it came down the sides clanged together with hurried fondness

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" whistled Otter. "Something told me not to go down that slide. I felt it in my bones

"You'd have felt it *on* your bones," piped Jay ironically, "if you had slid your fat belly over that trap"

"Oh, I'm just dying for a slide and a bath," continued Nekik "here goes!"

"Wait a bit!" commanded Carcajou, grabbing him by the shoulder; "don't be too eager. That isn't François's lucky trap. If he has discovered your front stream you can just depend upon it his lucky trap is laid away somewhere for you—it's got two red bands painted on the spring

As these words of wisdom fell from Carcajou's lips his comrades gathered their feet more closely under them, and apprehensively searched the surrounding territory with their eyes. "Where will it be?" cried Nekik distressedly

"In the water," answered Carcajou with brief decision

"Dreadful!" whimpered Otter

"François is a heartless wretch," declared Beaver. "He tried to play that trick on me

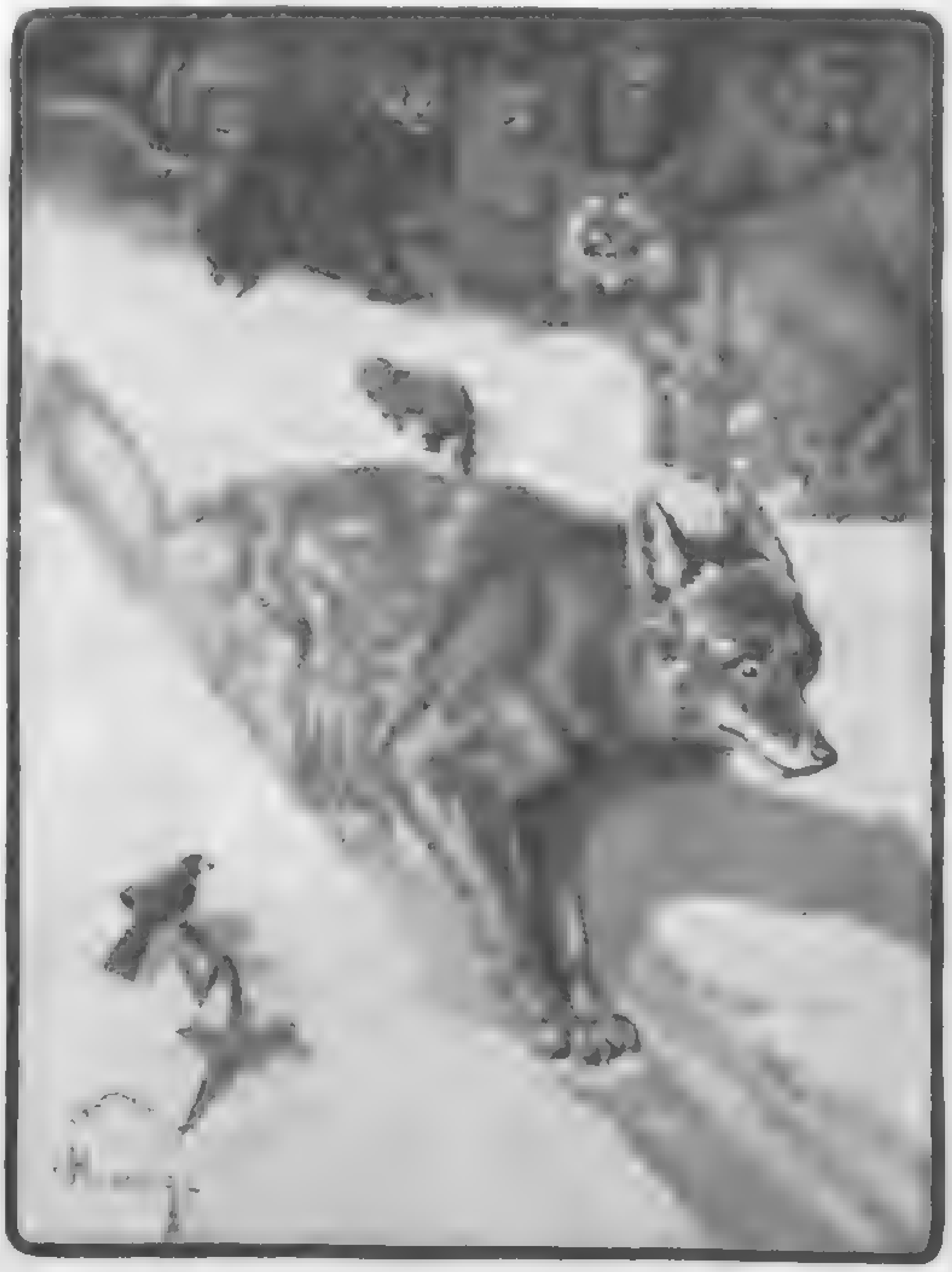
"Where was that, Paddle Tail?" queried Jack

"It was when I lived up on Pembina River. You know the way with us Beavers—we always take a month or two of holiday every summer and visit our friends. It was in June, I remember. I opened the lodge to let it air and started down stream with my whole family. Of course we passed many Beaver roads running to the river, and when we came to one belonging to any of our friends we'd pull out of the stream and go up on the bank [illegible] you know the little round bowls of mud we Beavers leave on our river roads as visitors' cards?"

"Yes," replied Wolverine; "they're a rather good idea. You always know just who has passed don't you?"

(Continued on Page 32)

Rof was going with such speed . . . that he couldn't gather for a spring



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Great Men and Ungrateful Constituents

THERE is constant complaint in every part of the country that the best men are not in public life. If they happen to be elected for a time, their constituents, with some exceptions, do not appreciate genuine ability sufficiently to keep them in office. In casting about for reasons, the people blame every one and every fact but themselves. The most popular explanation is that public life does not offer the financial rewards of a private career. But this does not explain. Money is not everything; it is not even the most of things, and with all men of great ability there is a special appreciation of the larger rewards which come from loyal and high minded service for the country. When such men as former Senator Edmunds and former Speaker Reed among the Republicans, and former Senator Hill and former Congressman William L. Wilson among the Democrats, step out of Congress the loss to the nation is great. Whatever the party differences and however acrid party discussions may become, if the men themselves are able, they are pushing the nation to a higher plane in all their efforts. Our public life rises to the character of our public men and not above it.

* * *

The only thing that is constant in our politics is a machine that manufactures its own constancy by grinding politics and office-holders down to the monotony of its own level. There are exceptions, of course, but the average constituency wants change, and when it comes to a choice between a great man and a prejudice, the prejudice too often wins. This country is not alone in this weakness. There is an interesting incident in British politics which illustrates with peculiar completeness the whole point. Thomas Babington Macaulay had represented Edinburgh in the House of Commons with conspicuous force and brilliancy, but there came a desire for a change, and all the little passions and prejudices of the times began to pull at him. Some found that his religion was not to their liking, and when he refused to discuss the matter they turned against him. The spirit dealers waited on him, and asked him to help alter the excise duties in their interest. He told them plainly that he would do nothing for them. Thus it went on and it ended in his defeat. He accepted it cheerfully.

Five years later there was another election and Edinburgh could find no man of first-class ability to represent her in Parliament. The treatment of Macaulay had disgusted every leader of distinguished ability. Then the people of that city did something which probably the people of no other city have ever done—they reelected Macaulay without exacting from him a single pledge, promise or declaration of intentions. He distinctly did not want the honor because it interfered with the writing of his history at that time. In discussing the matter in a letter to his sister, he mentioned his disinclination, and then added: "It seems to me to be of the highest importance that great constituent bodies should learn [illegible] and ability, and should, instead of catechising such men and cavilling at them, repose in them a large confidence."

* * *

This, of course, is one view of the case, and the other view is that of the constituent who holds that his interests are supreme. Undoubtedly the truth lies between the two extremes. It is easy to get small men to promise anything; it is not easy to get good men, as Macaulay said, without "reposing in them a large confidence." At any rate, Macaulay was reelected, and Frederick Arnold in his book says: "All over the country the news of his election was received with bursts of joy. Men congratulated each other as if some dear friend or relation of their own had received so signal an honor."

In this country there is always a thrill of pleasure and satisfaction when a large man of independent thought and voice is returned to Congress. Our system differs materially from that of England, where residence is not required by the constituency. At the same time, there is even with us an opportunity for a wider choice. Custom takes as representative in Congress a resident of the district, but this is not necessary under the law, and it has happened several times that the man elected by one district resided in another district. It was this way when John K. Cowen, the present President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, was elected to Congress from the Maryland district in which he did not reside. Instances like these, however, are rare, and the average district need not seek elsewhere for a capable representative. Its main duty is to choose its own best man and to appreciate him.

* * *

Be it ever so humble there is no place like a place on the winning ticket.

The "Butcher's Bill" in Time of Peace

"PEACE hath its victories no less than war;" but to gain some of them the risks and losses are startling, compared with those of the latest wars in which Americans have taken part. The man who enlisted for service in Cuba or the Philippines was honored—never too highly, either—for having taken his life in his hands; in many cases the brave fellows were afterward honored anew for having lost their lives or suffered from wounds received in action.

But if it is heroic to take the chances of armed warfare, where the warriors enjoy the special stimulus of battle, what is to be said of the heroes at home who risk life and limb, to say nothing of health, in some of the commonest occupations?

It is true, though it seems incredible, that war is not the most dangerous of human activities.

The most startling figures, for purposes of comparison, are those concerning the railway men of the United States. According to the most recent official reports there are on our railway trains about one hundred and seventy thousand men—engineers, firemen, conductors and other trainmen. Of this general class there were killed last year, while in discharge of their respective duties, nearly two thousand, while more than thirty thousand were injured.

During the same year we had in the Philippines, if the navy be included, nearly half as many men as the entire railway train force of the United States. Of soldiers alone we had more than sixty thousand. No other similar proportion of the army has been so actively engaged since the Civil War, and many American newspapers have made much of the appalling degree of slaughter and maiming of our gallant sons and brothers. Yet the entire number of killed and wounded in the year was smaller than that of our railway men killed outright.

The numerical ratio of our army in the Philippines to that of our army of trainmen was more than one to three; the ratio of killed and wounded was less than one to twelve. In other words, the loss of the army was only about one fourth as great as that of an equal number of railway men.

So uncertain is the tenure of life in the army supposed to be, that only unmarried men are accepted as recruits; but most railway men are married. Soldiers are said to be careless of life and limb; railway men, especially those with families, are believed to be very cautious.

The war must end in time, like all wars of the past, but railroading must continue; its risks will be diminished somewhat—probably about one-fifth—by the operation of some legal requirements that are being enforced, but the business will still be more dangerous than soldiering in war time. Yet the men who are in it will continue to look and act, as they now do and always have done, as if they were not deserving of special admiration for industry, endurance and courage.

* * *

Woman is so much the better half that she often refuses to give quarter to man.

Consolation for the Stay-at-Homes

WHEN one has been denied a longed for pleasure it is not entirely unpleasing to learn afterward that perhaps the loss was not so great as had been supposed. Consequently several millions of good people who hoped, yet failed, to visit the Paris Exposition, will get much consolation from the lack of enthusiasm noticeable in most of the visitors who have already returned.

That it was a great fair goes without saying, and that Paris can and does supply amusements and creature comforts in great variety and profusion is admitted by every one who has gone there with the desire to have a good time and the ability and willingness to pay a big price for it.

It seems to be generally admitted, however, by American sightseers who went to the Exposition in search of something unusual that "there is nothing new under the sun," especially to those who saw the great exhibitions at Philadelphia and Chicago; and that all attractions, especially Parisian, might have been found as easily, and enjoyed quite as well, in any other year, and at far less expense.

Doubtless our manufacturers and other visitors who carried business heads with them were richly repaid for their outlay of time and money, for any great fair offers invaluable opportunities for improving one's technical education; but this class formed but a small fraction of the general attendance.

It is the desire to see something new and strange, it matters not what, that impels the many thousands who cross oceans to visit the great exhibitions and swell the profits of hotels and restaurants, steamship and railway companies. To see great crowds, consisting of all sorts and conditions of men, used to be one of the attractions, but in recent years there have been so many special, great and notable crowds accessible in the United States that Americans are not so fond of surging multitudes as once they were.

Paris is full of objects of great interest to all classes of observers, from the meanest to the noblest and most refined, but the Exposition did not create these objects, nor will it remove them. And most of them seem to have been missed by the general run of American visitors, for the Fair itself was vaguely suspected of having provided fascinations peculiarly its own.

It is not to be expected that the every-day man or woman would comprehend the wonders of the mechanical, industrial and art sections, but it is disappointing in the extreme that but few of the visitors can tell of much that was of special interest. Almost every traveler longs for a good listener; well, eager listeners awaited the people who returned from Paris, but few of them got much for their attention.

Yet there is a provoking vein of similarity in human nature. If the listener is an average man, as in the nature of things he is, and visited the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia and the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, to say nothing of the several smaller, yet admirable, ones that have been given in this country, and if he recalls what he saw and sighs over what he missed, he will probably wonder if he would have done much better at Paris, or if he would have done better than the people who can tell him so little. Some things are too great to be seen and remembered except by the trained observer who can suppress his vagrant inclinations; and a great international fair is one of them.

* * *

Love laughs at locksmiths but smiles pleasantly at goldsmiths.

Our Literary Anglomaniacs

IT IS remarkable that so many Americans, when abroad, look up with the devoutest care the haunts and homes of literary men who are not so great as famous Americans in whose shrines they show not the slightest interest.

This does not refer to the Valley of the Avon, to the enchanting neighborhood of Abbotsford, to the spots made forever famous by Pickwick and Copperfield, to the localities of Vanity Fair and the Newcomes. Till America has its Dickens and its Thackeray, its Scott and its Shakespeare, Americans can worship at such places as these as they cannot at any native shrine.

But it is hard to understand why places made famous by comparatively minor writers should be blindly worshiped, while the worshiper ignores places in his own country that ought to be of equal interest, at least, to him.

There can be no objection to looking up with interest a tavern where gathered authors of a century or so agone. But Americans should feel a similar interest in the old meeting-place of Washington Irving and his friends. There is no reason why Americans should not throng to Keswick to look at the plain house where Southey lived. But, if they do this, they should also feel an interest in the homes of their own Whittier and Lowell. There is no reason why they should not stand in awe at an almost waterless waterfall, just because it is the fall of Lodore—only such Americans are not, as a rule, those who are familiar with the Old Manse.

Those who worship at the home of Carlyle are not, as a general thing, those who are interested in the home of Emerson. One feels a touching thrill at the grave of Goldsmith—but foreignized Americans are not always impressed by the final resting-place of Longfellow.

Oddly enough, however, this comparative depreciation of American writers does not operate to diminish the sale of current American books. Never before have books sold so rapidly as those of a few contemporary writers. But this has been almost altogether on account of the story value of the books. The mass of readers feel no pride in the fact that the authors are Americans. They would read just as eagerly—many would read more eagerly—were the authors English.

There is nothing unworthy in admiration of the literary celebrities of other nations. But there should be such a self respecting patriotism as would make equally impossible a blind worship of those on the other side of the Atlantic and an unjust depreciation of our own writers.

There should be no attempt to overrate American men, American things, American places. What we need is a sturdy Americanism similar to that sturdy Anglicism which could make Wordsworth write, after a continental journey:

> "I travell'd among unknown men
> In lands beyond the sea;
> Nor, England! did I know till then
> What love I bore to thee."

The intelligent English appreciate our authors. "I am going to your classic ground," said an Englishman whom I recently met on the St. Lawrence. "I look forward with delight to my visit to Concord and Boston—to the places made famous by such a number of your great authors."

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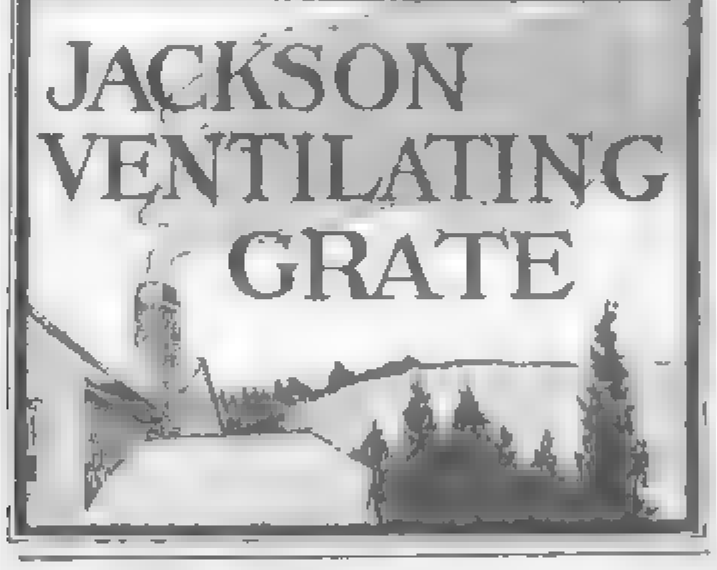

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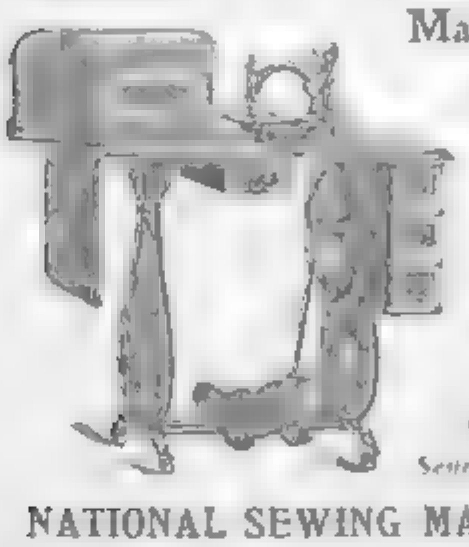

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Why? Mainly because the activity and production of the world have exceeded the local supplies of fuel, partly because in England there have been strikes in the collieries. But whatever the explanation, the fact is admitted—coal is king.

For years we have been supplying England with English plum puddings, and a large part of the grand old roast beef of England comes from Chicago. It is not surprising, therefore, that sending coals to Newcastle should become a fact instead of a proverb of the impossible. Many of the English ships, many of the English factories, a large proportion of English machinery, are all being run by the force dug from American mines

Every day the world needs more coal. Within a year the consumption has increased something over a hundred million tons and still the call is for more. A distinguished English scientist names coal as the single commodity that has the widest industrial, commercial, social and political interest. He says: "'Tis coal, not love, that makes the modern world go round, and that nation must lead the others which has cheap coal, good coal and plenty of it." That nation is the United States

Few appreciate the tremendous part coal plays in affairs. In a year our railroads carry the inconceivable total of one billion tons of freight. If a crowd were asked what item made the largest showing, nine out of ten would reply, grain, and yet, of the whole quantity, only 60,000,000 tons are grain, while 295,000,000 tons are coal. For every pound of grain of any sort that our railroads carry, they transport almost five pounds of coal The significance of these figures shows the greatness of coal far better than any elaborate tables or descriptions.

Coal is king and from its throne in America it is ruling the world

This Year's Great Record

The Statistical Bureau of the Treasury Department informs The Saturday Evening Post that "exports of coal from the United States during the year 1900 are likely to reach $20,000,000 in value, against $10,000,000 in 1896 and $6,000,000 in 1890

This means that we shall send to the different parts of the earth during the twelve months nearly 5,000,000 tons of coal, a record unprecedented in the annals of trade. This coal goes practically everywhere—to France, Germany, the United Kingdom, to all the other parts of Europe, to British North America, to Mexico, Cuba, Porto Rico, all the West India islands, Brazil and most of the South American countries, Hawaii, the Philippines, and nearly every Asiatic port

Mark a contrast. It was not many years ago that the late Collis P. Huntington purchased a cornfield near the mouth of the James River and established there the deep-water terminals of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, which runs from the soft-coal mines of Virginia. Now the city of Newport News is one of the busiest industrial centres of the world. Two of our newest and greatest warships were recently launched from its yards A half dozen more magnificent craft are being constructed there now

But it is from its wharves that the larger activities proceed. Last month from this one place 45,485 tons of coal were shipped to different parts of Europe. This month a British steamer took 5000 tons to Japan for the British navy, and the freight a ton was just three times the value of the coal. Fuel costs, but the ships are helpless without it

Our Enormous Export Trade

Many judge the activities of the world by the iron market. Iron, with its finished product, steel, is a barometer of trade. In this, too, the United States now enjoys the leadership. It is sending iron and steel to all parts of the world. A ship that left Philadelphia the other day had steel billets for English manufacturers, structural steel and beams for cotton mills at Manchester and other English cities, and tons of steel for use in British manufacturing. The same week contracts were secured by Americans for building bridges in Canada and in several parts of the Eastern Hemisphere. The control of these vast interests to-day rests in this country Here we have the raw material, here we have the industries, here we have the inventive genius and the best workmanship

The world must buy of us more and more each year because we have the goods to sell

The exports of manufactures from the United States this year have increased more than a third, while those of the United Kingdom have been almost stationary. We are now sending abroad more than a million dollars' worth of manufactures a day

Leading in Gold as Well as Coal

Next to coal comes gold Its operations during the year have been to finance what coal has been to trade. No longer need we look to Europe for our capital, for Europe is turning this way with anxious eyes. Ever since the Chancellor of the Exchequer arose in the House of Commons several months ago and stated that he had placed in the United States somewhat more than one half of the new war loan of $50,000,000, the world has recognized that its money capital is crossing the ocean

Before that, our bankers had entered international financial transactions by supplying $15,000,000 for refunding the Mexican national debt. In a short time Russia came over as a borrower, and $20,000,000 of good American money was invested in the railway securities guaranteed by the Russian Government. Americans have been investing in the gilt-edged municipal bonds of certain European cities. The other day Sweden asked for $10,000,000 of American gold as an investment in the new loan of the Government. So, adding all this together, and taking into account the other requests that have come and are coming, it seems a safe prediction to say that, by the end of the year, there will be $100,000,000 of American gold invested abroad. All this time, too, it must be remembered that we have purchased back from foreign investors a great part of the American securities which they once held There seems to be no fear as to the supply of gold, for that which has come down and which is coming down from Alaska will just about balance that which is being sent to the other side of the ocean

The great fact is, that to America is coming not only the leadership in trade, commerce and manufacturing, but financial supremacy

The Money for Moving Crops

One interesting and unique fact this year is the ability of the great West to take care of itself in many matters. Indeed it was only the other day that Chicago, probably in a spirit of pure fun and wishing to show the sarcasm of things, bought all the new bonds which were offered for sale by New York City, and the papers did not hesitate to boast that in the course of time the financial capital which is moving from London to New York would keep on to Chicago

In former years the surplus of money in New York was needed to move the great Western crops to the seaboard. The money movement in this respect was as regular as the flight of birds. The people of the West expected it and the banks counted upon it as a part of their annual opportunity It was safe and it was profitable. This year, however, the West has practically enough cash for its own operations.

The growth of wealth in this country is almost beyond credulity. The census of this year is expected to bring it almost to one hundred billions of dollars, which will be the highest point reached by any nation in the history of the world. A million no longer means a great fortune, for the number of millionaires increases so rapidly as to make them rather commonplace as objects of interest, and each year the enormous gains are enhancing great fortunes at such a rate that a rich man cannot expect to figure very conspicuously in the public prints unless his wealth soars toward the hundred million mark

The inevitable result of the accumulation of vast wealth is to handle money in large quantities and thus to make easier the floating of national loans and of securities issued by large corporations, either political or industrial. Thus we find, too, that the small bank, like the small merchant, is gradually losing hold, and the consolidation of banks into large institutions is constantly going on At this very writing in one of our cities seven banks are being combined into one.

It is an age of big things, and the United States, being the biggest country, leads.

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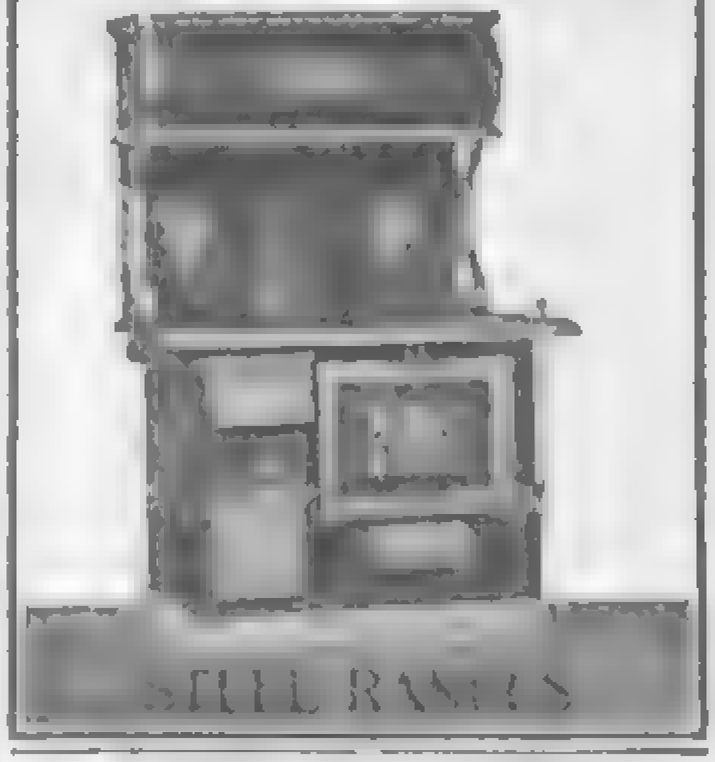

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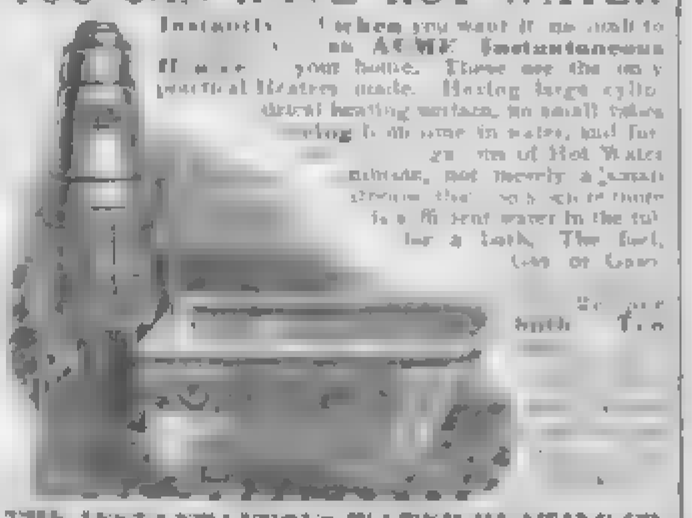

The EAGLE'S HEART

By Hamlin Garland

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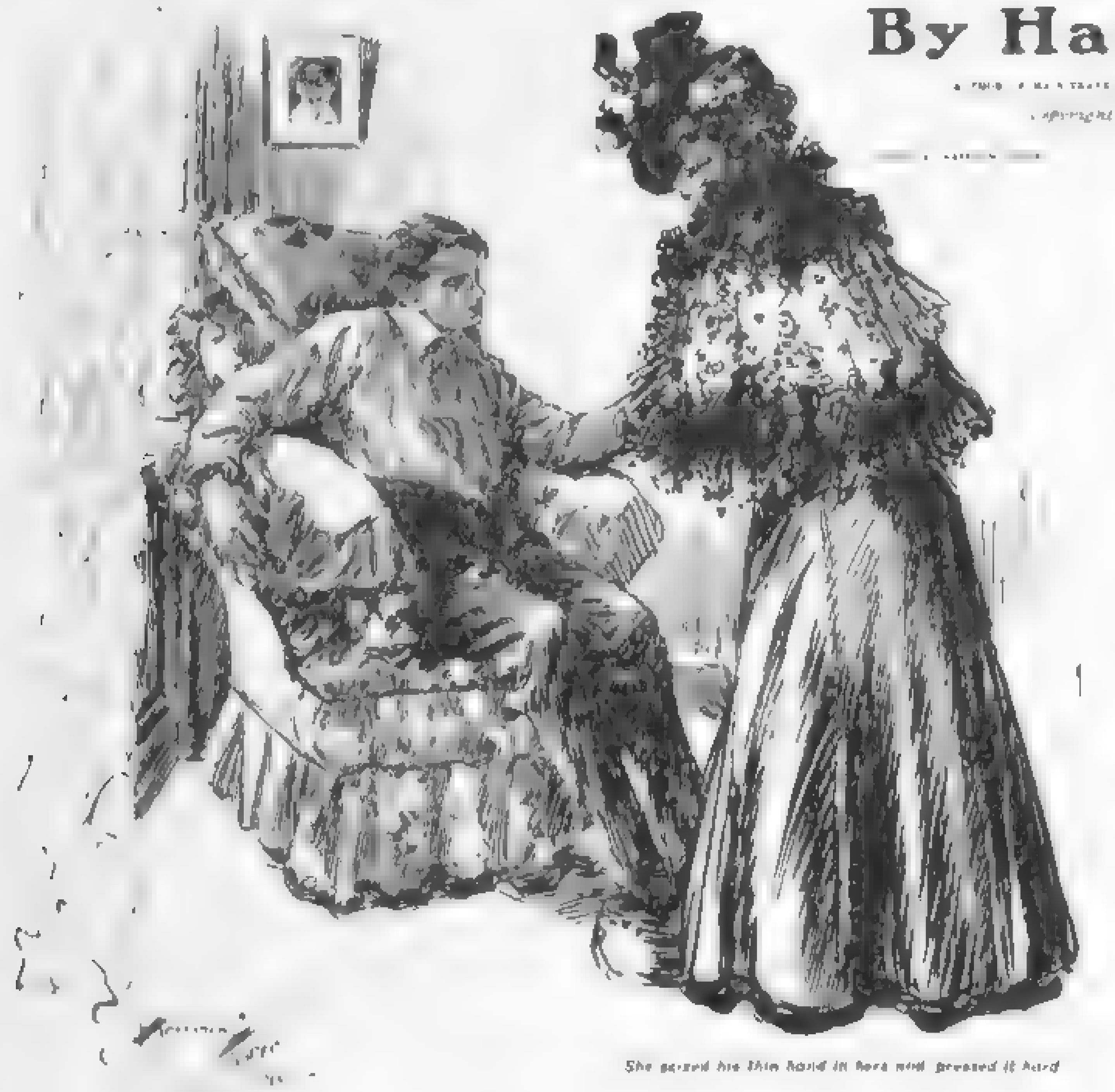

She seized his thin hand in hers and pressed it hard

PART III—SIXTH CHAPTER

A DARK DAY WITH A GLOWING SUNSET

NO WORD from Reynolds came, and the worst of it was, if the money did come it would not now be enough to carry him back. If he had been able to put it with the money from his nugget and revolvers it would at least have taken him to Denver. But now it was too late

At last there came a day when he was at his last resource. He could find no work to do in the streets, and so, setting his teeth on his pride, he once more sought the stock-yards and "Mr. White." It was a cold, rainy day, and he walked the entire distance Weak as he was from insufficient food, bad air and his depression, he could not afford to spend one cent for carfare

White turned out to be a very decent fellow, who knew nothing whatever of Harold's encounter with the other man. He had no work for him, however. He seemed genuinely regretful, and said

"As a matter of fact, I'm laying off men just now; you see the rush is pretty well over with"

Harold went over to the Great Western Hotel and hung about the office, hoping to meet some one he knew, even though there was a certain risk of being recognized as Black Mose. Swarms of cattlemen filled the hotel, but they were mainly from Texas and Oklahoma, and no familiar face met his searching eyes. He was now so desperately homesick that he meditated striking one of these prosperous looking fellows for a pass back to the cattle country. But each time his pride stood in the way. It would be necessary to tell his story and yet conceal his name—which was a very difficult thing to do even if he had had nothing to cover up.

Late in the evening, faint with hunger, he started for his wretched bunk as a starving wolf returns, after an unsuccessful hunt, to his cold and cheerless den. His money was again reduced to a few coppers, and for a week he had allowed himself only a small roll three times a day. "If I was only among the Injins," he said savagely; "*they* wouldn't see a man starve, not while they had a sliver of meat to share with him; but these Easterners don't care; I'm no more to them than a snake or a horned toad."

The knowledge that Mary's heart would bleed with sorrow if she knew of his condition nerved him to make another desperate trial. "I'll try again to morrow," he said through his set teeth

On the way home his curious fatalism took a sudden turn, and a feeling that Reynolds's letter surely awaited him made his heart glow It was impossible that he should actually be without a cent of money, and the thought filled his brain with an irrational exaltation which made him forget the slime in which his feet slipped. He planned to start on the limited train. "I'll go as far from this cursed hole of a city as I can," he said; "I'll get out where men don't eat each other to keep alive. He'll certainly send me twenty dollars. The silver on the bridle is worth that alone. Mebbe he'll understand I'm broke, and send me fifty."

He became so sure of this at last that he stepped into a saloon and bought a big glass of brandy to ward off a chill which he felt coming upon him, and helped himself to a lunch at the counter. When he arose his limbs felt weak and a singular numbness had spread over his whole body. He had never been drunk in his life—but he knew the brandy had produced this effect. "I shouldn't have taken it on an empty stomach," he muttered to himself as he dragged his heavy limbs out of the door

When he came fairly to his senses again he was lying in his little room and the slatternly chambermaid was looking in at him

"You ain'd seek alretty?" she asked

"Go away," he said with a scowl "you've bothered me too much"

"You peen trinken—ain'd it? Chim help you up de stairs last nide"

"What time is it?" he asked, with an effort to recall where he had been.

"Tweluf o'clock," she replied, still looking at him keenly, genuinely concerned

"Go away. I must get up." As she went toward the door he sat up for a moment, but a terrible throbbing pain just back of his eyes threw him back upon his pillow as if he had met the blow of a fist. "Oh, I'm used up—I can't do it," he groaned, pressing his palms to his temples. "I'm burning up with fever

The girl came back "Dat's vat I tought. You don'd look ride Your mudder vouldn't known you since you gome here. Pedder you send for your folks alretty."

"Oh, go out—let me alone Yes, I'll do it. I'll get up soon"

When the girl returned with the proprietor of the hotel Harold was far past rational speech. He was pounding furiously on the door, shouting, "Let me out!" When they tried to open the door they found it locked. The proprietor, a burly German, set his weight against it and tore the lock off

Harold was dangerously quiet as he said: "You'd better let me out o' here. Them greasers are stampeding the cattle. It's a little trick of theirs."

"Dot's all right; you go back to bed; I'll look out for dot greaser pisness," said the landlord, who thought him drunk

"You let me out or I'll break you in two," the determined man replied, and a tremendous struggle took place. Ultimately Harold was vanquished, and Schmidt, piling his huge bulk on the worn-out body of the young man, held him until his notion changed

"Did you ever have a tree burn up in your head?" he asked

"Pring a policeman," whispered Schmidt to the girl, "und a doctor De man is grazy mit fevers; he ain'd trunk

When the officer came in Harold looked at him with sternly steady eyes. "See here, cap, don't you try any funny business with me. I won't stand it. I'll shoot with you for dollars or doughnuts."

"What's the matter—jimjams?" asked the officer indifferently

"No" replied Schmidt "I don'd pelief it—he's got some fever on to him."

The policeman felt his pulse "He's certainly hot enough Who is he?"

"Hank Jones"

"That's a lie—I'm 'Black Mose,'" said Harold

The policeman smiled "'Black Mose' was killed in San Juan last summer."

Harold received this news gravely "Sorry for him, but I'm the man. You'll find my name on my revolver, the big one—not the little one. I'm all the 'Black Mose' there is If you'll give me a chance I'll rope a steer with you for anything you say; I'm thirsty

"Well, now," said the policeman, "you be quiet till the doctor comes, and I'll go through your valise." After a hasty examination he said: "Blame little here, and no revolvers of any kind Does he eat here?"

"No, he only hires this room"

"Mebbe he don't eat anywhere; he looks to me like a hungry man."

"Dot's vat I tink," said the maid. "I'll go pring him some soup

The prisoner calmly said: "Too late now my stomach is all dried up

"Haven't you any folks?" the policeman asked

Harold seemed to pause for thought. "I believe I have, but I can't think. Mary could tell you"

"Who's Mary?"

"What's that to you bring me some water—I'm burning dry

"Now, keep quiet" said the policeman "you're sick as a horse"

When the doctor came the policeman turned Harold over to him. "This is a case for the hospital, I guess," he said as he went out

The doctor briskly administered a narcotic as being the easiest and simplest way to handle a patient who seemed friendless and penniless. "The man is simply delirious with fever. He looks like a man emaciated from lack of food. What do you know about him?"

The landlord confessed he knew little or nothing

The doctor resumed "Of course you can't attend to him here. I'll inform the hospital authorities at once Meanwhile, communicate with his friends if you can He'll be all right for the present."

This valuable man was hardly gone before a lively young fellow with a smoothly shaven, smiling face slipped in. He found a torn envelope with the name "Excell" written on it, and a small photo of a little girl with the words, "To Mose from Cora." The young man's smile became a chuckle as he saw these things, and he said to himself "Nothing here to identify him, eh?" Then to the landlord he said: "I'm from the Star office. If anything new turns up I wish you'd be sure to call me up, and let me in on it."

The hospital authorities were not informed, or paid no attention to the summons, and Harold was left to the care of the chambermaid, who did her poor best to serve him

The Star next morning contained two columns of closely printed matter under the caption, "BLACK MOSE, the Famous Dead Shot, Dying in a West Side Hotel. After Years of Adventure on the Trail, the Famous Desperado Succumbs to Old John Barleycorn." The article recounted all the deeds which had been ascribed to Harold and

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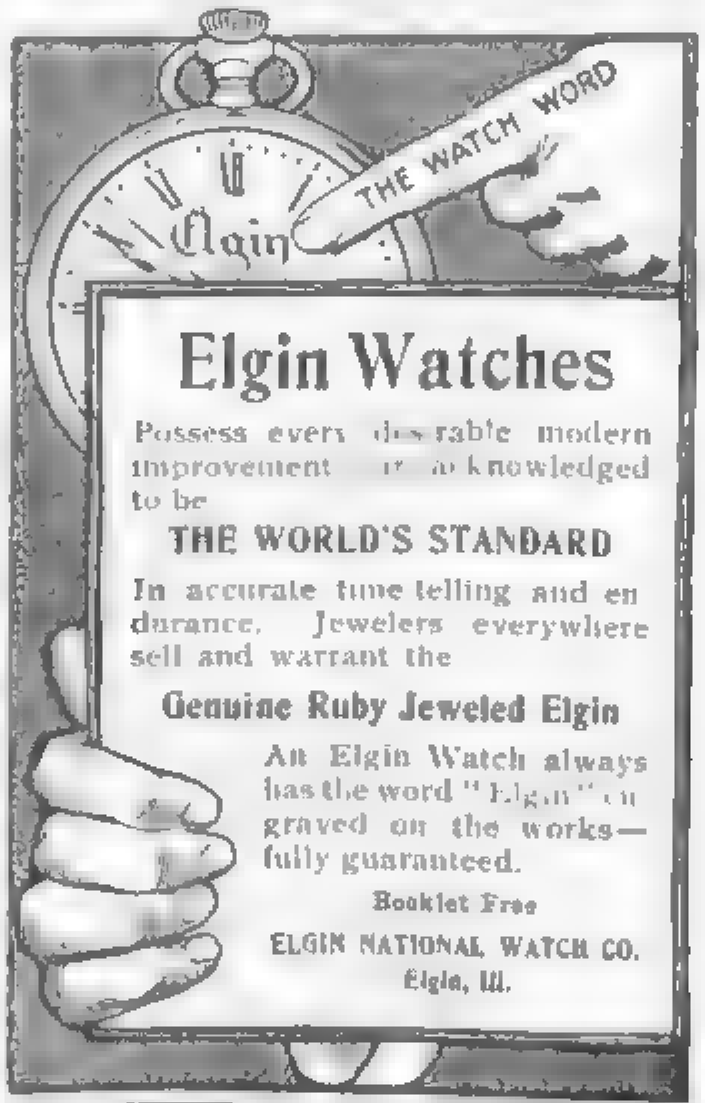

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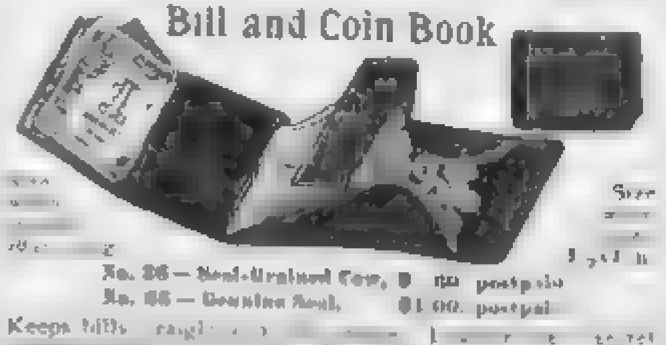

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Illustrated catalogue of [illegible]

[illegible] & Co., 22 Rose St., New York City

Good Things is our monthly magazine [illegible] Subscription, [illegible]

added a few entirely new ones. His marvelous skill with the revolver was referred to, and his defense of the red men and others in distress was touched upon so eloquently that the dying man was lifted to a romantic height of hardihood and gallantry. A fancy picture of him took nearly a quarter of a page and was surrounded by a corona of revolvers each spouting flame.

Mrs. Raimon, seated at breakfast in the lofty dining-room of her hotel, languidly unfolded the Star, gave one glance and opened the paper so quickly and nervously that her cup and saucer fell to the floor.

"Can that be true? I must see him." As she read the article she carried on a rapid train of thought. "How can I find him? I must see that reporter; he will know." She was a woman of decision. She arose quickly and returned to her room. "Call a carriage for me, quick!" she said to the bell boy who answered her call. "No name is given to the hotel, but the Star will know. Good Heavens! if he should die!" Her florid face was set and white as she took her seat in the cab. "To the Star office—quick!" she said to the driver, and there was command in the slam of the door.

To the city editor she abruptly said: "I want to find the man who wrote this article on 'Black Mose.' I want to find the hotel where he is."

The editor was enormously interested at once. "He is on the night force and at home now, but I'll see what I can do."

By punching various bells and speaking into mysteriously ramifying tubes he was finally able to say:

"The man is at a little hotel just across the river. It isn't a nice place; you'd better take some one with you. Mind you, I don't vouch for the identity of the man; the boy may be mistaken about that part of it."

Mrs. Raimon turned on her heel and vanished. She had her information and acted upon it. She was never finer than when she knelt at Harold's bedside and laid her hand gently on his forehead. She could not speak for a moment, and when her eyes cleared of their tears and she felt the wide, dry eyes of the man searching her, a spasm of pain contracted her heart.

"He don't know me!" she cried to the slatternly maid, who stood watching the scene with deep sympathy.

Harold spoke petulantly. "Go away and tell Mary I want her. It costs too much for her to sing or else she'd come. These people won't let me get up, but Reynolds will be here soon and then something will rip wide open. They took my guns and my saddle. If I had old Kintuck here I could ride to Mary. She said she'd sing for me every Sunday. Look here, I want ice on my head. This pillow has been heated. I don't want a hot pillow—and I don't want my arms covered. Say, I wish you'd send word to old Jack. I don't know where he is, but he'd come—so will Reynolds. These policemen will have a hot time keeping me here after they come. It's too low here. I must take Mary away—it's healthier in the mountains. It ain't so hot——"

Out of this stream of loosely uttered words the Princess caught and held little more than the names "Jack" and "Mary."

"Who is Jack?" she softly asked.

Harold laughed. "Don't you know old freckle-faced Jack? Why, I'd know Jack in the dark of a cave. He's my friend—my old chum. He didn't forget me when they sent me to jail. Neither did Mary. She sung for me."

"Can't you tell me Mary's name?"

"Why, it's just Mary—Mary Yardwell."

"Where does she live?"

"Oh, don't bother me," he replied irritably. "What do you want to know for?"

The Princess softly persisted and he said: "She lives in the East. In Chicago. It's too far off to find her. It takes five days to get down there on a cattle-train, and then you have to look her up in a directory, and then trail her down. I couldn't find her."

The Princess took down Mary's name and sent a messenger to try to find the address of this woman who was more to the delirious man than all the rest of the world.

As he tossed and muttered she took possession of the house. "Is this the worst room you have? Get the best bed in the house ready. I want this man to have the cleanest room you have. Hurry! Telephone to the Western Palace and ask Doctor Sanborn to come at once—tell him Mrs. Raimon wants him."

Under her vigorous action one of the larger rooms was cleared out and made ready, and when the doctor came Harold was moved, under his personal supervision. "I shall stay here till he is out of danger," she said to the doctor as he was leaving, "and please ask my maid to go out and get some clean bed-linen and bring it down here at once—and tell her to send Mr. Doris here—won't you?"

The doctor promised to attend to these matters at once.

She sat by the bedside of the sufferer bathing his hands and face as if he were a child, talking to him gently with a mother's grave cadences. He was now too weak to resist any command, and took his medicine at a gulp like a young robin.

Late in the afternoon as Mrs. Raimon returned from an errand on the street she was amazed to find a tall and handsome girl sitting beside the sick man's bed, holding his two cold white hands in both of hers. There was a singular and thrilling serenity in the stranger's face—a composure that was exaltation, while Harold, with half-closed eyelids, lay as if in awe, gazing up into the woman's face.

Mrs. Raimon waited until Harold's eyes closed like a sleepy child's and the watcher arose—then she drew near and timidly asked:

"Are you Mary?"

"Yes," was the simple reply.

The elder woman's voice trembled. "I am glad you've come. He has called for you incessantly. You must let me help you. I am Mrs. Raimon, of Wagon Wheel—I knew him there."

Mary understood the woman's humble attitude, but she did not encourage a caress. She coldly replied: "I shall be very grateful. He is very ill, and I shall not leave him till his friends come."

She thought immediately of Jack, and sent a telegram saying: "Harold is here ill—come at once." She did not know where to reach Mr. Excell, so could only wait to consult Jack.

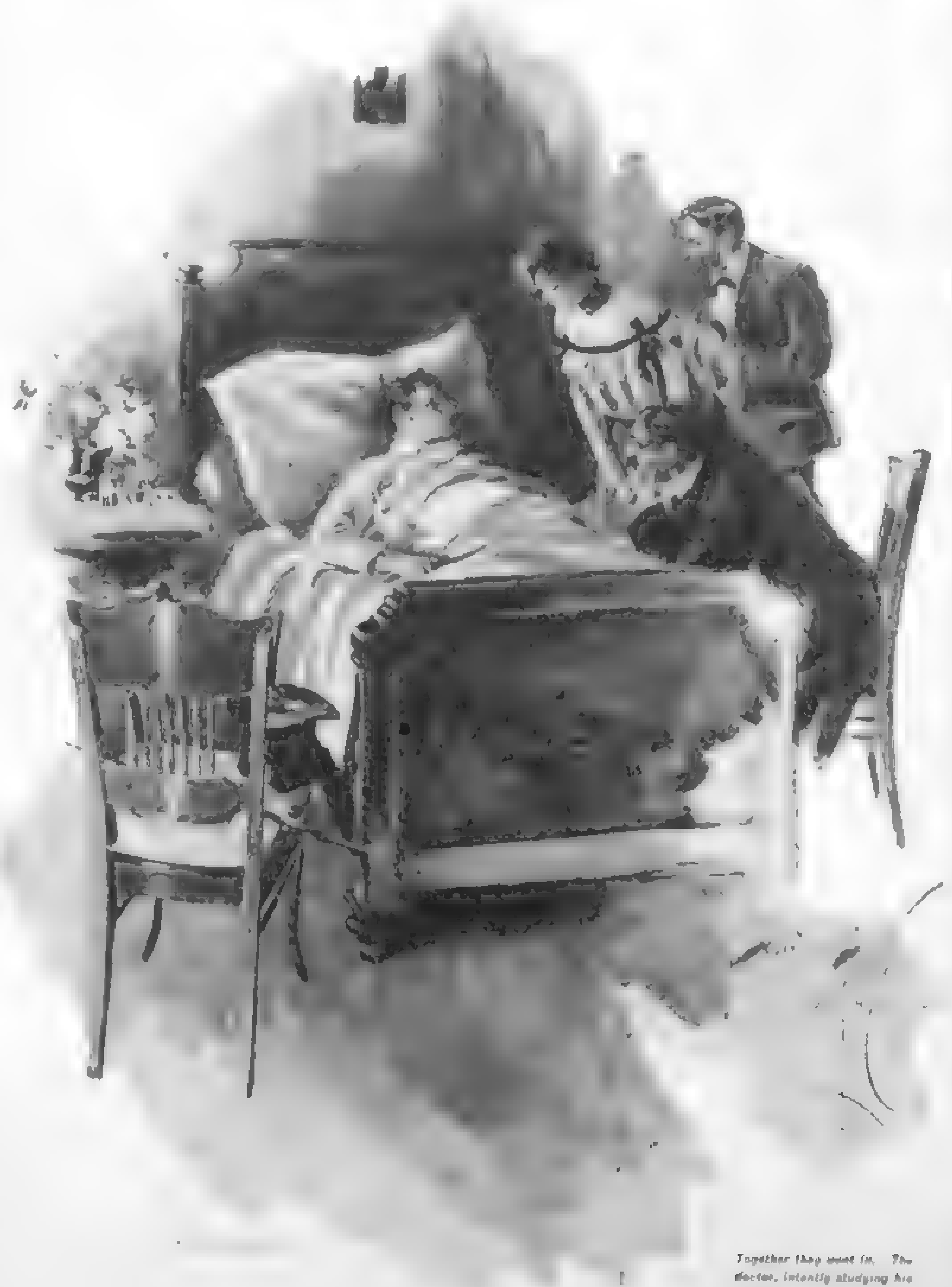
Mrs. Raimon remained with her and was so unobtrusively ready to do good that Mary's heart softened toward her—though she did not like her florid beauty and her display of jewels.

A telegram from Jack came during the evening: "Do all you can for Harold. Will reach him to-night."

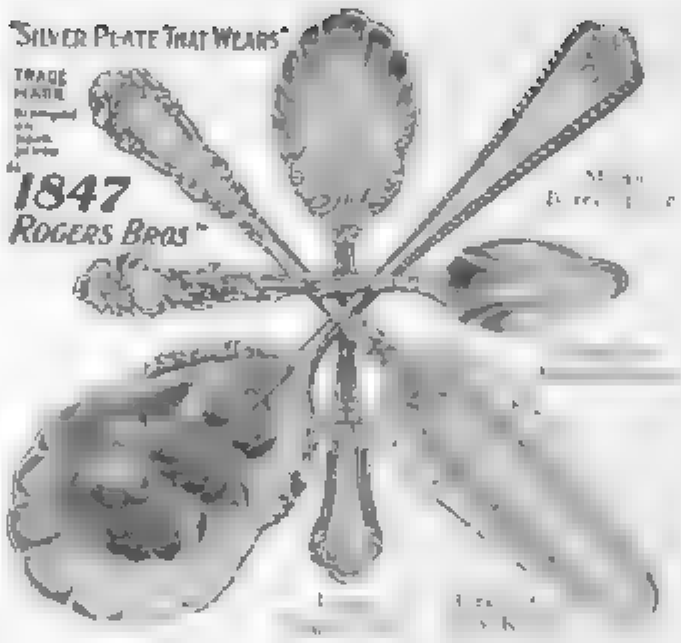
He came in at eleven o'clock, his face knotted into anxious lines. They smoothed out as his eyes fell upon Mary.

"Oh! I'm glad to see you here," he said brokenly. "How is he—is there any hope?"

In his presence Mary's composure gave way. "Oh, Jack! If he should die now——" She laid her head against his sturdy shoulder and for a moment shook with nervous weakness. Almost before he could speak she recovered herself. "He only knew me for a few moments. He's delirious again. The doctor is with him—oh, I can't bear to



Together they went in. The doctor, intently studying his patient, sat motionless and silent



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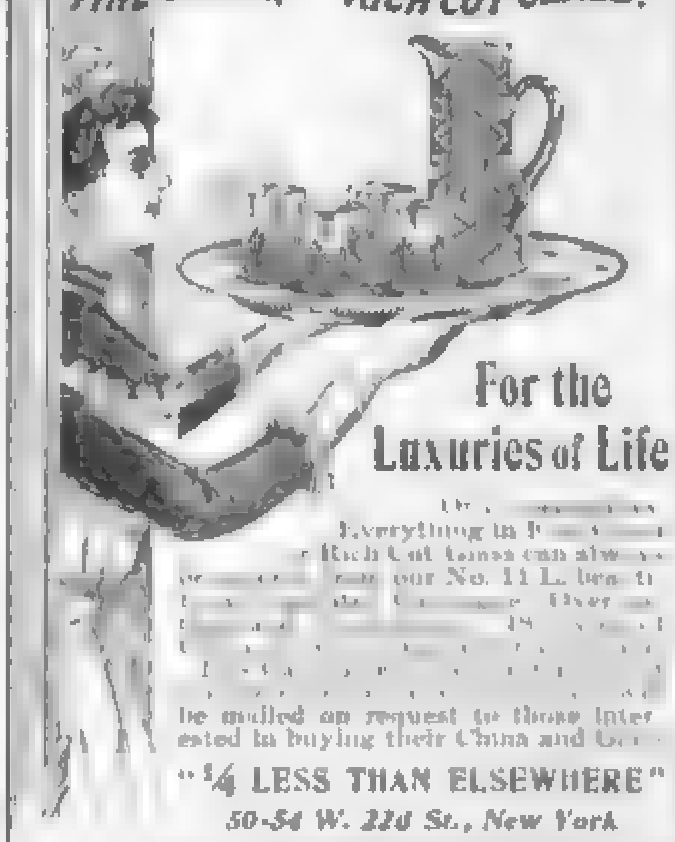

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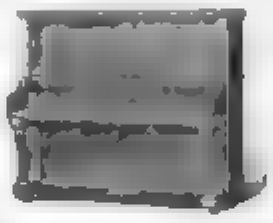

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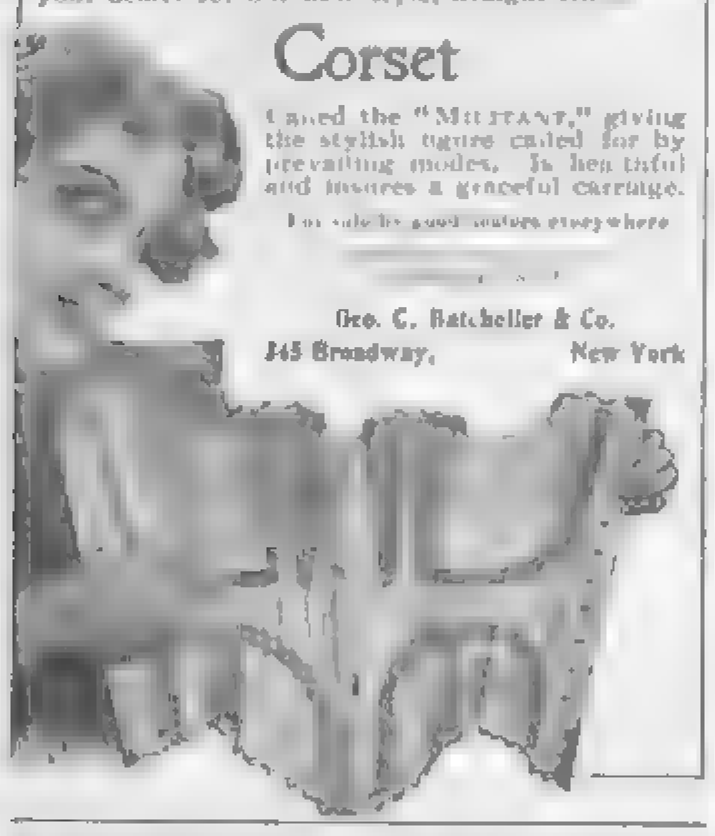

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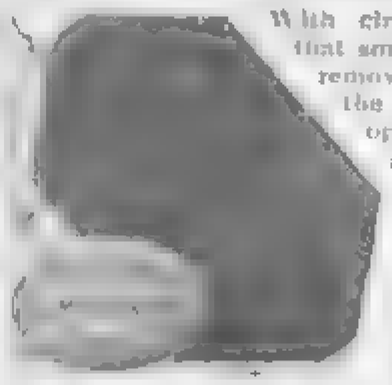

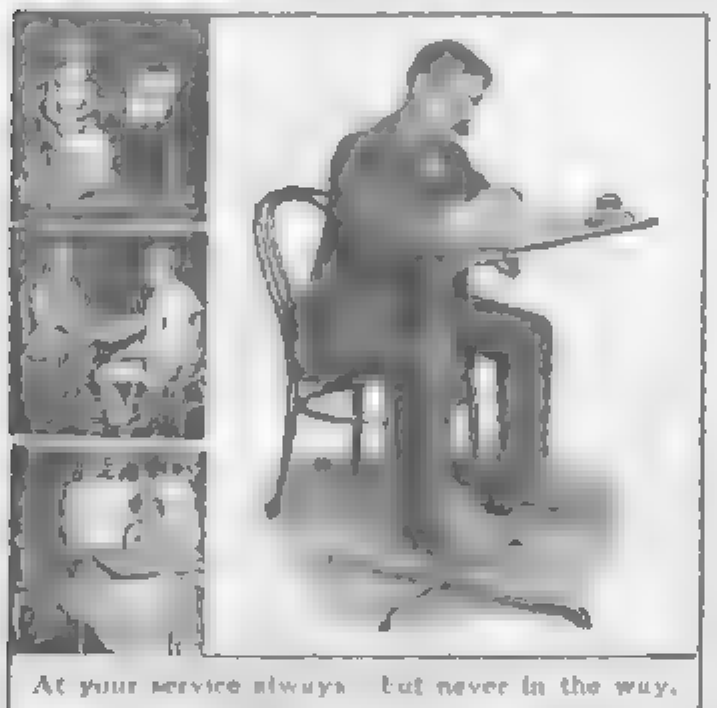

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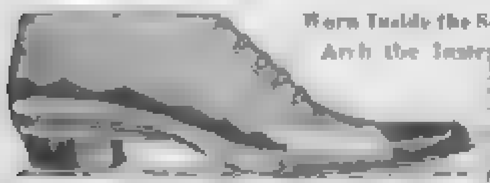

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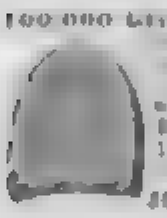

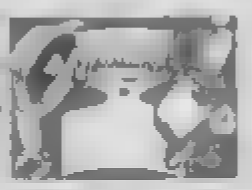

hear him rave! It is awful! He calls for me, and yet does not know me. Oh, Jack, it makes my heart ache so, he is so weak! He came to see me—and then went away—I didn't know where he had gone. And all the time he was starving here. It would be too dreadful—if he should die!"

"We won't let him die!" he stoutly replied. "I'm going in to see him."

Together they went in. The doctor, intently studying his patient, sat motionless and silent. He was a young man with a serious face, but his movements were quick, silent and full of decision. He looked up and made a motion, stopping them where they were.

Out of a low mutter at last Harold's words grew distinct: "I don't care—but the water is cold as ice—I wouldn't put a cayuse into it—let alone Kintuck. Should be a bridge here somewhere."

"Oh, he's on the trail again!" said Mary. "Harold, don't you know me?" She bent over to him and put forth the utmost intensity of her will to recall him. "I am here, Harold; don't you see me?"

His eyes ceased to roll and he looked at her with eyes that made her heart grow sick—then a slow, faint smile came to his lips. "Yes—I know you, Mary—but the river is between us and it's swift and cold, and Kintuck is thin and hungry—I can't cross now!"

"Doctor," said Jack as the physician was leaving, "what are the chances?"

The doctor's voice carried conviction. "Oh, he'll pull through—he has one of the finest bodies I ever saw." He smiled. "He'll cross the river all right—and land on our side."

Two days later Mr. Excell, big and brown, his brow also knotted with anxiety, entered the room, and fell on his knees and threw his long arm over the helpless figure beneath the coverlet. "Harry! My boy, do you know me?"

Harold looked up at him with big, staring eyes and slowly put out his hand. "Sure thing! And I'm not dead yet, father. I'll soon be all right. I've got Mary with me. She can cure me—if the doctor can't."

He spoke slowly, but there was will behind the voice. His wasted face had a gentleness that was most moving to the father. He could not look at the pitiful wreck of his once proud and fearless boy without weeping, and being mindful of Harold's prejudice against any expression of sentiment he left the room to regain his composure. To Mary Mr. Excell said: "I don't know you—but you are a noble woman. I give you a father's gratitude. Won't you tell me who you are?"

"I am Mary Yardwell," she replied in her peculiarly succinct speech. "My home was in Marmion, but I attended school in your village. I sang in your church for a little while."

His face lighted up. "I remember you—a pale, serious little girl. Did you know my son there?"

She looked away for a moment. "I sang for him—when he was in jail," she replied. "I belonged to the Rescue Band."

A shadow fell again upon the father's face. "I did not know it," he said, feeling something mysterious here—something which lay outside his grasp. "Have you seen him meanwhile? I suppose you must have done so."

"Once, in Marmion, some four years ago."

"Ah! Now I understand his visit to Marmion," said Mr. Excell with a sudden smile. "I thought he came to see Jack and me. He really came to see you. Am I right?"

"Yes," she replied. "He wanted me to go back with him, but I—I—couldn't do so."

"I know—I know," he replied hastily. "He had no right to ask it of you—poor boy."

"It seems now as though I had no right to refuse. I might have helped him. If he should die now there would be an incurable ache here"—she lifted her hand to her throat; "so long as I lived I should not forgive myself."

CONCLUSION

AS HE crawled slowly back to life and clear thinking, Harold's wild heart was filled with a peace and serenity of emotion such as it had not known since childhood. He was like a boy in a careless dream, forecasting nothing, remembering nothing, content to see Mary come and go about the room, glad of the sound of her skirts, thrilling under the gentle pressure of her hand.

She, on her part, could not realize any part of his dark fame as she smiled down into his big yellow-brown eyes, as pathetic and wistful as those of a gentle animal.

Mrs. Raimon spoke of this. "I saw 'Black Mose' as he stood in the streets of Wagon Wheel, the most famous dead shot in the State. I can't realize that this is the same man. He's gentle as a babe now; he was as terrible and as beautiful as a tiger then."

Reynolds sent fifty dollars with an apology for the delay and Mr. Excell offered his slender purse, but Mrs. Raimon said: "I'll attend to this matter of expense. Let me do that little for him—please!" And he gave way, knowing her great wealth.

But all these things began at last to trouble the proud heart of the sick man, and as he grew stronger his hours of quiet joy began to be broken by disquieting calculations of his indebtedness to Mrs. Raimon as well as to Mary and Jack. He wished to be free of all obligation, even gratitude. He insisted that his father return to his pastorate—which he did at the end of the week.

Meanwhile Mary and Jack conspired for the eagle's good. Together they planned to remove him to some fairer quarter of the city. Together they read and discussed the letters which poured in upon them from theatrical managers, Wild West shows, music halls, and other similar enterprises, and from romantic girls and shrewd photographers, and every other conceivable kind of crank. The offers of the music halls Jack was inclined to consider worth while. "He'd be a great success there, or as a dead shot in a Wild West show. They pay well, too."

"I don't believe he'd care to do anything like that," Mary quietly replied.

They both found that he cared to do nothing which involved his remaining in the East. As his eyes grew brighter, his longing for the West came back. He lifted his arms above his quilts with the motion of the eaglet who meditates leaping from the home ledge. It was a sorrowful thing to see this powerful young animal made thin and white and weak by fever, but his spirit was indomitable.

"He must be moved to the West before he will fully recover," said the doctor, and to this Mrs. Raimon replied:

"Very well, doctor. You name the day when it is safe and we'll go. I'll have a special car, if necessary, but first of all he must go to a good hotel. Can't he be moved now?"

Outwardly Mary acknowledged all the kindness of this rich and powerful woman, but inwardly she resented her intimacy. Drawing all her little store of ready money she quietly began paying off the bills. When all was settled she took a seat beside Harold one day when they were alone, and laying one strong, warm hand on his thin, white arm she said:

"Harold, the doctor says you can be moved from here, and so—you must give me the right to take you home with me."

There was a piercing pathos in his wan smile as he replied: "All right; you're the boss. It's a pretty hard come down, though. I thought once I'd come back after you in a private car. If you stand by me I may be a cattle king yet. There's a whole lot of fight in me still—you watch me and see."

The next day he was moved to a private hotel on the north side, and Mary breathed a sigh of deep relief as she saw him sink back into his soft bed in a clean and sunny room. He, with a touch of his old fire, said: "This sure beats a holler log, but all the same I'll be glad to see the time when I can camp on my [illegible]."

Mary only smiled and patted him like a mother caressing a babe. "I'll hate to have you go and leave me—now."

"No danger of that, Mary. We camp together from this on."

Mr. Excell came on to marry them, but Jack sent his best wishes by mail; he could not quite bring himself to see Mary give herself away—even to his hero.

Mrs. Raimon took her defeat with most touching grace. "You're right," she said. "He's yours—I know that perfectly well, but you must let me help him to make a start. It won't hurt him, and it'll please me. I have a ranch, I have mines, I could give him something to do till he got on his feet again, if you'd let me, and I hope you won't deny me a pleasure that will carry no obligation with it."

She was powerfully moved as she went in to say good by to him. He was sitting in a chair, but looked very pale and weak. She said: "Mose, you're in luck; you've got a woman who'll do you good. She's loyal and she's strong, and there's nothing further for me to do—unless you let me help you. See here, why not let me help you get a start; what do you say?"

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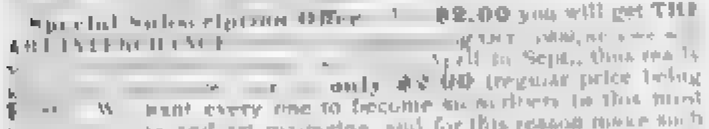

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"All right; let me know what you find, and I'll talk it over with Mary."

She seized his thin hand in both hers and pressed it hard, the tears creeping down her cheeks "You're a good boy, Mose; you're the kind that are good to women in ways they don't like, sometimes. I hope you'll forget the worst of me and remember only the best."

One day about ten days later a bulky letter came, addressed to "Mose Excell." It was from Mrs. Raimon, but contained a letter from Reynolds, who wrote:

> Yesterday a young Cheyenne came ridin' in here inquirin' for you. I told him you was in Chicago, sick. He brought a message from old Tailfeather, who is gettin' scared about the cattlemen. He says they're crowdin' on to his reservation, and he wants you to come and help him. He wants you to talk with them and to go to Washington and see the Great Father. He sent this medicine and said it was to draw you to him. He said he was blind and his heart was heavy because he feared trouble. I went up to Wagon Wheel and saw the Princess who has a big pull. She said she'd write you. Kintuck is well but getting lazy."

Mrs. Raimon wrote excitedly:

> "*Dear Friend:* Here is work for you to do The agent at Sand Lake has asked to be relieved and I have written Senator Miller to have you appointed. He thought the idea excellent. We both believe your presence will quiet the cattlemen as well as Tailfeather and his band. Will you accept?"

As Harold read, his body uplifted and his eyes grew stern. "See here, Mary, what do you think of this?" and he read the letter and explained the situation. She, too, became tense with interest, but, being a woman who thought before she spoke, she remained silent

Harold, after a moment, arose from his chair, gaunt and unsteady as he was. "That's what I'm fitted for, Mary. That solves my problem. I know these cattlemen, they know me. I am the white chief of Tailfeather's people. If you can stand it to live there with me, Mary, I will go. We can do good; the women need some one like you to teach 'em to do things."

Mary's altruistic nature began to glow "Do you think so, Harold? Could I be of use?"

"Of use? Why, Mary, those poor squaws and their children need you worse than they need anything in the world. I know, for I've lived among 'em."

"Then I will go," she said, and out of the gray cloud the sun broke and shone from the West across the great lonely plains

Again "Black Mose" rode up the almost invisible ascent toward the Rocky Mountains Again he saw the mighty snow peaks loom over the faintly green swells of the plain, but this time he left nothing behind. The aching hunger was gone out of his heart, for beside him Mary sat, eager as he to see the wonderful mountain land whose trails to her were script of epic tales, and whose peaks were monuments to great dead beasts and mysterious peoples long since swept away by the ruthless march of the white men.

If she had doubts or hesitations she concealed them, for hers was a nature fitted for such sacrifice as this—and besides, each day increased her love for the singular and daring soul of Harold Excell!

(THE END)

Starch Made from Potatoes

NEARLY sixteen thousand tons of potato starch are turned out annually in this country.

The potatoes used for starch are the small and injured ones of the crop. Sixty bushels of them yield a barrel of starch. They are washed and reduced to pulp by machines and the pulp is carried by water into tanks, at the bottom of which the starch settles. The starch is then transferred by shovels to another receptacle, where it is stirred and beaten to a cream. After settling again, to remove all impurities, it needs only to be dried in order to be fit for commercial use. The drying is done in kilns, by steam coils, and, when the starch comes out, it is so white and beautiful as to resemble driven snow

The commercial starches in use to-day are made from maize, potatoes, rice, wheat, sago flour and tapioca flour. Rice starch commands the highest price, and maize starch is the cheapest. Wheat starch comes next in value to rice starch, and potato starch third in the list.

Young Barbarians—A Pleasant Sin

(Concluded from Page 5)

squaws, whom they took for wives; they almost caught Osceola himself, and they were sure they had wounded him. Black Dirt, Osceola's famous lieutenant, was killed by Spiug in single combat, and "Piggie" bathed Spiug's wounds, binding up a scathed arm with his handkerchief. They bathed in the quieter current on the other side, and they dried themselves in the sun, and in the sun they slept till they were burned; and then, just as they were thinking that it was time to go back to the camp and gather together their belongings and set off for home, Spiug gave a whistle that had in it this time no pretense of danger, and bolted into the woods, followed by the other three. Whether he had heard the firing, or the Seminoles had sent a message, they never knew, but one thing was sure: the farmer was on the island and proceeding in their direction through the brushwood

Spiug thought he had not seen them, and would not quite know where they were, and in an instant that leader of men formed what he thought the best of all his plans. He gave his directions to the other three, who, after executing a brief war dance at the mere thought of them, departed hurriedly for the camp; but Spiug, who was naked, and not ashamed, started rapidly in an opposite direction, and gave the farmer just a glimpse of him as he harried up the island

"Ye're there, are ye, ye young blackguards! Wait till I catch ye trespassin', and lightin' fires, I'll be bound; it's Perth jail ye'll be in the nicht, or I'm no farmer of Middleton. Ye may hide if ye please, but I'll find ye, and ye'll no get the old boat to go back in, for I've found that, as clever as ye thought yourselves, and knocked the bottom out o' it

It was twenty minutes before he discovered Spiug, and then Spiug was standing on the edge of the water at the top of the island, where the current runs swift and strong toward the other side

"Was it me ye were seekin'?" said Spiug rosy red all over, but not with modesty. "I thought I heard somebody crying. We're glad to see ye on the island. Have ye come to bathe?"

"Wait till I get a grip of ye, ye impident little deevil, and, my word, I'll bathe ye," and the farmer made for Spiug

"I bathe mysel'," said Spiug when the farmer almost had his hands on him. He dived into the river, coming up nearly opposite the horrified farmer; and then, as he went down with the current which took him over to the opposite side, he invited the farmer to come in; and when he landed he bade the farmer good by with much courtesy, and hoped he would enjoy himself among his Indian friends

"Wait till I cross," shouted the farmer, "and I'll be after ye, and though I ransack Muirtown I'll find ye out! Ye're a gey like spectacle to go back to the town. Ye'll no escape me this time, whoever ye be!" and the farmer hurried down the island to where he had loosely fastened his boat to one of the trees

When he reached the spot there was no boat there, and he could see it lying in its accustomed place on the other side, chained and padlocked. For the other three trappers had gathered all their possessions and clothed themselves like gentlemen, taking Spiug's clothes with them; they had ferried themselves across with rapidity and dignity, had restored the boat to its harbor, and now, watching from a coign of vantage on the safe side of the river, they witnessed the crossing of Spiug

Once more Spiug bade the farmer good-night, and thoughtfully offered to take any message to Muirtown jail or to the Provost that the farmer desired; then he departed, wishing him a pleasant night and telling him where he would find the shank of a ham. As Peter dressed himself, a little down the river bank, his friends could only look at him in silent admiration, till at the thought of the renegade trapped so neatly and confined for at least a night on his own island, Howieson slapped his legs, but was only able to say, "[illegible]"

Then the four returned to Muirtown and to civilization, full of joy.

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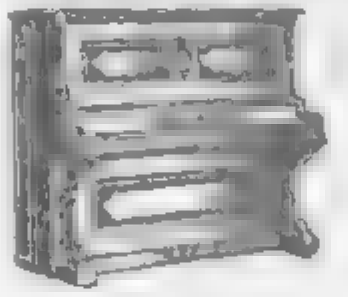

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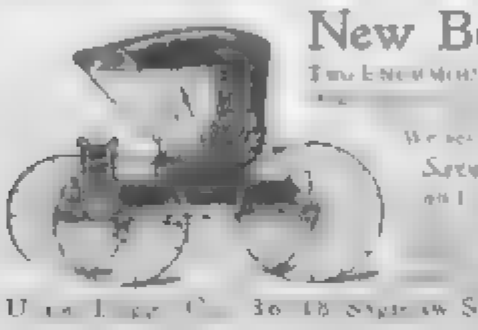

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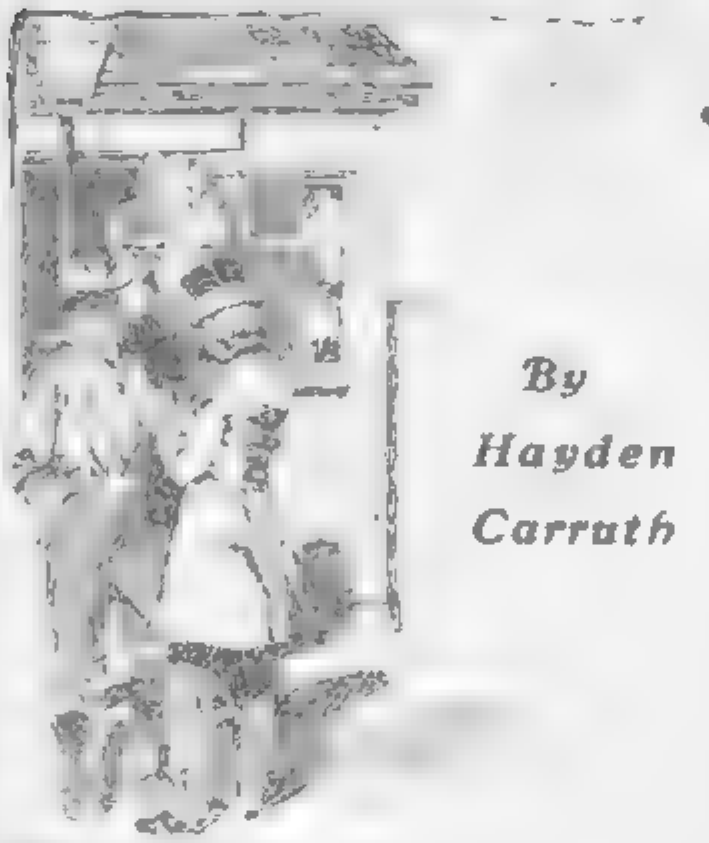
The Translation of Judge Fiddler



By Hayden Carruth

THE denizens of Sentinel Butte at the time of my acquaintance with it were not, take them "by and large," particularly remarkable. But the town seemed to have had an heroic past. It had certainly been much more live and prosperous at an earlier period, and the people, probably without knowing it, were illustrating the tendency inherent in the race to point to its beginning and declare that there were giants in those days; only the Butte was wont to point in a very democratic fashion with its thumb over its shoulder, and the giants, on examination, were apt to be found heroic in very surprising, not to say shady, ways. And these early doers of noteworthy deeds were fortunate in having a poet in the person of Mr. Milo Bush, a man with the requisite imagination (and leisure) to do them justice.

Of this hardy band of pioneers none seemed to be more extraordinary than a certain man named Fiddler. The epic of Fiddler was recited one day by Mr. Bush when he came into the office ostensibly to return a book on dogs which he had borrowed; but as he took the book away with him again when he went and on it I never subsequently set eyes, it was probably a mere pretext to find a likely victim. Planting himself crosswise in the only available path of retreat he stoked his pipe energetically for some moments and then went ahead without a perceptible blush.

You was inquiring the other day about this here Henry Fiddler [I had never heard of the man], and since you want to know I'll tell you. I've got work waiting [he had—it had been waiting forty years at least], but I'll just steal time enough to give you the partic'lars about the Jedge—that's what he was called—Jedge Fiddler, because he was old enough to be a Jedge, and had served ten terms on the petty jury back East somewheres.

Well, Fiddler was the 'commodatingest critter that ever looked through a shirt collar. 'Commodating wan't no name for it—he just *hunted* for ways to 'commodate folks. Lend you anything he'd got, or anything he could borrow. Lend you a frying pan, and a piece of meat to fry in it, and stove wood for the fire; and if you set up a kick that the meat was tough he'd trot down to the market and get another piece, and tote it back, and fry it for you, and stand 'round looking anxious till you said it was all right.

Fellers moving West in kivered wagons used to work him considerable. Borrowed his hammer and his monkey wrench, and his grindstun and the heft of his dishes, and 'bout *everything* he had. Finally one rooster come along and complained he'd busted his wagon wheel, and pulled down his face as long's a meal sack, and said he reckoned the world was agin his going West and building up a home and becoming a prosperous cit'zen.

"Cheer up, young man," says the Jedge. "I'll lend you a wheel. Keep up your courage. Be not like dumb driving-cattle!"

Then he yanked a wheel off'n his own wagon, and the feller saying he had a crick in his side, old Fiddler shouldered that wheel and backed it half a mile over the hill and socked it on the mover's ve-*hick*-el, and off he went, promising to send it back from the next town, which of course he never done, and after that the Jedge had to put a rail under one corner of his own wagon and skate around like a sick grasshopper. But he never complained—not a peep.

"Let us scatter seeds of kindness," says he, "for our reaping by and by. Cast your grub on the waters!"

The Jedge was always snooping 'round town looking for things that needed doing, and if he found one he just done it. Was forever repairing crosswalks, and fixing up folks' front gates. If he run acrost a stray calf he'd just attach a string to the critter and tow him 'round the community till he found the owner, if it took a week. Used to most gener'ly have a calf or a dorg or some such live stock attached to him inquiring if anybody might know the owner.

Picked up a likely yearling out in the snubberbs one day with a long rope to it and tried to bring him in. The yearling didn't cotton to no such perceedings and fetched a snort and started acrost the prehayrie like a house afire. The Jedge he just hung on for a mile till he caught in a tree and brought the critter up with a jerk, and finally towed him back into town and found his owner.

"Pretty hard luck, Jedge," says I.

"I don't complain," says he. "Do good in secret—that's my motto."

"Well," says I, pretty disgusted, "if you call letting a bull calf fly you for a kite for a mile acrost the prehayrie, bellering like a steamboat on a sandbar, then it ain't my idee of no dead secret perceedings."

If there was a barn raising you'd find the Jedge there h'isting on the heaviest timbers, and if a hoss balked there would be the Jedge also turning on the wheel, and if a man was selling patent medicine on the street the Jedge would be on hand taking big doses of it every ten minutes to show it was harmless. Lost all of his hair and the heft of his teeth letting those street fakirs put on their hair restorers and tooth powders. But it didn't matter 'bout the hair, 'cause if it hadn't gone that way the traveling phrenologists would a wore it off feeling of his bumps. Got a set of false teeth, but it wan't no go. Lent 'em to a stranger who said he'd been robbed of his'n in Chicago.

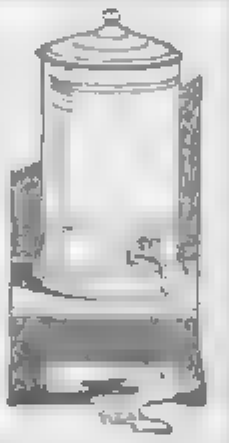
Well, in these times this was the bettingest place—why, if you offered to bet that the sun would rise the next morning somebody would just nail you and bet you that it wouldn't. There was betting on hoss races, and foot races, and 'rastling matches, and whether the stage would be late, and if it was going to rain, and the size of a stranger's hat, and if a cat goes down a tree head first or tail first, and if the King of Egypt wears a nose-ring, and everything you could think of.

One night the lightning struck Bill Teezle's barn, and the next day Gabe Pollard was 'round offering ten to one that it wouldn't hit it again, and Bill took him up, and a week after the lightning whacked her again, and Bill won; and after that there was betting all the time on the barn, and the lightning kept blazing away 'bout once a week till we found that Bill had got the barn baited with a bundle of lightning rods up under the roof. The betting was very interesting, and the only drawback was the trouble in finding reli'ble stakeholders. Every little while the Daily Expositor would come out with something like this:

"Once more the harps of two of our citizens are hung on the willer trees. We refer to Tom Slosson and Andy Hicks. Yesterday they put up ten dollars with Colonel Hod Parkinson, one of the best known citizens of Sentinel Butte. When it come time to settle, what was their surprise to find that Colonel Parkinson had gone hence on the evening stage. Who would have thought it? There was no more universally respected man in our midst. *Sic transit glory Monday.*"

One day a couple of fellers bet on which ear Pete Boland's dog would scratch first, and made old Jedge Fiddler the stakeholder. Well, you never seen a man so tickled. Rammed the money down in his insidest pocket and pinned it in with a hoss-shoe nail and went swelling 'round town telling everybody 'bout it, and talking solemn and elerquent on both sides as to how the bet would come out. When it was decided he delivered the money to the winner with a flourish 'sif he was paying the National Debt, saying as he done so: "Young man, behold the reward of your superior industry and sagasity! Do not dig a hole in the yearth and hide your talent, but keep it circulating. Learn to labor and to wait. Get on another bet, young [illegible]"

Well, after this the old man become the reg'lar official stakeholder of the town. No lighting out with the money for him. Every



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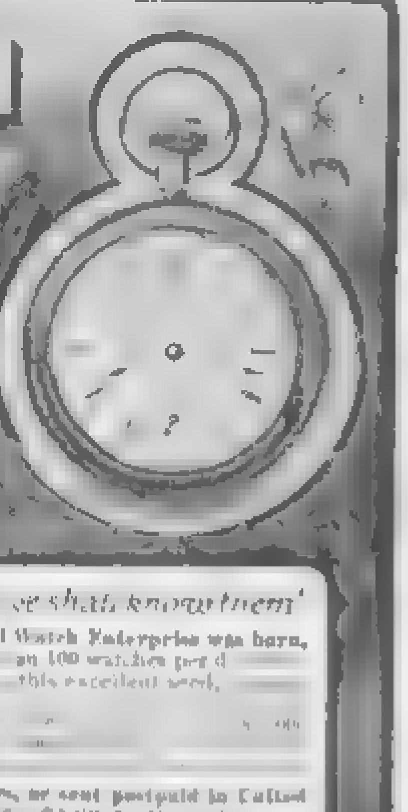

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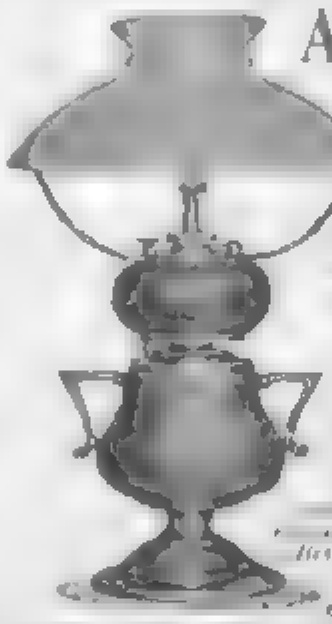

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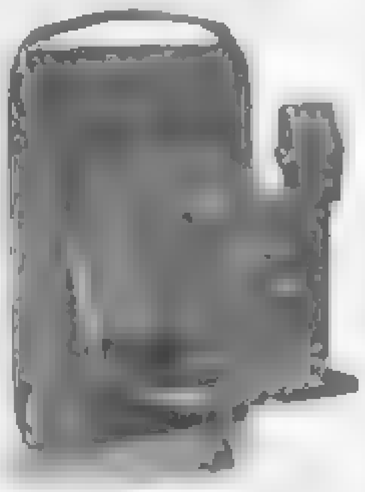

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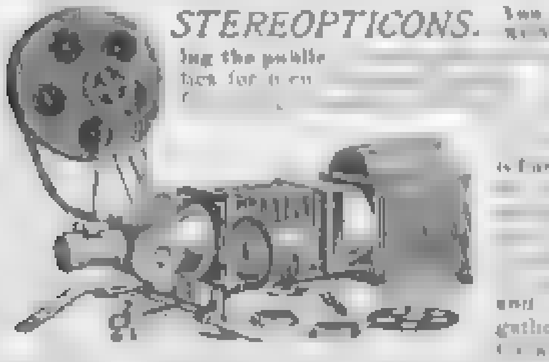

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cent shoved down deep and pinned in with a hoss-shoe nail. Got up two hours earlier than usual to hustle round and see if any bets had matured so's to deliver the stakes if there had. Always willing to call and get the money if you sent him word that you had bet, or to wait till you fixed up the conditions. If a man was talking loud and acting 'sif he was going to bet the Jedge would foller him round for half a day just to be handy. Never bet himself, but if he seen a good chance for a bet, like two plovers setting on a fence post, or a couple of small boys having a side-holt, or a strange dog which was bound to have trouble with some reg'lar inhabitant, he would go tearing round town looking up the more enterprising citizens and informing them of the chance. Never would take a cent for his trouble, and, if he had to keep the stakes for a considerable time, like on a 'lection bet, he would offer to pay interest. Still trying to do good, you see.

It was a mighty busy summer for the Jedge, because being in the stake business didn't make him neglect his other dooties, and he h'isted on all the fell off front gates and snaked in the stray stock just the same as usual, and got around reg'lar as victim for the patent medicine men and the phrenologists, and passed up his watch and hat to the sleight-of-hand performers, and let 'em take white rabbits, gold fish, Bibles and other unexpected things out of his pockets. The only time he ever lost a cent of the money 'trusted to him was when he rode the trick mule at the circus, and got a five-dollar bill shook out of him, and the sacred cow et it up, but he made it good without a whimper.

"I should a-let that mule alone," says he, "but when the augence made my nomination unanermous, what could I do?"

Things went on all right till county fair week in the fall. This was the Jedge's busiest time. The town was overrun with medicine men and he was kept full of valuable remedies for diseases which he didn't have. It was a good time for bets, too, there being considerable hoss-racing and other important matters, and the Jedge had the heft of the working capital of the town nailed in his pockets every day. The last day there was going to be a grand berloon ascension. They begun to fill the thing about four o'clock, and the Jedge was there, his pockets stuffed with our hard-earned dollars till he was most as big around as the berloon itself. But we knowed the money was safe. We felt that Jedge Fiddler was our strongest financial institootion. Even burglars, we seen, would fail on his hoss-shoe-nail combination.

Well, when they started to stuff the gas into that berloon the Jedge begun to stir around like a setting hen who has just stepped off the nest to refresh herself with a few billfuls of gravel. He waved back the crowd, and pulled on the ropes, and pumped at the gas machine, and fetched Siggner Poppanny a glass of water, and just made himself useful right and left, only stopping occasionally to receive the deposit of some more stakes as somebody bet on the Sig's breaking his neck. There was nothing but one of these here trapezes hitched to the berloon, and the Sig was going to go up on it hanging by his toes and his chin and his shoulder-blades, and doing other celebrated and blood curdling equestrian feats such as had delighted the crowned heads of Europe and the potentapes of Asia.

When the berloon got most full it begun to pull pretty hard at the ropes, there being a stiff breeze, and Siggner Pop, says he: "Vill ze some zhent accommodating tek hold ze trapeze and pool hard vhile I tek up ze collection?"—the Sig must 'a' ben a furriner, I reckon.

"I will!" yells the Jedge, and he grabbed it 'fore anybody else could get near it. Then Pop begun to pass the hat, and we chipped in, though we didn't have much left, having bet most of our money that he would break his neck, or at least one leg. And all the time that berloon was getting fuller and fuller, and tugging at the ropes, and the wind freshening, and the Jedge setting on the trapeze and leaning back and digging his heels into the ground.

And just then there come an awful gust of wind, and the stakes fetched loose and the berloon shot up like a cannon-ball, with the Jedge straddle of the trapeze and hanging to the rope with both hands and his teeth.

"Hor-r-r-i-ible!" roars the Sig, hopping ten feet into the air; "I am ze r-ruined [illegible]"

"Shut up!" howls the Mayor; "it's us that's ruined! Old Fiddler has got $1200 of clean cash and some strange coroner in a distant State will get every last cent of it!"

Then we all said things, and after making the Sig disgorge what we had give him, watching the Jedge pass out of sight in a cloud, and deciding that all bets on the furriner being killed would now apply to the Jedge, we went to our homes.

The next morning the Expositor come out with a two-column account of the affair headed:

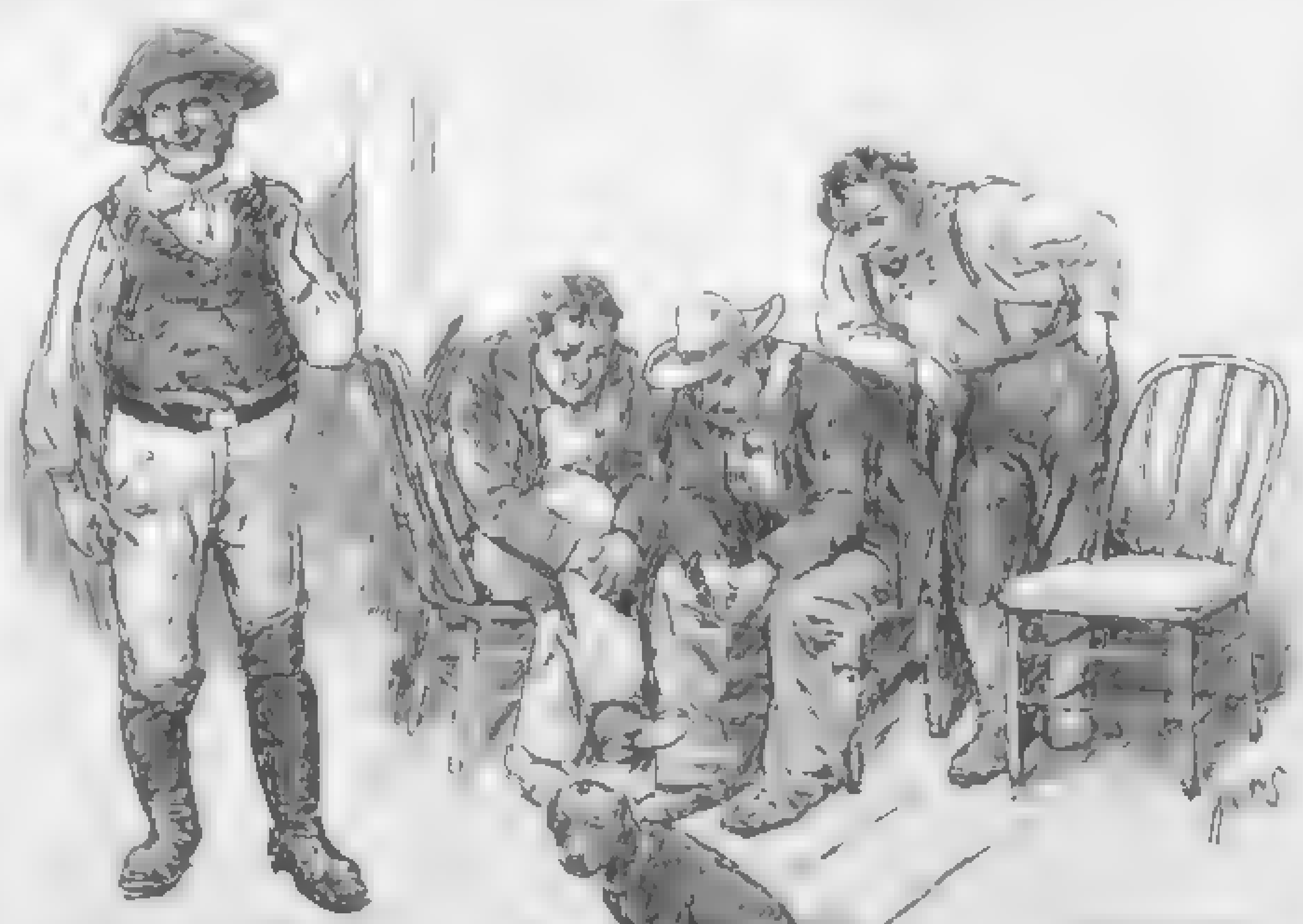
[illegible] BY A BERLOON
Jedge Fiddler Snatched from Our Midst by the Crool Hand of an Air-Ship
Loss, $1200—no [illegible]
He was a Kind Husband and an Indulgent Father!
No Money Circulating in Town
Shall Wolf-scalps be Made a Legal Tender?

But we all knowed that if the Jedge got down alive that he would come back. We would a-lynched any man who cast doubt on the Jedge's honesty. "That good man is no more or he would of been back before this," said the Expositor a week later. "Our worst fears, alars, are realized—the coroner that got him was a dishonest scoundrel."

But a month after there come a letter to the postmaster with a blurred postmark which couldn't be made out. Inside it was dated "Mexico, October 20," and said:

> "*Dear Sir:* Have arrived and like the country very much. Had a pleasant trip, but [illegible] of the [illegible] the bal[illegible] Am anxious to turn over the money I hold to the owners, and shall return by the [illegible]
>
> Yours truly, FIDDLER, J."

And the next day says the Expositor: "Behold what a viper was we harboring in our buzzums for lo, them many years! Would that the coroner had got him! No wonder that Hannibal used to go about the streets looking for an honest man with a lantern, and gnashed his teeth and refused to be comforted because he was not!"



One day a couple of fellers bet on which our Pete Boland's dog would scratch first, and made old Jedge Fiddler the stakeholder. Well you never seen a man so tickled

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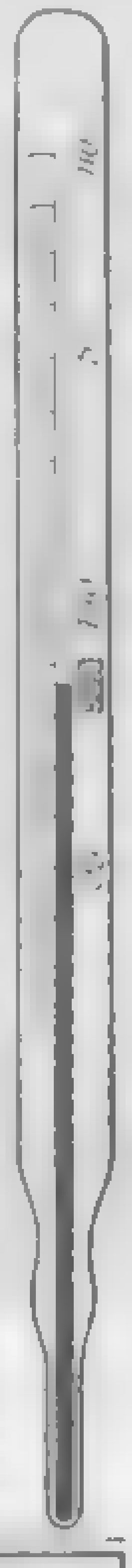

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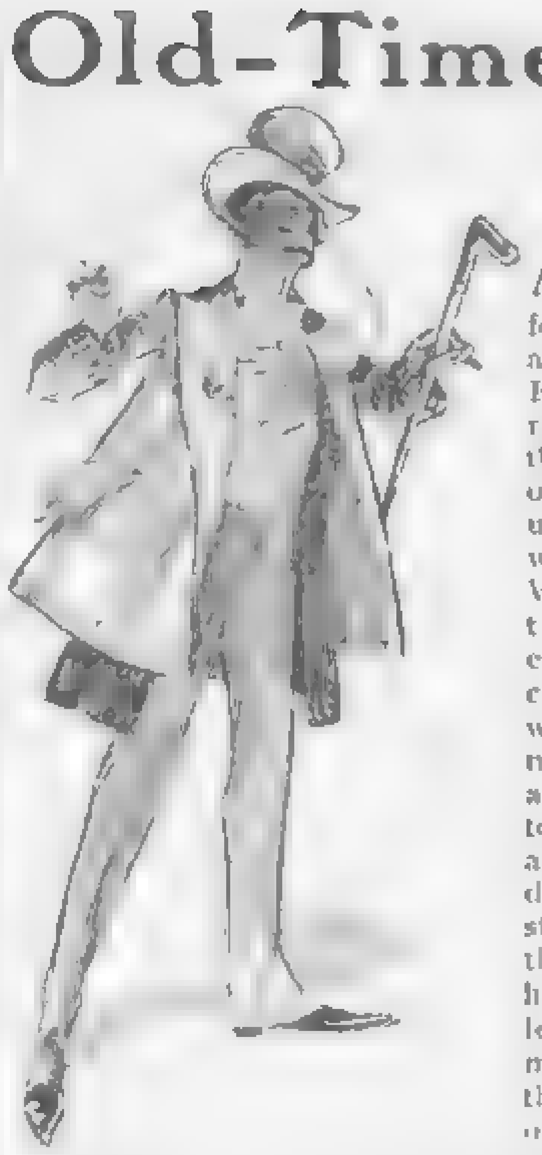
Old-Time Minstrel Men

By an Old-Timer



About thirty or forty years ago, when Edwin Forrest was in the heyday of his popularity, he went into a Western town, the exact location of which I do not recall and played to such large audiences during his stay that on the morning he was to leave he remarked to the manager of the theatre that he was surprised to find such a cultured town and that it could furnish such large audiences for Shakespearean plays.

"The minstrels are here," replied the manager.

"What has that to do with it?" asked the tragedian.

"Why, the minstrels play in the afternoon and the people come into town to see them, then, having nothing to do in the evening they come here."

Perhaps that manager was attempting to be funny and exaggerated matters. But there is a foundation for the story, as every one whose memory goes back thirty or forty years will admit.

Negro minstrelsy to-day has settled into a regular thing, people go to a show, enjoy it, memorize the "gags," work them off with an unconscious and spontaneous air on less fortunate friends, and then wait for the return of the show to lay in a new supply. But there was a time when minstrelsy had a beginning, just like the earth and Adam and Eve, and it was a beginning with a boom, and everything else gave way before it.

There is some disagreement as to which was the first minstrel organization, but undoubtedly it was Christy's Minstrels that first spread the fame of the organized troupe and made an impression on the country. And as for its impression on the Old World, where the band made its home for several years, Thackeray himself stands witness. Christy became synonymous with the word minstrel, as my own experience well attests.

A minstrel in this country has the satisfaction of knowing that he is working in a kind of amusement that is the genuine product of America. I suppose, however, that Shakespeare put the first negro on the stage (a Moor to him was a negro), but Othello was not a minstrel — he played a heavier line of business. From almost the beginning of American stage history there were negroes of the minstrel variety impersonated on the stage, though it was not until about the forties that they were organized into bands. Some of the greatest actors of later days had their experience as minstrels, among them Joe Jefferson and Edwin Forrest.

Forrest was given a negro "song and dance act" to do when he was very young, and after he had studied it up he asked where was the "old negro lady" that was to act as his assistant in the piece. The management tried several of the women who were members of the company, but none of them would consent to blacken up, and, in fact, they were very indignant over the proposition. The actor, however, was not easily discouraged, and on the night of the first performance he blackened up and went around the corner to an old negro woman who did his washing.

"Hello, Dinah," he said on entering. "How you be er-feelin' dis bery fine [illegible]"

"Hello, yo'," replied the African lady. "'Pears to me yo' am er bery fresh nigger."

"I'se no nigger," answered Forrest, and then, time being rather short, he assumed his natural voice, and told Dinah, much to her surprise, that he was Forrest, the actor, and that he wanted her to go on the stage with him that night and laugh loudly at frequent intervals — which was all the female part called for. The two made a great hit, and were kept on for some time, which goes to show that Forrest might have been a good minstrel had he been of an ambitious nature.

The point is, that when the minstrel bands were taking on character and shaping themselves for the future the women refused to take part, which, without being ungallant, I think was just as well.

The minstrel organization as it is known to-day was brought about by the wonderful success that certain men made as individuals. Most of these men are but dimly remembered to-day. One of them, curious to relate, was John B Gough, afterward famous as a temperance orator. Another was the famous Thomas D. Rice, whose Jim Crow belongs to the history of nations. How Jim Crow found his way on the stage is an interesting part of the story of minstrelsy.

In 1829, while Rice was doing a small negro act at the Louisville Theatre, he happened to look out of the back window, which faced a stable kept by an old and broken down negro called Jim Crow. One of Crow's shoulders was much lower than the other, his left leg was stiff and crooked at the knee, so that when he walked he went up and down in a most ludicrous fashion.

This day he was standing in the yard humming a peculiar tune to himself, the words of which were his own. When he had finished a verse he would give a jumping step, which has since become famous as "rockin' de heel." The refrain of his song was.

"Wheel about, turn about,
Do jes so,
An' ebery time I wheel about
I jump Jim Crow

Rice saw that here was something new. He studied the old man, made the tune a little bit more lively, wrote a number of new verses, and, copying the original very closely in make-up, appeared as Jim Crow at the Louisville Theatre. He was recalled more than twenty times the first night, and always after was known as Jim Crow Rice.

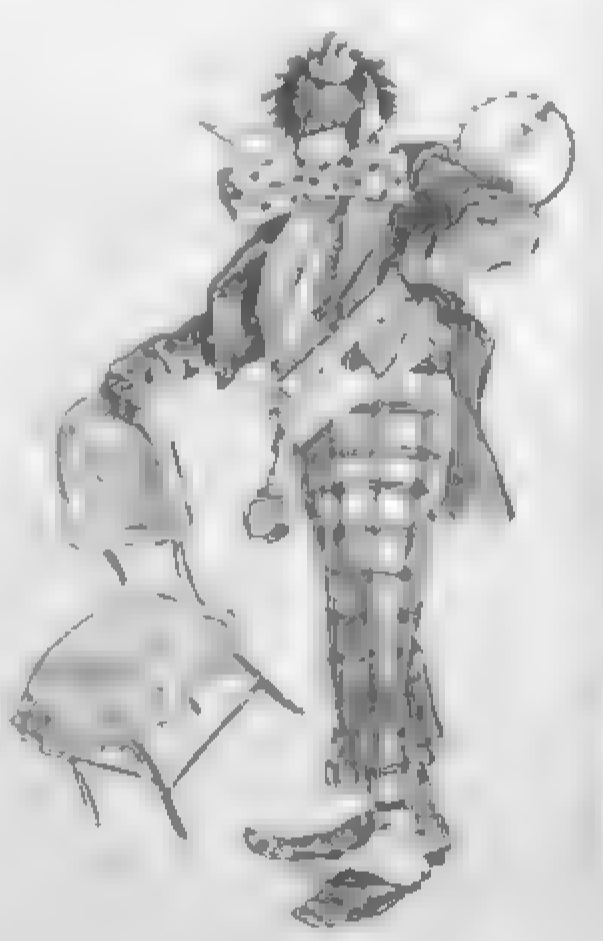
In 1833, when Joe Jefferson was only four years of age, Rice appeared at a benefit at the Jefferson Theatre in Washington, and carried the little fellow on the stage in a bag, costumed and blackened exactly like the Jim Crow Rice. As Rice shambled on the stage he sang this couplet:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I'd have you for to know
I se got a little darky here to jump Jim Crow

Whereupon he emptied the bag, and those who were present say that little Joe immediately assumed the attitude of the elder Jim Crow, and danced and mimicked Rice in a way that caused the audience to cheer.

So there was another great minstrel lost to the world.

One of the first minstrel troupes organized was that known as the Virginia Minstrels. The first public appearance was at the Chatham Theatre, in New York, on February 17, 1843. Dan Emmet played the fiddle, Brower the bones, Whitlock the banjo and Pelham the tambourine. All were end men, and all interlocutors; they all sang and danced in ones or twos or all together.



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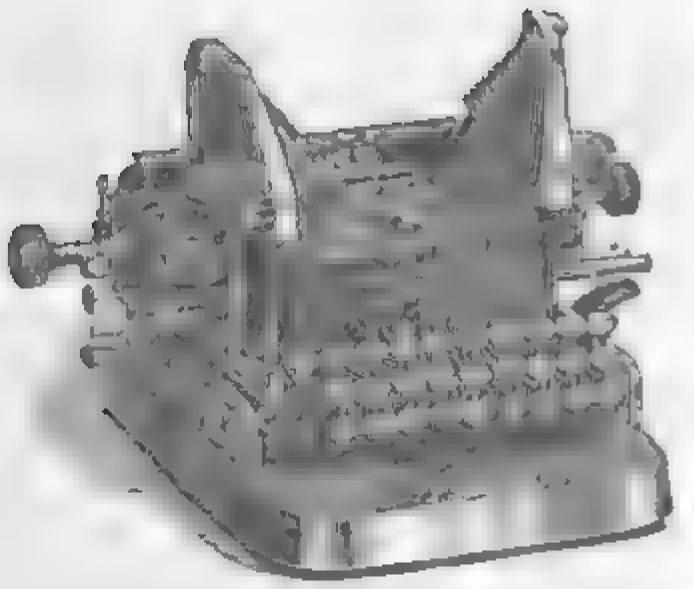

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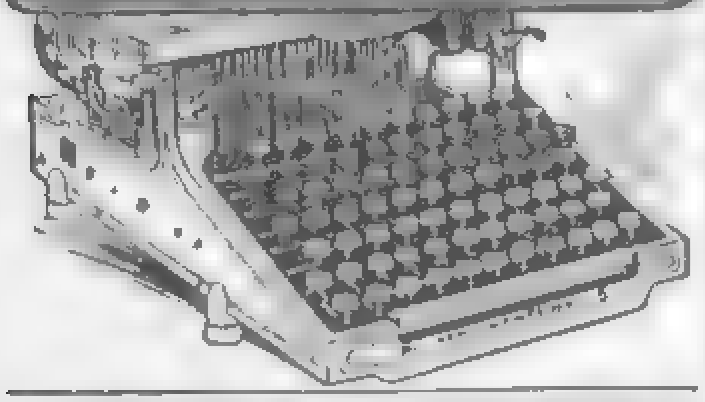

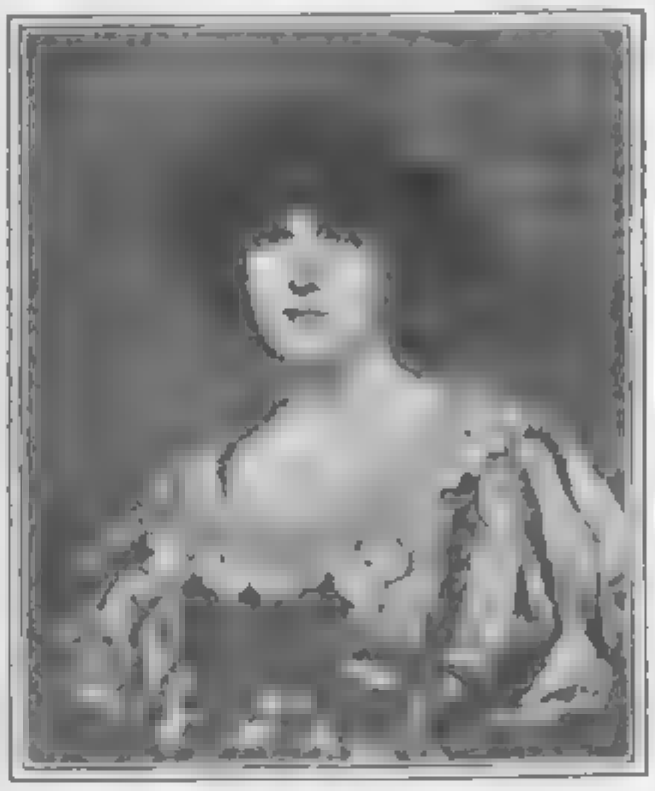

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Such was the beginning of minstrelsy as we know it to-day. Gradually, of course, it grew, developed and changed. From four, troupes went up to forty, and one American manager who went to London took over sixty men

The fullest development, as I have intimated before, came with Christy's Minstrels, which stands third in the list of organized troupes, the Kitchen Minstrels, under the leadership of Charles White, being the second. The Virginia Minstrels were undoubtedly the first in the field, but in the Christy organization there was more of the "thought-out" program than there was in any of the entertainments that went before. There were more members in the troupe, here the end men first assumed the importance they have to-day, and the individual acts, such as songs and instrumental solos, were properly alternated with the choruses.

The end man gradually assumed a great deal of importance, and so to-day, when you want to find out whose minstrel show you are seeing, it is not a bad rule to get the names of the end men. I remember with what reverence I looked at those gentlemen when I first joined the minstrels. After I had been with the troupe some time I lost all respect for them, probably because I thought I could do better. After you have heard the same jokes night after night for months you don't think the man who gets them off is such a witty fellow as you once did.

One of the best end men, as well as minstrels, I ever knew was George Thatcher. He was remarkably quick-witted in an emergency. On one occasion, when he was suffering from hoarseness, a lad in the family circle shouted, "Louder!"

Mr. Thatcher looked up at him and said

"Young man, how much did you pay for your seat?"

The boy answered, "Twenty-five cents

"Well," said Thatcher, "pay seventy five cents extra and come down where you can hear it."

Everybody laughed, and there were no more requests for louder speaking. On another occasion, when we were playing in Ford's Theatre, Washington, the lights suddenly went out all over the house, and the stage and auditorium were left in total darkness. It was after the first part, and Thatcher was just about to go on to do his specialty. Nobody seemed to know what to do, but it didn't phase Thatcher in the least. And what do you think he did? He lit two candles, stuck them in bottles and went on, carrying one in each hand. Then he took his usual position on the stage and remarked

"I'm the only actor on earth who ever carried his own footlights."

The audience thought the darkness was part of his stage business, and by the time his specialty was over the impediment in the gas pipes had been removed and the lights turned on again

The great difference between the old time minstrelsy and that of to-day is perhaps in the spirit of the thing. The idea at first was to give a more or less true impersonation of the plantation negroes in the South, with their singing, playing, dancing, etc

Sometimes the impersonation was very much less, as when an Irishman named Flaherty sang negro songs and told "genuine dialect stories" with a brogue so thick that the stage hands, when he was on, had to be supplied with fog whistles in order to avoid colliding with one another. Minstrelsy to-day has gone away from the plantation idea, partly because the plantation hasn't the romantic element to-day that it once had, and partly because the entertainment has to be broader

It was the idea, however that the minstrels represented life on a plantation that gave rise to some of those exquisite songs of Stephen C Foster. If ever a song writer deserved a monument it was Foster. It was after listening to some of these songs by American minstrels in London that Thackeray wrote

> "I heard a humorous balladist not long since, a minstrel with wool on his head, and an ultra-Ethiopian complexion, who performed a negro ballad that I confess moistened these spectacles in a most unexpected manner. I have gazed at thousands of tragedy queens dying on the stage, and expiring in appropriate blank verse, and I never wanted to wipe them. They have looked up, be it said, at many scores of clergymen without being dimmed, and behold! a vagabond with a corked face and a banjo sings a little song, strikes a wild note, which sets the heart thrilling with happy pity."

It was the contributions of Foster, and some others not quite his equal, that gave minstrelsy its hold on the hearts of the people wherever English is spoken. And here I might remark, that I have met many people who seemed surprised that minstrelsy should be as popular in England as it is here. Thackeray shows that they appreciate the pathetic part, and all that is required to see the fun in a negro's verbal contortions is a knowledge of English

Order: Its Use and Misuse

By William Mathews

MORALISTS in all ages have united in their praises of order. "What comfort," says the acute and thoughtful Amiel, "what strength, what economy there is in order—material order, intellectual order, moral order! To have everything ready under one's hand, to be able to dispose of all one's forces, and to have all one's means of every kind under command—this is order. To discipline one's habits, one's efforts, one's wishes; to organize one's life, to distribute one's time, to take the measure of one's duties, and make one's rights respected—this again is order. Order means light and peace, inward liberty and free command over one's self—order is power."

Richard Hooker, the great English divine expressed himself on his death-bed as looking forward with satisfaction to his entrance into a world of perfect order. A man of methodical and orderly habits, he had unfortunately wedded a slatternly woman, who employed her husband—a deep thinker and erudite scholar—in rocking the cradle and in doing all the menial work of the house

The advantages of order—method, system—are self-evident. They are virtues that help a man to do his work triumphantly, and in a calm, assured manner, but it is easy to overrate their value. They oil the wheels of life and make them run without hitch or creaking; but they do not determine the character of that life. Robert Hall used to say of early rising that the real question is not at what time you get up, but what you do when you are up. So, method in the employment of time is an important thing, but a far more important consideration is, *how* do you employ your time? Persons who have no love of order, or neatness, or punctuality are generally a source of frequent annoyance and discomfort to their friends and neighbors. It is not a little exasperating to feel that we cannot rely on a friend to keep an appointment, deliver or answer a letter, or execute a commission. On the other hand, the over-methodical, excessively tidy people, who are slaves to order, and who measure all their actions with a ruler, are just as disagreeable

Southey in his childhood lived for years with Miss Tyler, a maiden aunt, who, except on days when she had tragedians at her table, dressed in rags and lived in the kitchen, and yet was a demon of tidiness

Who has not at some time visited a dwelling house where the extra-orderly arrangement of the furniture chilled and repelled him, where he felt an almost irresistible impulse to disarrange everything—to break the stiff line of the chairs, to shift the studied positions of the books on the tables and the pictures on the walls—in short, to make any change which would banish the rigid, comfortless look of the reception-room or parlor? Yet how far preferable are these abodes of disorder to those establishments that are so fearfully regular and orderly that the regulations approximate to those of a reform school or a workhouse

Are great men usually methodical, tidy and punctual? Mental stature, intellectual power, has not, we think, a very close relation to the virtues of a martinet. Buffon was most orderly in everything; he used to say that genius without order loses three-fourths of its power. Walter Scott lighted his fire regularly at six, and broke the backbone of his task by the family breakfast hour, and all the appointments of his desk, after long years of use, looked as if they had just come from the silversmith. Gibbon was almost finical in his orderliness. On the other hand, the poet Thomson was one of the most untidy of men, and kept his money strewed about among his clothes and papers. Once a friend of his discovered banknotes bundled up with old stockings. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's carelessness in dress was coarsely satirized by Pope and Horace Walpole. Coleridge passed his whole life out at elbows, physically and morally; yet who that is familiar with his fragmentary writings and with those of the methodical, orderly and voluminous Southey can doubt that the Highgate sage was by far the greater man of the two?

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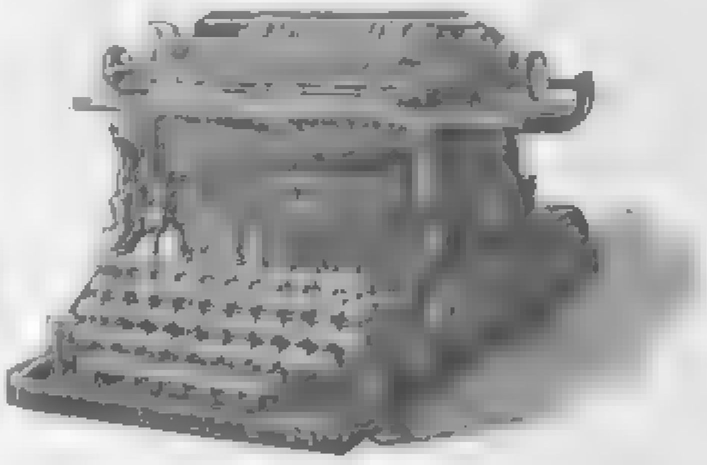

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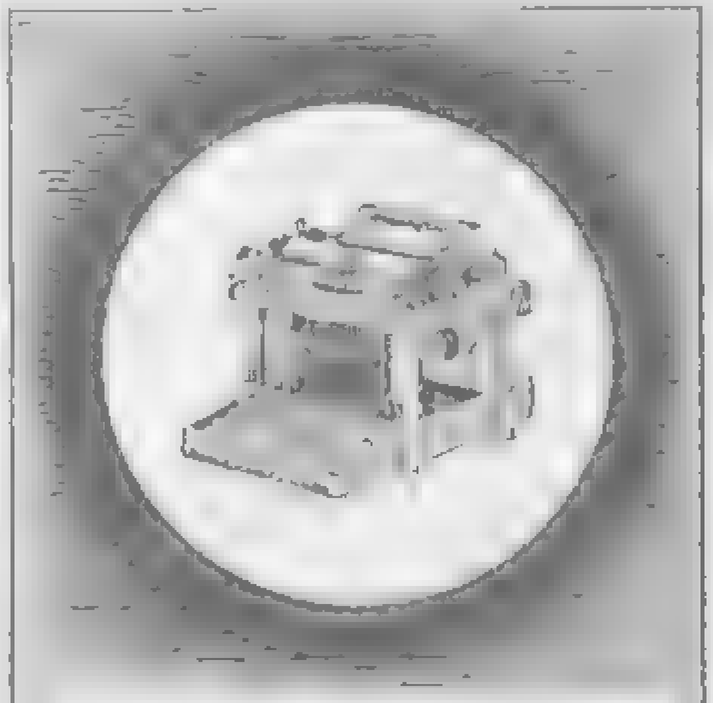

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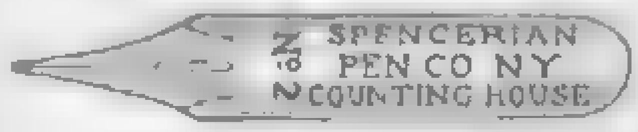

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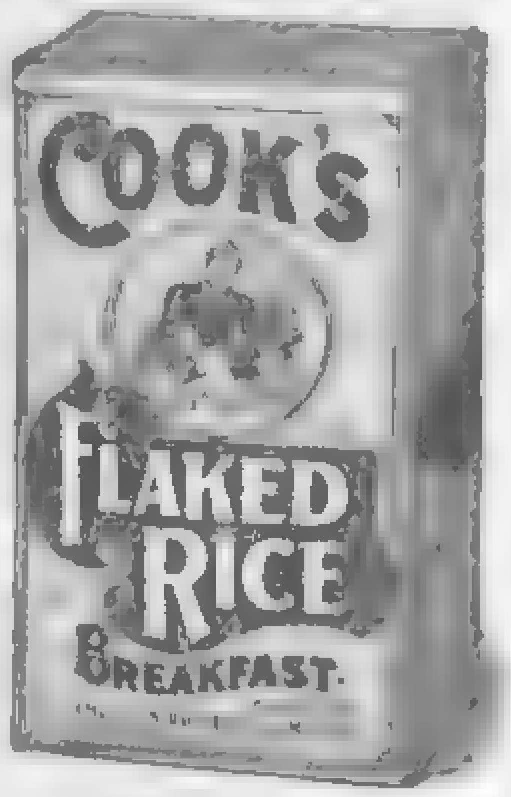

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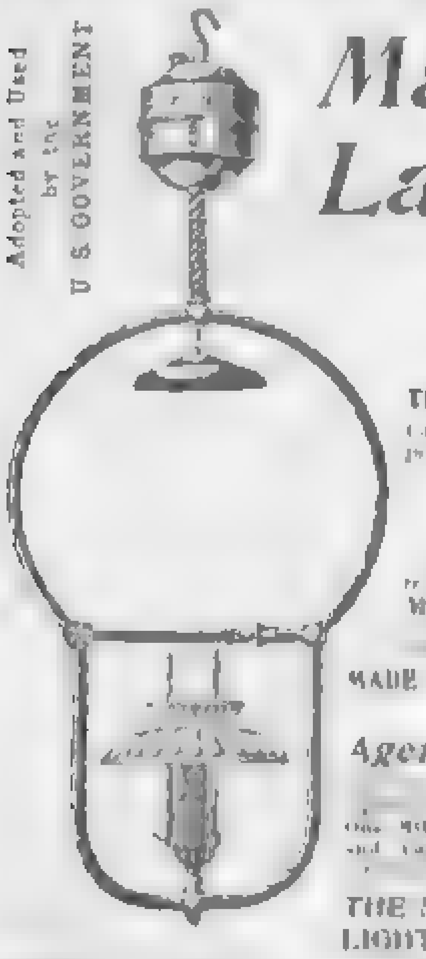

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By Gertrude F. Lynch

"MAY I come this evening at eight thirty? I have something I wish to say."

She smiled archly in assent. "Something to say? You do yourself injustice, or criticise me. Don't you always have something to say, or do I keep you tongue-tied?" Before he had an opportunity to speak the earnest words trembling on his lips she ran lightly up the steps, turning coquettishly to say, "At eight-thirty, then!"

The butler handed her a telegram as he opened the door. It was from her father and read, "Shall not be home to dinner."

"Have my dinner sent to my room, Johnson, and"—she paused with her foot on the stair—"I am not at home this evening to any one but Mr. Ellsworth."

In her cozy boudoir she removed her coat and then, drawing an armchair to the open fire, sat down before it and gazed into the glowing flame.

She had trifled with him, coquetted, put the bar of frivolity against his de[illegible] delayed, but the end had come, and her order to the servant implied that she understood. There was an indefinable something in his manner indicating that he had at length determined to force the issue; and to tell the truth, she, too, was tired of the game of cross-purposes and foolish trifling. He had shown himself willing to wait patiently. He had been cautious. He had obeyed the laws of circumstance and time without a murmur. He had not made a single false move in all the time of probation and uncertainty, in all the months offered at the altar of this woman's caprice. He had kept a certain end in view, however, and had never swerved from its sometime accomplishment.

Well, she was worth waiting or fighting for—worth an expenditure of caution. She was an only child, the adored daughter of a widowed father. She was not ill looking. She was well born and accomplished. Fortune had been kind, as well as Nature, for it was rumored that she had nearly a million at her beck and call. It was almost more than a man could expect.

This cynical inventory of her attractions caused her to draw her chair nearer the fire and lose herself in a profound retrospect concerning a certain experience which had sheathed her with an armor plate of derision against the world's flattery and made her hide under a superficial frivolity the sweeter qualities of womanhood, blasted in their growth by one of Fate's sirocco breaths.

She recalled a morning in Rome when she waked to greet the risen sun, flooding her luxurious apartment, with the glad welcome of a petted child. There had been a ball at the Embassy the night before, and she lay thinking of her past triumphs, of her just lived delight duplicated in dreams, of the coming pleasure of the day. Languidly she opened a cablegram on a tiny table at the bedside and read with horror-stricken eyes that by a series of unlucky speculations her father's entire wealth had been swept away; that, no longer a favorite of fortune, she had before her a future of sacrifice, doubt, and perhaps want. She turned naturally to those nearest—the friends of her prosperity. She recalled how they had fallen from her, one by one; how neglect, indifference, forgetfulness had been her lot; how the same ordeal had been duplicated when she returned to America and placed her superficial acquirements in the capacious maw of a city's need to test their market value. She recalled the hopeless days filled with work, the nights when she had been too weary to rest. She remembered how those whom she had befriended in the careless days of plenty, as well as those with whom she had played the game of life in the social equality of apparent friendship, had alike forgotten her existence, remembered it as an unpleasant thought to be thrust aside, or made promises of help which never materialized into helpful facts. There had been a man, too, who had appealed to her inexperience with soft words and flattering looks. Well, that was the one good thing her trouble brought her—the knowledge of his worth; a poor gift, but all the satisfaction she had ever gleaned from the weary time.

Then, one morning, she awoke with the patient look of one who prays only for strength to live through the miserable hours. She ate a scanty breakfast over a dimly lighted table while she read a letter from her father, then in the far West, announcing that the wheel of fortune had once more turned, and successful speculation had replaced past [illegible] stakes: that she was once more the daughter of a millionaire, to be fêted, courted, caressed, her words quoted, her costumes copied, her whims unwritten laws. She saw the old crowd return as if she had been away on a pleasure trip, the past months ignored as if they never were, and she had gone on with the old life, hating, despising it, conscious of its vacuity, but disbelieving in the existence of anything more satisfactory.

Was this man truer than the other—than the others?—for there had been many moths around the flame.

Why should he woo her so persistently? Why should he overlook her intended slights? Why should he ignore her apparent superficiality and positive cruelty of selfishness? She was no more beautiful, no more attractive than the other women of his acquaintance. She was not so amiable as most, for she had lost that quality of content. It was so easy to love an heiress—so easy to be blind to her faults.

She ate her dinner thoughtfully, pondering the question of her future. A fine line of resolve showed itself on her broad white brow, and to her maid's astonishment she refused to change her costume.

It is a cruel test, but, if he is true, he will forgive, she thought. If he is like the rest—what matter?

She waited a long time after he was announced, and when she finally entered the reception-room her step was slow and her manner that of one who is struggling under a new-found burden of responsibility.

He came toward her eagerly, with outstretched hand and half uttered words.

She raised her arm and stopped him with imperative gesture. "I am in great trouble, but I felt that I must see you a moment as I had promised." She came forward a little and leaned against a chair; her eyes were downcast and she twisted a telegram in her fingers, the innocent announcement of her father's delay. "We have lost all our fortune again. Everything is swept away—everything. It is complete—a wreck. There will be no rising from this. Father has lost too much of the vitality and enthusiasm which made the other success possible."

Her voice dropped into a whisper and there was a long silence while she waited with aching heart for what she dared not hope—words which did not come. At length he spoke.

"I am so sorry for you; believe me. Is there anything I can do? My sincerest sympathy is yours—you must know that. It is a terrible blow. I am so shocked—so grieved. If there is anything—if there should be"

She had walked to the window and was looking out, her back to him and the room, her head leaning on her clasped hands, which the casement supported.

"Nothing—there is nothing. You are very good, very kind. You will not misunderstand when I say that I am unable to talk—to think."

When she turned a few minutes later she was alone.

She threw herself on the floor, with her head on a chair cushion, careless of conventions, of the curious glances of passing servants, unnerved, hopeless. What remained in life for her now? Why had she not been content? Why had she not taken what was offered, believed it to be what it seemed? Why must she tear the veil from the specious falsehood which desired to live out its foolish life?

The curtain was drawn aside by an uncertain hand and her father stood in the aperture, clutching the folds on either side. She did not move. He noted her recumbent attitude. He listened to her sobs. After a moment spent in nerving himself for the crisis, he said:

"So they told you. I thought I'd get here first, but I couldn't. I hoped you wouldn't get the papers, but I suppose you saw the extra. It's all over. I can't rise from this. I haven't the enthusiasm, the vitality I had before. It's complete—a wreck."

She looked up with horror-struck eyes. Was she dreaming? Was this her punishment for paltering with the truth? Was this Fate's revenge? And her own words—what

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irony! Then she had lost all; not only her lover but her fortune, as she had declared in the foolish game on which she had staked her life's happiness

She staggered to her feet. She could not speak. Her tongue was tied, but the anguish of her eyes fixed on her father's face prompted him to further speech

"Poor girl! I'm sorry for you I don't care for myself. I've fought and thought and worked, and for such an end. But you've got your life before you. It's hard, dear, but don't—don't blame your old father."

In a moment she was at his side.

The man, weakened by the terrible financial strain, sank sobbing into the nearest chair.

"Stop; stop this minute!" Her tone was the imperious one she was accustomed to employ when she wanted dresses, money parties—favors she had but to name.

"What do you suppose I care for the old money? It's more trouble than it's worth I stood it before. You never saw me flinch You won't now. I wasn't crying for that It was something else. I'm glad we've lost it. I want to work. I don't hate it as I used to. I'm tired of deceit and flattery, and give and take—that's all the money ever brought; not a sincere friend, or a word of truth, or a generous act; just enervating luxury and sugar-coated lies."

Her tone carried conviction

They were silent a little while, then her father stroked her hair gently

"You're the best comfort a man ever had If you'd uttered one word of complaint or sorrow I believe I'd have shot myself. I'd reached the last ditch. Please God, the worst is over! I'm all right now. I'll get out of this, too, as I did before, if you'll only help me as you did then.

She was talking in a low, earnest tone

"It serves me right. I had the chance before—the chance to find a better life, a truer way of living. I've had money to do good, and opportunities for content, but I crushed them all under the wheels of the Juggernaut car and went on. I deserve this It's a righteous punishment."

He did not hear her. He was already devising ways of retrieving his losses. She felt the nervous tension of his attitude and said, waking up to her new duties

"Come, you're going to bed now, and I'm going to sit by you until you fall asleep."

They went out of the room with their arms about each other. It was toward morning that she went to her room, so weary that she fell on the bed, in the dreamless sleep of perfect exhaustion

There was a tap at the door. For a moment the disheveled toilet, the unturned bed and marks of unusual events bewildered her, for she was still in the semiunconsciousness of disturbed sleep

Then the meaning of it all returned. She slipped wearily to the floor

The maid entered with her morning coffee

At the side of the tray was a letter in a familiar hand. She gazed at it contemptuously. Perhaps he had written to offer again his sympathy. His *sympathy!* Were there no *men* in the world? Should she burn it unread?—and she twirled it uncertainly That was giving it an importance it did not deserve.

She tore it open with irritated fingers. At least she hoped it demanded no answer—one humiliation might at least be spared her

It began without the convention of adjective and name

> When I asked to come last night I had heard rumors of your father's impending failure and hoped to reach you before the tidings
>
> "I was too late—the blow had fallen I have not been ignorant of the deep-rooted distrust you feel toward the world which treated you so hardly. Your caprices and apparent superficiality have never deceived me nor hidden from my eyes the womanly qualities you possess. They were but a wall you built between yourself and the society you despise. Love, sentiment, affection you have treated as so many idle words. Suspicious, rightly often, wrongly sometimes, you have viewed all men and women by the bitter experience of one unhappy winter. I came to you with words of love on my lips, with the intention of asking you to be my wife Had I spoken when you came into the room disordered, half-crazed with grief, I realized that I should never be able to eradicate wholly from your mind the belief that I had asked you in pity, sympathy, or a distorted sense of honor
>
> "You will never know what a struggle I went through to save myself from that error I stole away without a word of farewell I did not dare stay longer. Hours have passed since then. You have wakened to new duties, new responsibilities, to newer strength. I, too, have waited the morning light to ask you what I came to ask you last night—to be mine—my wife—the only treasure of worth life offers—the only true happiness. I ask you now that you cannot accuse me of impulsiveness; now that hours of reflection have strengthened my desire and my resolve

The color stole into her cheeks—the blush of shame that she had so doubted a true loyal heart. She raised the envelope and touched it tenderly with her lips.

"Bring some flowers, Marie, all we have in the house, and open the blinds, and tell papa that I invite him to breakfast with me, and—and tell Johnson I have a note to send right away—right away, mind."

A Few Small Details

By Madeline Bridges

MRS SYLVANCOTT: Dear, it is so distressing that I should have this headache when Delia is away—and I don't expect her until to-morrow morning, and there are a few small matters

MR. SYLVANCOTT *(reassuringly)*: Oh, that need not disturb you, sweetheart. I can easily arrange things for the night if you'll just tell me what you wish done. I have cleared the dining-table

MRS. SYLVANCOTT: How nice of you! Did you put the butter on the ice?

MR. SYLVANCOTT: I did

MRS. SYLVANCOTT: Well, bring up a pitcher of ice water and some matches

MR. SYLVANCOTT: All right.

MRS. SYLVANCOTT: And set out the little china jar for the condensed milk and the covered can for the other milk

MR. SYLVANCOTT: Yes.

MRS. SYLVANCOTT: And don't forget to double-lock the back door

MR. SYLVANCOTT: No, I won't

MRS. SYLVANCOTT: Close the front shutters—and you must be careful about that side window clasp—it is apt to spring back You'd better wedge the screw driver in at the side of the sash for safety

MR. SYLVANCOTT: Very well

MRS. SYLVANCOTT: Empty the water tin that slides under the refrigerator, and be sure to shut the door into the cellar

MR. SYLVANCOTT: I'll attend to it.

MRS. SYLVANCOTT: And I think you would better fill my small alcohol lamp

MR. SYLVANCOTT: Is that all?

MRS. SYLVANCOTT *(considering)*: Ye-es That's all. You might bring up a lemon, and an extra glass, and my black and white breakfast shawl

MR. SYLVANCOTT *(going)*: I'll do so

MRS. SYLVANCOTT: A moment, dear! Please hang the bird cage on that highest hook and open the middle window about a handbreadth

MR. SYLVANCOTT: Well?

MRS. SYLVANCOTT: Oh! and do give those poor cats some milk. Put the big cat into the back yard and let the kitten stay in Pull out two dampers in the range and take one lid off. And if you'll just lock the closet and slip the key under the yellow rug

MR. SYLVANCOTT: The yellow rug? Yes

MRS. SYLVANCOTT: Don't neglect to shut the front gate—and—dear! I'm so glad I thought of it! The rubber-plants on the front stoop. You can roll them into the hall

MR. SYLVANCOTT: That's what I'll do

MRS. SYLVANCOTT: Remember to turn all the gas off, and don't forget to wind the clock

MR. SYLVANCOTT *(with the calmness of desperation)*: Is there anything else

MRS. SYLVANCOTT *(sweetly)*: Nothing else downstairs. Thank you *so* much! When you come up I shall ask you to

(Exit MR. SYLVANCOTT *precipitately.)*

Electric Typewriters

THE first electric typewriters are expected to make their appearance on the market this autumn. A number of them have been patented, and there will be some rivalry. They will cost about two hundred dollars.

The electric typewriter is a power machine, all the work of the moving parts being done by an electric motor, while the operator simply indicates the characters. It looks like an ordinary typewriter, and the keyboard is the same. The printing is accomplished by mere contact of the finger. No pressure being required, there is no fatigue

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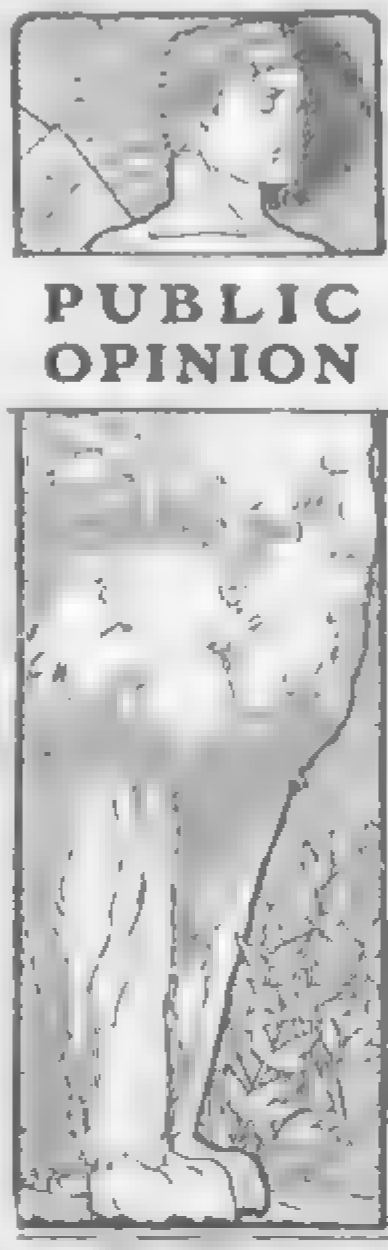

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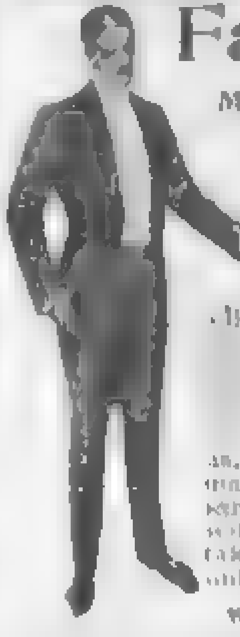

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"Babies' Clothes will now fit Dollie"

2 ½ Feet High

[illegible] outgrown changes, that her little daughter can put on and off, button and unbutton to her heart's desire, the life size doll will live in that child's memory long after childhood's days have passed away.

Every little girl loves a doll, more so a big doll. Imagine how proud and delighted she would be if you gave her a real "life size doll," 2½ feet high, that can wear real clothes, [illegible] head won't break, [illegible] or suffer any of the [illegible] haps that dollie is [illegible] encounter.

This doll is an exact re[illegible] of a hand [illegible] French creation, [illegible] extra heavy Sat[illegible] [illegible] not tear. In oil colors that will not crack. The workmanship is perfect, the color effects the very finest.

The doll is intended to be stuffed with cotton, or other [illegible] material. It is this Century's model of the old fashioned "Rag Doll" that Grandma used to make, [illegible] would make Grandma open her eyes in wonder.

Dollie has Golden Hair, Rosy Cheeks, Brown Eyes, Kid Color Body, Red Stockings, and Black Shoes, and in following the directions in making up if a piece of heavy cardboard is inserted in the soles, a perfect shoe is formed, enabling the doll to stand erect.

To the many Mothers who have written "Why don't you make a smaller doll for baby?" We have this same doll 20 inches high for the smaller Children, which retails at 25 cents, while the [illegible] Doll sells at 50 [illegible].

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Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

The Mystery of Hail

Bombardment of the clouds for the purpose of dissipating hailstorms—a method now being tried on a large scale by French wine-growers for the protection of their vineyards—is not indorsed by the United States Weather Bureau, which does not believe in the efficacy of the process.

Hail is a mystery. Nobody knows how it is formed, though there are several theories. A hailstone is made like an onion, of a series of concentric coats. These coats of ice are apparently put on in succession, by repeated freezings, but in what manner is unknown.

One notion suggested is that the frozen rain-drop, which is the nucleus, is alternately attracted and repelled between opposing storm-clouds, of positive and negative electrification respectively, and that it gradually increases in size as it is carried to and fro, and continually takes on freezing coats of moisture.

Another theory is that the particles of hail are carried in a sort of giant whirl, first aloft and then downward, as portions of cumulus clouds are sometimes seen to move, and that they gather successive coats of moisture at the lower levels and convert them into ice in the frigid strata of the higher atmosphere.

Extraordinary conditions must be required to account for the formation of the huge hailstones which sometimes fall, occasional specimens actually reaching the size of hens' eggs. Thirty years ago a storm of this kind destroyed a million dollars' worth of glass in the city of Philadelphia, and many persons were severely hurt by the larger stones—veritable projectiles of ice—which dropped from the skies.

Sometimes hailstones assume strange and irregular forms, which is perhaps due to the joining of two or more of them in the air. An odd phenomenon is observed in the blizzards of the Western plains—the true blizzards, which are totally unlike the blizzards, so called, in the East. The air is filled, not with snowflakes, but with actual needles of ice, which sting painfully wherever they strike the flesh.

A snowstorm in a room actually occurred at a court ball in St. Petersburg. The temperature indoors had gone up to some ninety degrees, and, several ladies having fainted, a rush was made to open the windows. There was no storm outside, but, as soon as the windows were thrown up, snow began to fall inside the ballroom, the moisture in the air having been suddenly condensed by the extreme cold without.

It is believed by some that the cirrus clouds, popularly known as "mares' tails," which usually float at an elevation of [illegible] seven miles, are composed, not of particles of water in suspension, but of needles of ice, the temperature of the air at that height being much below freezing.

Pearls Obtained from Fish

A plan for utilizing the scales of alewives in the manufacture of artificial pearls is said to be on foot. These little herrings are so plentiful in Lake Ontario as to be a nuisance at times, dying in countless numbers from mysterious epidemics and decomposing on the shore, so that the discovery of any sort of usefulness for them would be considered a boon. Specimens of the scales have been sent to France to ascertain positively whether they are suitable for the purpose.

The pearls which it is proposed to manufacture are of the kind known as Roman pearls, which are made in France and are well known everywhere. They are globules of glass, lined with a substance obtained from the scales of a fish called the "bleak." This substance is what lends to the scales of various fishes their peculiar and beautiful iridescence. Taken fresh, and introduced by a delicate process into the blown globules of glass, it lends to them a permanent lustre rivaling that of real pearls.

The Chinese are famous for their artificial pearls, the business of producing which is confined to two villages. In early summer quantities of mussels are fetched from a near-by lake, and into the shell of each bivalve are introduced a number of small objects—sometimes little pills of dried mud, and sometimes tiny lead images of Buddha or of fishes which have been cast by pouring the molten metal upon a board graven with mould impressions. Thus prepared, the mussels are deposited in pools, five or six inches apart, and in the following November they are taken up and opened, the pellets or images, which by that time are covered with pearly nacre, being removed. Such objects are largely employed for ornaments and amulets in China, those formed from pellets being set in tiaras and various articles of [illegible].

At the Smithsonian Institution, in the city of Washington, is preserved an exquisite pink pearl, about the size of a hazelnut, which was formed in the shell of a fresh-water mussel, upon a pill of wax introduced for that purpose, the bivalve being confined in an aquarium. Unfortunately, its value is destroyed by cracks. A century ago it was imagined that pearls of great beauty and value might be produced by such devices, but experience has shown that the process does not work satisfactorily. For one thing, it is distressingly slow, where a thick coat of nacre is demanded.

Recently, in Paris, artificial pearls have been made by an entirely new process. Beads are cut from real mother-of-pearl shells (preferably those of the true pearl-oyster), and are thinly coated with silver, the metal giving them a lustre somewhat like that of a gray pearl.

High Prices for Old Eggs

Eggs are high just now. Two were sold at auction in London the other day for $[illegible] and $[illegible] respectively, and they were [illegible] stale ones at that. However, they were eggs of the great auk, which are the most expensive in the world. There are only about seventy-five of them now in existence, and $1500 was the highest price on record for a specimen up to the date of the sale referred to.

The great auk became extinct nearly sixty years ago. Its principal breeding place and last retreat was a lonely rock called Funk Island, thirty-two miles out at sea off the coast of Newfoundland. The early settlers of Newfoundland depended to a large extent upon its flesh and eggs for food, and were accustomed to make trips, at regular intervals and often at great risk, to the far-off islet for the purpose of obtaining the birds. Once arrived, they had no trouble in catching them, inasmuch as the feathered unfortunates, though wonderful swimmers, were unable to fly. Sometimes they were herded together in corrals, made by setting stone slabs on edge, and were kept confined in this manner until they were wanted. They were so fat that it is said they were sometimes used as fuel for cooking.

One of the causes of the extermination of the great auk was the persistent gathering of its eggs, and another was the use of the helpless fowls by fishermen for bait, but what finally destroyed it was the demand for its feathers. When at length it succumbed to these varied attacks, its extinction came so suddenly as to take the naturalists unawares, and that is why there exist to-day only a very few skins and eggs of the bird.

Not long ago the Smithsonian Institution sent one of its naturalists to Funk Island for the purpose of collecting great auk bones, and enough of them were obtained, though with much difficulty, to compose several complete skeletons, the necessary parts for each skeleton being made up from the remains of many individuals. Immense quantities of the bones were found mingled with the top layer of thin soil on the islet, but nearly all of them were in fragments, and the most perfect ones were got from the holes of puffins—odd little birds which dig burrows in the ground, sometimes as much as four feet in depth.

Nearly twenty years ago a fog signal was set up on the rock, and this had a good deal to do with destroying other species of sea fowl that bred there. Whenever the gun went off the birds would fly up carrying their eggs with them for a short distance and then dropping them. In 1860 it was estimated that there were 50,000 pairs of gannets on the island, and now there is not one. A stone

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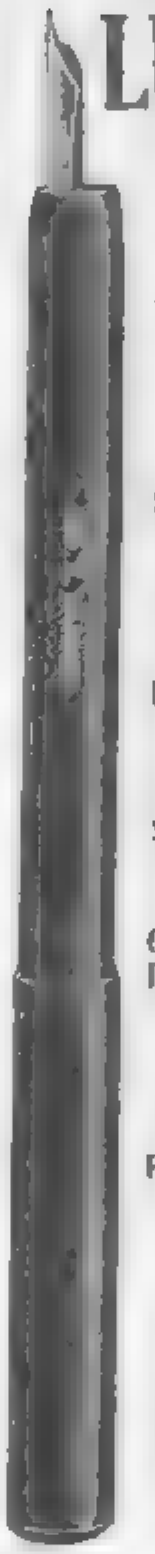

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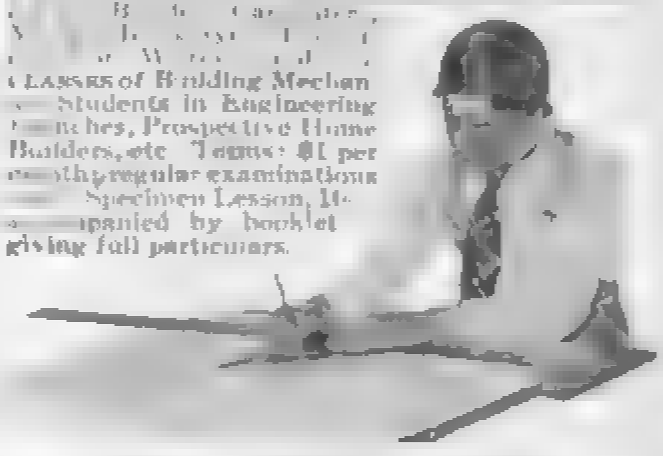

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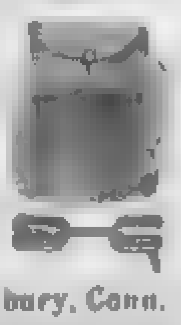

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but on the highest part of the rock is a memorial of a crew of sealers who, when their vessel was lost, sought refuge there for the winter

All of them died except the cook, and he was insane when rescued

Mummied Vegetables for Food

Desiccated potatoes are a comparatively new food product, but great quantities of the tubers are thus prepared for market nowadays. They are furnished in this form to our soldiers and sailors in China and the Philippines, and are specially adapted for use in Arctic or tropical climates, being of small bulk in proportion to the amount of nutriment they contain, and having the additional advantage of "keeping" almost indefinitely. As an article of diet they are quite as healthful and as sustaining as the fresh vegetable, and are unaffected by extreme heat or cold.

The desiccation of potatoes is accomplished on the same principle as the desiccation of apples. In the treatment, however, there is an important difference, the potatoes, cut in slices, being subjected to a slowly increasing heat, so as to avoid swelling and rupturing the starch granules. As the water in the potato is gradually driven off, the temperature is raised. Before evaporation begins the slices are submitted to the fumes of burning sulphur, to prevent them from becoming discolored; but the heat, afterward applied, drives off all the sulphur, the use of which is thus rendered unobjectionable

Onions, carrots and other vegetables are similarly desiccated—a process which preserves them, under the most unfavorable conditions, for a long period. They are first washed, then peeled by hand, and finally cut into slices by a machine, before they go into the evaporator. Rotating knife-blades do the slicing with wonderful evenness and accuracy. When the slices come out of the evaporator they are as dry as chips and practically water-free. It takes six or seven pounds of potatoes to make one pound of the desiccated article

How Quicksilver is Obtained

Newly discovered mines in southwest Texas are beginning to yield large quantities of quicksilver, which in this country hitherto has been obtained wholly from California Last year two thousand flasks of the metal were got from this fresh source of supply and the output for 1900 will be considerably greater. Seventy-five pounds go to a flask

The ore from which quicksilver is obtained is a brilliant red rock known as cinnabar When of high purity it is actually vermilion in color. Cinnabar is the original source of the pigment known commercially as vermilion. It is a compound of sulphur and quicksilver, and in order to separate the latter from the sulphur the rock is roasted. Passing off in the form of a gas, the mercury is afterward condensed, and flows out in a fine stream like a continuous pencil of molten silver

The discovery of the famous California mines came about in an odd sort of way through observation of the vermilion paint with which certain Indians in that part of the country frescoed their bodies. It was ascertained where they got the pigment, and thus were revealed the rich deposits which subsequently became of such commercial importance. Like gold and silver, mercury is occasionally found in a native or pure state Sometimes the miner's pick penetrates a cavity that contains a cupful or more of the elusive and beautiful fluid

The miners suffer much from the poisonous effects of the quicksilver fumes. Extreme cleanliness is the best safeguard for workers in this dangerous occupation. Use is also made of a sort of lemonade which serves to a certain extent as an antidote, a strong acid taking the place of lemon-juice in the composition of the drink

Vermilion is no longer produced commercially from cinnabar in the old-fashioned way. Nearly all of it is now made by heating a mixture of mercury, sulphur, potash, and water until the bright color is obtained A curious fact is that there are two distinct oxides of mercury, exactly alike in chemical composition, indistinguishable by analysis, and represented by the same chemical symbol. They differ in color, however, one being red and the other yellow, and, while both are used in medicine, they are employed for very different purposes—the red oxide internally, as a rule, and the yellow mostly for external applications

Insects that Attack Fish

Among the most dreaded enemies of the fish-culturist are certain aquatic insects which attack baby fishes, sometimes destroying them in great numbers. Inasmuch as they are night flyers, it is exceedingly hard to provide any effective safeguard against them, and many depredations of theirs have for a long time been regarded as mysterious and unaccountable, being attributed to other causes

For example, recently, at one of the southern stations of the United States Fish Commission, there was a large and constant mortality among young brook trout, and it was only after much watching and patient investigation that the trouble was traced to the so-called electric-light bugs, which came at night and assailed the little fishes. This insect has become familiar in cities only within the last few years, being attracted by the electric lights

It is a large fly which in the early stages of existence crawls about as a larva on the bottom of ponds

It is probable that the electric-light bug in the larval stage attacks small fishes, but the chief mischief it does is accomplished after it has left the water and assumed wings. It is highly predatory, and, being able to dive attacks the young fishes with its long, piercing proboscis, which consists of four sharp bristles held in a sheath. Its forelegs are modified for grasping, so that it is able to hold on to the victim notwithstanding its struggles It stabs the fish and sucks its blood, being in fact a sort of insect vampire

There is a little insect known as the back-swimmer, because of its habit of swimming on its back, which does a good deal of damage to small fish, having a strong beak for use in its attack. Every small boy has noticed this kind of bug navigating the surface of ponds. Much more formidable is the tiny diving beetle, which has long sickle-shaped jaws

The Fish Commission has ascertained that these diving beetles come up the Potomac in swarms at night and alight upon the fish-rearing ponds near the base of the Washington Monument. One of them will grab a young fish and hold on, while others get a grip in turn, and in the course of fifteen minutes they will literally reduce to a skeleton a baby bass two inches long, eating every particle of flesh from the bones.

Fish culturists have much difficulty in guarding the young fishes against the numerous enemies that are always seeking to devour them. It is easy enough to protect little fishes from bigger ones by classifying them as to size and species in suitable ponds, but rats, which venture boldly into the water after such prey, are hard to keep off, and kingfishers and wading birds are ever on the alert to gobble the helpless fry

Birds that Kill Cattle

The experience of New Zealand sheep farmers with the species of parrot that took to killing their sheep, the parrots having been led to adopt the practice through temporary lack of their natural vegetable food, has been repeated in Ukambani, British East Africa, with another kind of bird

Up to the present time the so-called rhinoceros bird has been familiarly and favorably known in that part of the world as a friend of domestic cattle, eating the insects that attack those animals. It was on similar terms of useful comradeship with antelopes and other such big game, on the backs of which it often perched. So valuable was its work in the protection of cattle that the killing of it was strongly disapproved, and the adoption of a regulation forbidding its destruction was contemplated

Unfortunately, a plague carried off nearly all of the cattle in that region not long ago, and afterward a famine made it necessary to kill the sheep and goats. Apparently as a result, the rhinoceros birds have taken to attacking the domestic animals that survive in the Ukambani region, biting their ears to pieces and tearing holes in their backs and sides. The beasts thus assailed are helpless to defend themselves, and frequently die of the injuries inflicted. So numerous are the birds that it seems almost impossible to get rid of them, and thus a new and very serious problem has arisen.

Native boys have been employed to shoot the birds with arrows, an inch or so of the points being passed through a piece of wood or ivory, so that, if an animal is struck instead of the bird, no harm will be done. Up to the present time, however, this plan has not proved very successful.

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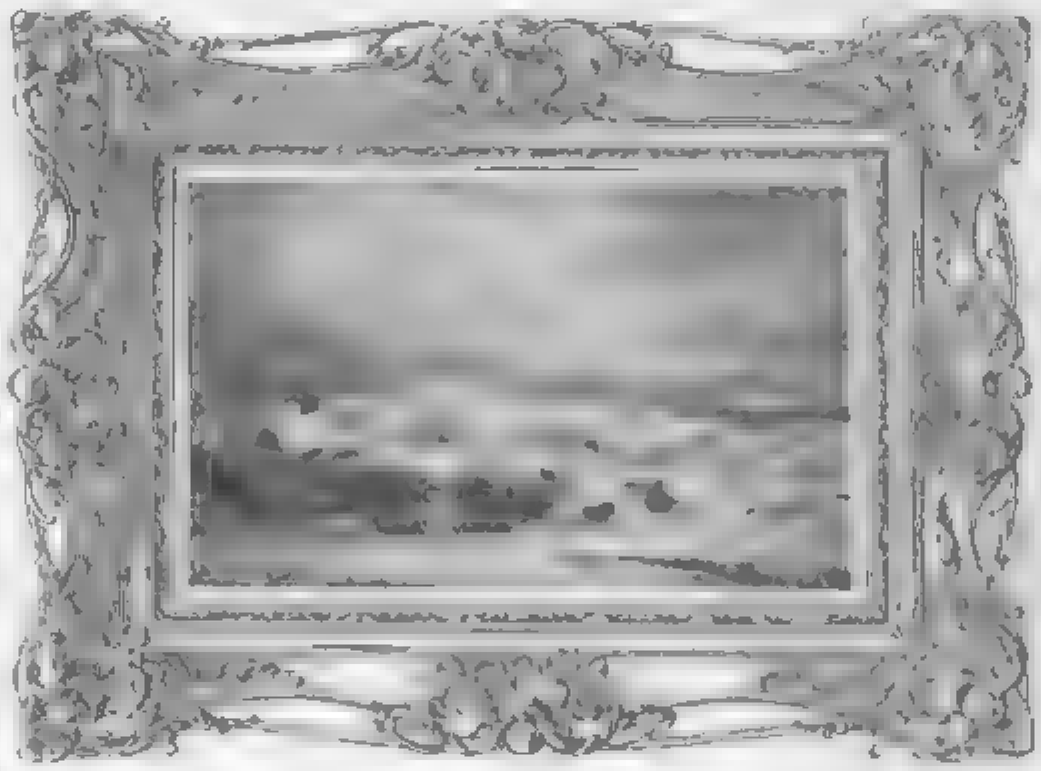

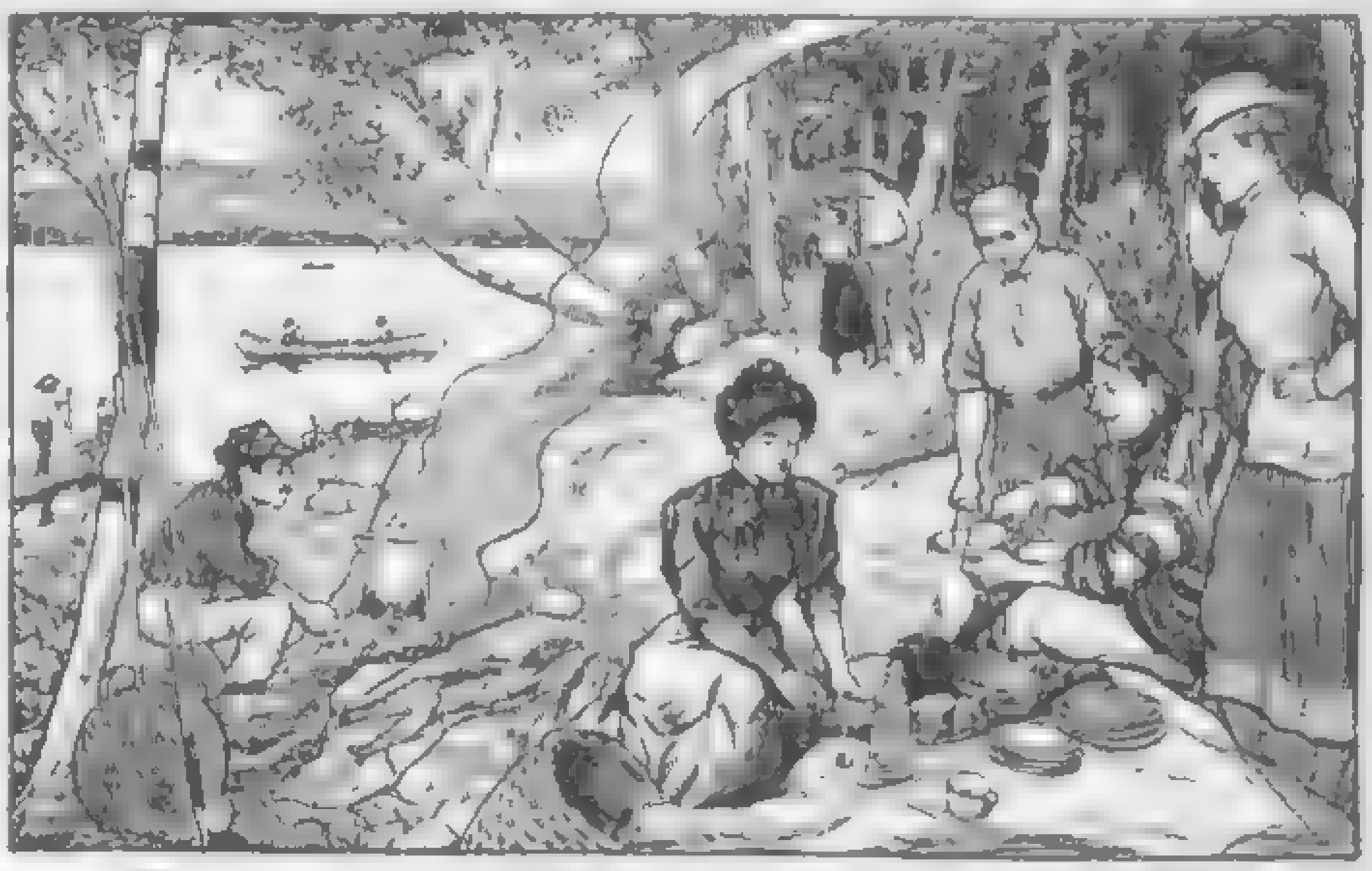

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FARMING as a BUSINESS for Young Men ✤ A Talk with the Honorable James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture

IN DISCUSSING [illegible] subject as the opportunities open to young men in American farming I shall have first to point out that agriculture in the United States (including in the term fruit-raising and animal husbandry) is one of the most highly specialized industries I know of

This is due, primarily, to two causes: the wide range of climate and soil in this country and the exacting requirements of American consumers, who want a taste of pretty much everything that can be raised on the earth. Hence we find producers in different parts of the country actively engaged at this time in raising a most remarkable variety of specialties, and it will be interesting to run over some of these for a mor[illegible] I am not referring now to the great staple crops, the geographical limits of which are, in a broad way, well known, such as the cotton of the South, the corn of the Northwest and Middle West, the wheat of nearly all the States, and the like. Besides these, we are now raising cane sugar and rice in Louisiana, pineapples and oranges in Florida and California, tea in South Carolina, beet sugar in practically the whole Northern tier of States and elsewhere, and tobacco in ten or a dozen widely separated regio[illegible]

Mushrooms are beginning to receive attention in many places near large cities; the Angora goat, raised for the sake of its fine hair, promises well for mountainous regions; the date palm will probably flourish in Arizona; the genuine Smyrna fig is succeeding in California, and olive-growing is now a well-established industry in the latter State Then there is truck-farming along the Atlantic seaboard, hop-farming in the Northwest, irrigation farming (a promising field) in the semi-arid portions of the W[illegible] and cattle-feeding on the ranges.

How to Choose a Specialty in Farming

These are enough to show that farming in the United States is a business of great possibilities I should think that the very first thing to be considered by [illegible] man who contemplates adopting farming as a life-work would be what crops can be successfully raised in the part of the country in which his lot is cast. Then let him consider his markets; what do they demand that he can most profitably supply?

Various considerations will sway him in settling these points, such as his nearness to market, the kind of labor he can depend upon, the particular class of farming that he likes best, social connections, and other circumst[illegible]

Only very broad general principles can be laid down for his guidance in these matters I would venture to say that if he is located near any of the great cities of the country his best chance for a profitable business lies in supplying the table luxuries of which a large population consumes such incredible quantities. Remoteness from such markets will sometimes (not always) render what may be called a less intensive kind of farming more profitable. It is intensive work in the one case, extensive in the other, and each has its advantages and disadvantages The intensive farmer probably works harder for a longer period of the year than the extensive farmer, but he often makes more money per acre.

Then, of course, there are certain characteristics that will cause one man to succeed in farming while another with equal advantages will fail. I am inclined to think that many of the failures in farming would have succeeded no better in any other business I am supposing that the young man now under consideration possesses the intelligence, industry, steadfastness and sobriety which are fundamental factors of success at any kind of work. Businesslike habits are essential. I would not impose on a busy farmer the keeping of an elaborate set of books, but some simple form of accounts will be a great aid in successful farming. As the farmer grows older, if he is able to secure, as he should, more time for experimenting and observing, he will find his records of crops planted, crops harvested, successes and failures, even if that record be a brief and simple one, of inestimable value in reducing his knowledge to exact and valuable shape. Then a businesslike way of handling his crops when the time to market them comes will be many dollars in his pocket. What would be thought of a business man who sent out imperfect or damaged goods with his name branded on the packages, or who sold fine goods in dirty or broken packages? Yet these faults are commonly found in the shippers of fruits, vegetables and eggs. Another common fault is in not maintaining one standard quality in whatever the farmer has to sell. Is he a maker of fine butter? Let him never sell a pound that is not up to the highest standard. Have his packages of fruit attained a good reputation for quality and full measure? Let him see to it watchfully that no imperfect fruit and no short packages ever go to market under his name or brand

The Successful Farmer's Education

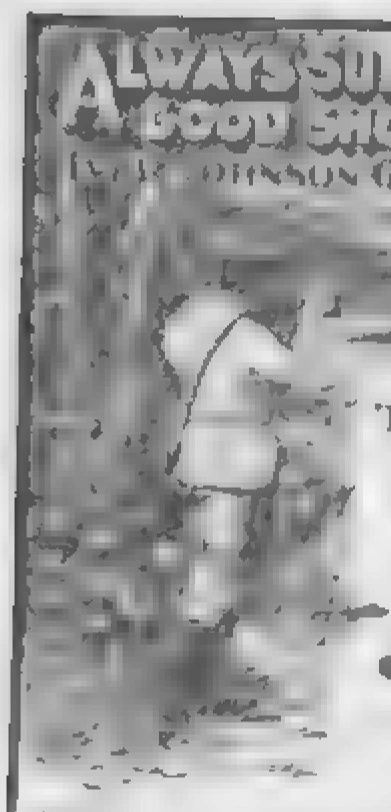
In farming, as in most other pursuits, success is greatly aided by a well directed education—in fact, I know of no business in which education is so important. I do not mean to deny that many farmers have succeeded in spite of lack of scientific education; I know very many who have achieved a solid success, but they did it by means of their natural ability and strong common-sense, fortified by years of experience and observation. They would have been greatly helped by a scientific knowledge of the reasons for the methods which they followed with practical success.

Of all the things which it is essential for the young farmer to understand thoroughly, I should be inclined to regard as first in importance an accurate knowledge of the soil he works in. Now this implies a good many things. Does he know in what elements of plant food the soil of his farm is lacking, and what he should do to supply them? Does he understand its physical texture well enough to know where to drain to the best advantage? Can he restore fertility to a worn-out field? Does he know which elements of its food the plant gets from the air and which from the soil? These considerations seem elementary, but as a matter of fact nothing is more common in American agriculture than deficient knowledge along this line, resulting in run down fields, or at least diminished crops. I have seen some of the abandoned farms of New England, and I am convinced that wrong methods of farming account fully for their present condition. Moreover, I feel reasonably certain that with the adoption of proper methods of farming these same abandoned lands can be made fertile again and support families in comfort. Consider what an advantage the owners of such farms would have in their proximity to great city markets. They only need intelligent handling by industrious farmers to be changed from abandoned farms to prosperous ones

The Science that Pays Dividends

The young farmer will be powerfully helped by a preliminary study of the soil and its elements in at least maintaining the fertility of his acres, though he should aim at increasing it if possible. His agricultural education, however, should not begin and end with a knowledge of the soil, important as that is. Is he intending to be a dairy farmer? Let him study the bacteriology of milk; know what causes the "ripening" of cheese; what breeds of cattle are best for his purpose, and what ration will produce the most milk at the least cost. If he has chosen fruit-raising as his specialty, he must know enough of entomology, plant physiology and plant pathology to recognize insect and fungous pests when they make their appearance on his fruit trees, and how to treat them. The necessity for fighting insect pests that lies heavy on the raiser of fruits is often considered a great drawback to the business, but in another point of view it is not an unmixed evil. It compels the horticulturist to give constant and unremitting attention to his trees and vines, impels him to study methods of prevention and cure, and has actually resulted, in some fruit regions, in positive benefit to the industry.

Fortunately, facilities exist in every State in the Union for acquiring just such an education as I have outlined so imperfectly. The



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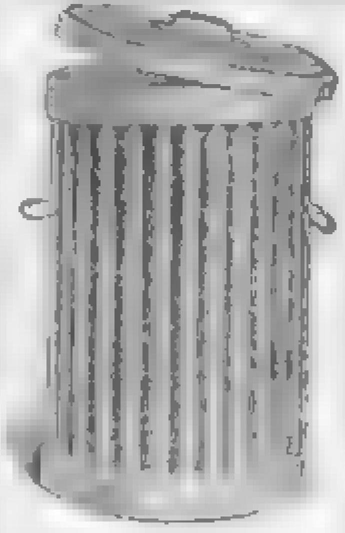

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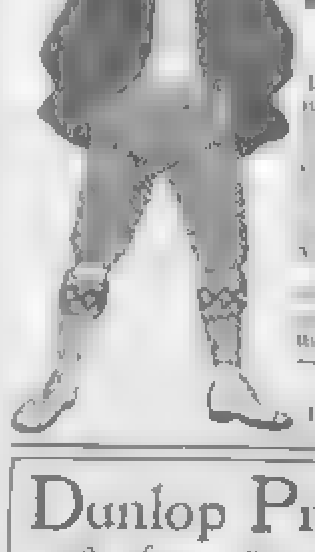

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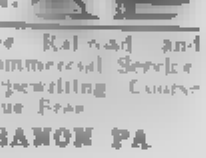

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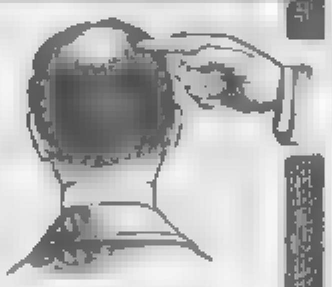

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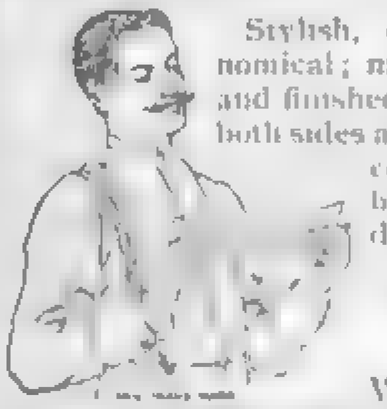

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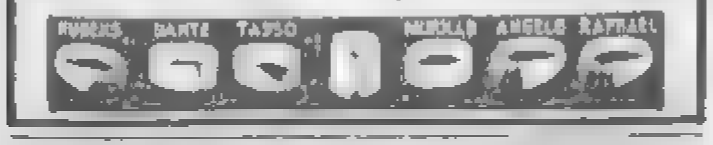

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"land grant" or agricultural colleges endowed by Congress in all the States furnish an education in all the sciences that relate to agriculture that cannot but be of inestimable value to the young men who secure it with the intention of making farming a life work

The Value of Agricultural Colleges

These land-grant colleges do very good work for the young men and young women who have reached college age, but I would like to see the work begin earlier. I have long advocated some form of instruction in elementary agriculture in the common schools, and I am glad to see that something is now being done in this direction by more than one of the States. If children could be led by competent teachers in the district schools to take an intelligent interest in the plant and animal life around them, and taught the relations of Nature to the practical work of their farm homes, I am inclined to believe that there would be less talk than there is about "boys leaving the farm," "the overcrowding of the cities," and the like. Boys would, in my opinion, receive under such instruction an impetus toward the farmer's life, rather than away from it

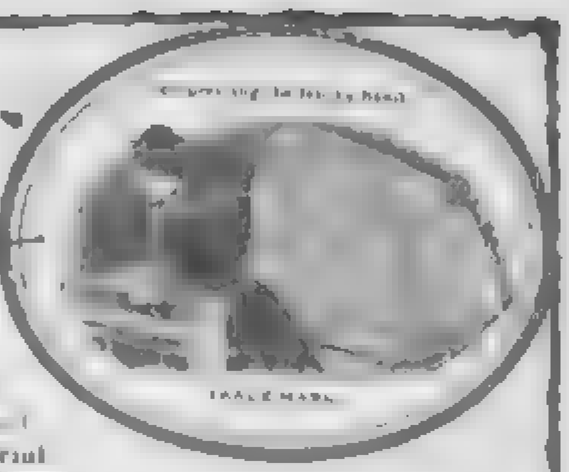
One word more on the subject of the farmer's education I would like to say, and it is this: It may well be theoretical, but it *must* be practical. The agricultural colleges recognize the importance of this, and put their students through courses in which theory is tested and supplemented by the actual doing of the thing theorized about The student of dairying handles the milk and cream himself, tests them for butter-fat makes cheese, and studies the "points" of cattle in the live animals

Why Farmers are so Often Discontented

In spite of the advantages of their occupation there is considerable discontent among farmers, many of them complaining bitterly of the drudgery and isolation of their lives and the small financial results obtained. It must be remembered that we do not hear complaints from the successful farmers, and possibly agriculture as a business is not to be blamed for the dissatisfaction that exists among others. Certainly the farmers have little cause for complaint this year. Unquestionably the percentage of failures among farmers is very small compared with the percentage of failures among merchants. Moreover, farmers are apt to forget, in estimating the returns for their labors, to include the farm products which are consumed in their own households, yet this factor ought of course to be counted in estimating results

The complaint that farm life is dull and isolated has, perhaps, more foundation than any other that farmers make. Yet the removal of this drawback rests largely with the farmers themselves. Cooperation and association for a great variety of purposes now serve to bring country people together and afford opportunities for social intercourse of a very pleasant kind, and these opportunities will multiply as time goes on. The improvement of our public highways, now so widely agitated, will help immensely to lessen the loneliness of country life by making intercourse between neighborhoods easier and pleasanter With better roads, the leisure time of winter may be better utilized than it now is, and associations of all kinds for agricultural and social ends will doubtless grow in numbers and influence

Taking the question "by [illegible]" I think it is a safe conclusion that, while farming has its drawbacks, it is yet a reasonably safe, reasonably profitable, and highly interesting occupation for a man blessed with a real love for Nature, endowed with common sense, and equipped with some knowledge of and a taste for the sciences that underlie the business of agriculture.



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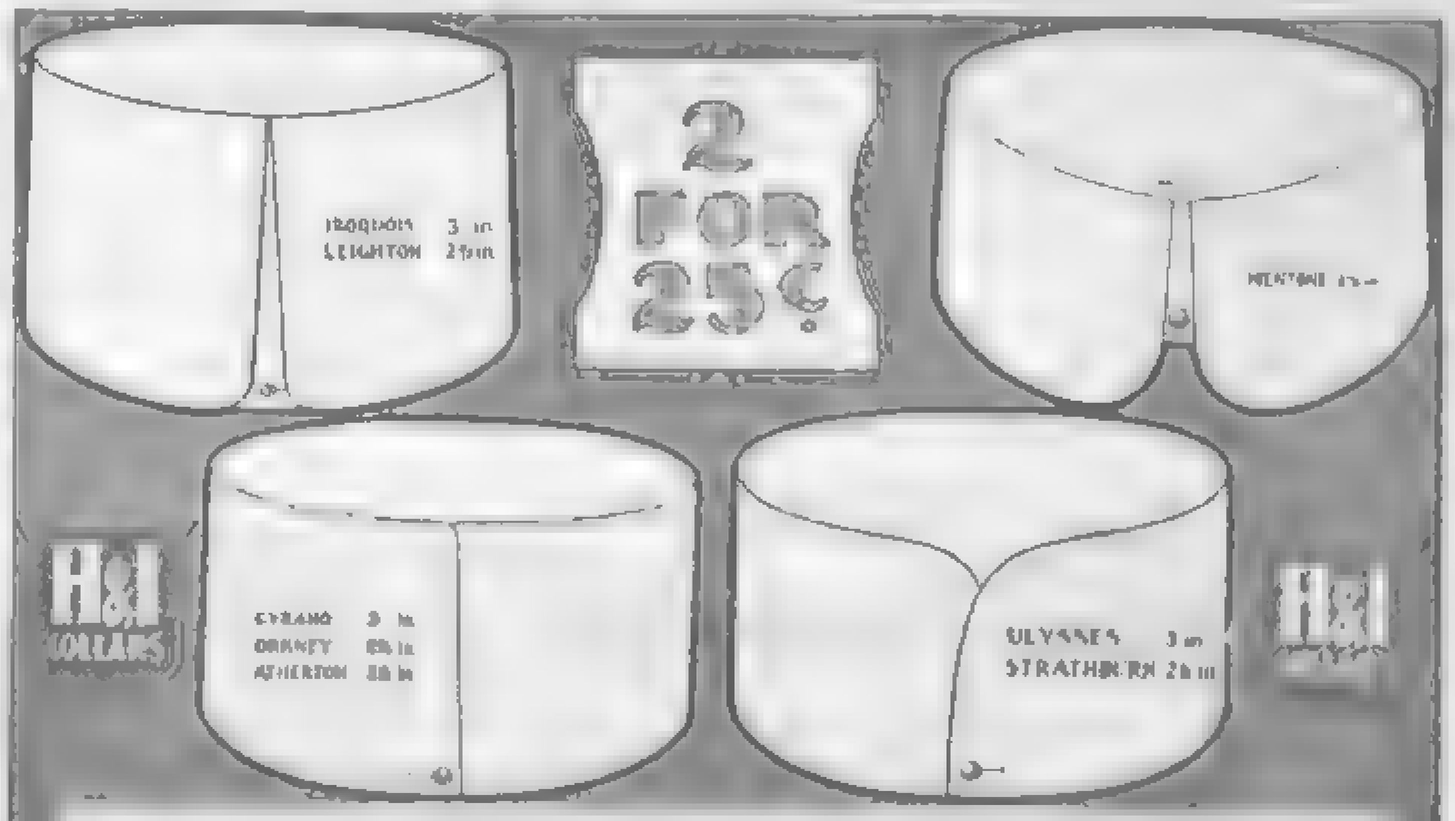

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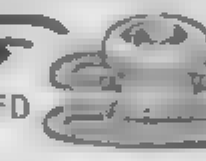

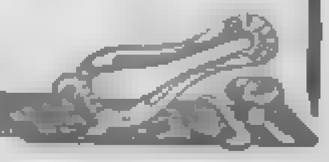

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Literary Folk—*Their* Ways *and* Their Work

In the Novelist's Footsteps

Few things are more tempting in theory or more discouraging in practice than hunting up scenes made famous by the novelist's art. That there are people who find what they look for is proven by the number of papers that win their way into magazines, and describe such spots with an enthusiasm so resolute and sustained that innocent readers feel impelled to set forth upon similar pilgrimages. In some localities, moreover, a decent attempt is made to provide a supply of picturesque material equal to the demand. The canny Scotchman readily points out an apocryphal cottage as the abode of Jeanie Deans; and the equally astute Yankee looks on smilingly while eager visitors count over and over again the six gables on a pleasant old Salem mansion, and vainly strive to delude themselves into the belief that there are seven.

Not every native of hallowed ground is so accommodating.

"Is this Juliet's house, and is this her balcony?" I asked with glowing delight of a lounger in the streets of Verona; and the Italian's urbane reply, "If Madame likes to have it so," admirably expressed the situation.

Few writers have linked themselves more closely with the soil, and few have woven more insistent spells around particular localities, than Thomas Hardy and Blackmore.

Year after year a little band of pilgrims follow Tess and Lorna Doone step by step through the beautiful counties made familiar by their names. The residents of these favored spots are presumed to be proud of their fame; and Mr. Blackmore, in a preface to the sixth edition of Lorna Doone, expressed the pleasure he felt at the manner in which his "simple tale"—which no one else would so describe—was received by the sons of Exmoor who had listened in infancy to the savage old stories of the outlaw Doones.

Yet to the candid mind it would appear that the villagers of Somerset and Devon have wearied a bit of ardent and over read tourists, all talking unstintedly about one book, albeit that book has brought the hidden beauties of their countryside into wide repute. Here and there, indeed, they have been debauched by sixpences into catering unscrupulously to the visitors' tastes. A kindly old cripple at Oare points out the spot where stood the Ridd farm, and the window in the church through which Carver Doone shot Lorna at the altar, and even the particular tree into which the villain climbed for a view of the chancel.

It is trivial to urge that no bullet sent from that tree could have reached the window and that no bullet sent through that window could have reached the bride. The ancient custodian had long ago selected his sites, and was not going to vary them at the caprice of each new visitor.

The same determined spirit characterizes the inhabitants of Badgeworthy, who have even begun to recollect that their grandfathers told them in infancy stories of the robber Doones. Up and down the valley tramp the tourists painfully—by reason of its length and roughness—striving hard to believe that the ruined cattle byres were once the outlaws' huts, and that the pretty little pool, with its baby waterfall, is actually the spot where the young John Ridd had his first perilous adventure. Their sensations at night of this famous pool must be not unlike those of the traveler who, inquiring eagerly for the Falls of Lodore, was told by [illegible]nant countryman that he was sitting on them.

But when we leave this hard ridden track and the need of providing what is asked for, we see a different spirit and hear a different tale.

In Porlock, that quaint old village whither John Ridd's father had gone to market the night he met with death, it has pleased an enterprising publican to erect a staring red brick hotel and christen it obtrusively the Lorna Doone. By contrast to the pretty thatched cottages that nestle close to the road it seems even uglier than it is, if such a thing were possible, and the villagers regard it with just and righteous contempt.

"Lorna Doone!" snorted the butcher, in answer to my chance inquiry. "Its name proper be the Three Horseshoes, and a snug little public house it be for a matter of seventy years. And that's what they've made of it to please folks as come straying through the country!"

"It's all the book," sighed the barber, who kept a shop, did carpenter jobs, mended bicycles and yet had ample leisure on his hands. "It's the book as does it. And to my way of thinking there's more tales than truth telling in such stories, anyway."

I admitted this was too often the [illegible] with novels, but the barber was not to be pacified. He shook his head and murmured, "More tales than truth," while the butcher retired behind his joints when the landlady of the Lorna Doone came out to look for a strayed kitten.

There is a little church, a very little church—the smallest, some say, in England—perched steeply above the sea, beyond the woods of Ashley Combe. A congregation of twenty-one it can boast, when all the parishioners are in pious mood; and for only four months in the year do the sun's rays touch its tiny steeple, so high the great hills rise around its lowness. Culbone Church is more purely esteemed by lovers of the picturesque than by rectors having families to feed, and hence the old rhyme:

> Culbone, Oare and Stoke Pero
> Parishes where no parson'll go."

Now it is in the churchyard of Culbone that tradition places the grave of John Ridd—not Blackmore's John Ridd, who dwelt in Oare, but the young giant whose strength and mighty exploits are vouched for in older tales, and who must have really lived and died somewhere in this vicinity. As a matter of fact, the little churchyard is filled with Redds, most of whom were likewise Johns; but when we sought to identify one with the farmer of Oare, the friendly old woman who held the keys vigorously denied the connection.

"Nobody in that book be ever buried here," she said with sternness not unmingled with contempt, and when we sought to soften the situation by suggesting that the true John Ridd lay in his grave nearly two hundred years before the novel was written, she waxed wroth at our pertinacity.

"Redds they were and Redds they be," she said with rustic eloquence. "Farmers they were and corpses they be; but none of them in story books ever"—and we bowed submissively to her decision. There are still corners of the world unenslaved by the novelist's art.

—*Agnes Repplier.*

The Author of Mooswa

More than once W. A. Fraser has been called the Canadian Kipling. This probably arose from the fact that Mr. Fraser writes Indian stories—that is, stories of the far East. He lived there *nine* years, *and* speaks the language; he saw the life as few writers of this generation have seen it; and finally, there is the indorsement of Kipling himself, who said at a club luncheon one day, in answer to a question about India:

"Suppose you ask Fraser, there—he has been all over India."

Our more intimate acquaintance with this new writer comes from his admirable stories of that almost unknown region called the Great Northwest of Canada. Here again he has his facts at first hand, for he has been through it all. Every year for six years he has traversed the wilderness, lived with the trappers, and gone far beyond railroads and houses.

Mr. Fraser is a born cosmopolitan of Scotch ancestry and American environment. His father was a citizen of the United States, naturalized in Boston. He went to Nova Scotia and built ships there. When his son was quite young he died, and the boy was brought back to the United States by his uncle, a wealthy merchant of New York. Young Fraser received his education in a Boston public school, and afterward at the high school in Westchester, in the State of New York.

When fourteen he was taken by his uncle to Ontario, and there he was regarded as a little Yankee because his twang was that of the States.

In the studies of his youth young Fraser was particularly apt in literature and art. This went so far that arrangements were made (but never consummated) that he should enter the studio of a famous sculptor in New

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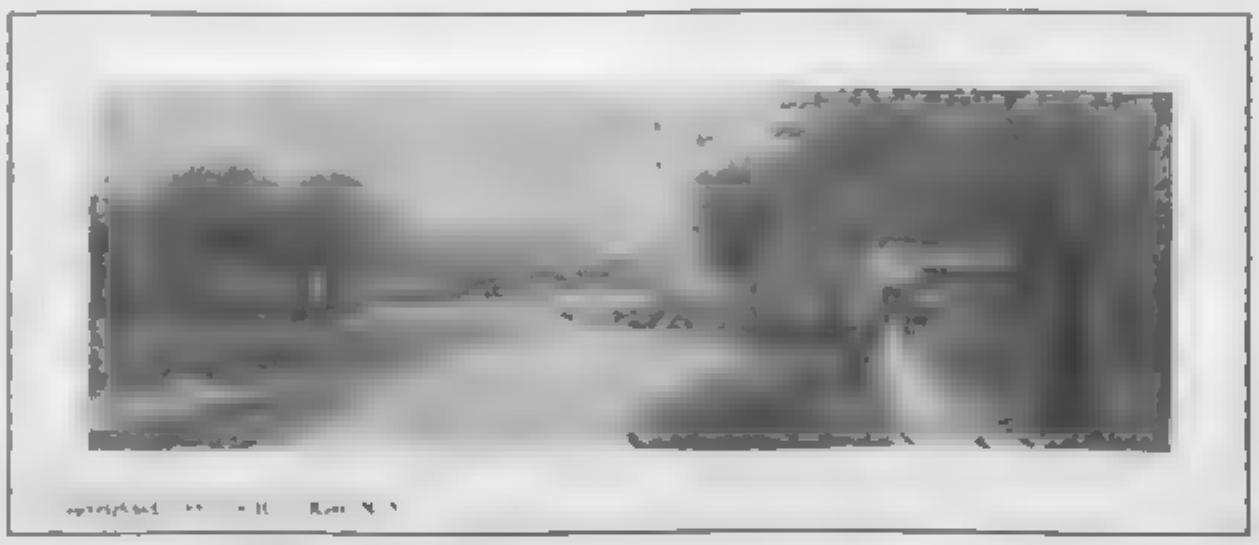

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York City. The disposition, however, was there, and later, for several years, he devoted himself to drawing and painting and was represented in various art exhibits.

Until he was twenty-one years of age he remained in Canada, where he turned to the more practical profession of mining engineering and was sent by an important company to India. For nine years he remained in that wonderful country, camping in some of its remote parts, even as far as the boundaries of Afghanistan. He saw the native life in all its interesting phases and details. Then his work took him to other sections.

His sister's death in Boston, in 1889, brought him back to this side of the world, and he remained for a year. While here he was married to Miss Barber, of Toronto.

Mrs. Fraser accompanied her husband to India on his second trip, in 1890. While they were at Simla a charity fair was being held, and the gypsy who was telling fortunes in the grotto was a lovely girl with beautiful blue eyes and of vivacious manner. Fraser went in to find out his destiny and the gypsy told him that he was intended for art, and predicted great things for him. This prediction he wrote in his note-book. The gypsy personator was Miss Kipling, the sister of the famous writer.

In these years Mr. Fraser had written several articles on mining, sport and art, sending them to papers without expecting or receiving pay. In 1891 Mr. and Mrs. Fraser returned to Canada and Mr. Fraser took up his mining work again, going into the wilderness in behalf of the companies which employed him. But exposure in India had brought on rheumatism and the doctors sent him to the springs in Europe.

One day, in 1894, he exclaimed to his wife: "By Jove, I will go crazy if I don't get something to do. Bring me paper and pencil and I will write a story."

She did so, and he wrote the story. Then he sent it to the Detroit Free Press, and in due course received a check for three dollars. Then he wrote another article for which he received five dollars. This encouraged him to do better, and for the next he arose to the climax of eight dollars—"the three greatest checks I ever received," he declares.

Every summer for six years Mr. Fraser has spent in the Northwest, far off in the wilderness, where the only roof is the tent or the trees. Among the trappers he lived day after day, and he got to know them, their habits and their traditions, heard from them their stories of Nature, and saw and learned the habits of the wild animals.

Mr. Fraser is a rapid worker, a thousand words an hour being his average. This, however, is not the form in which the material reaches the public, for he revises again and again.

A Hint for Authors

Benjamin Swift, whose real name is W. R. Paterson, is one of the few writers who never run away from town to the quiet of the country to do their work, as do so many British writers, to whom time spent in London is a real holiday from serious toil.

"I am too fond of the country to work there," says Mr. Paterson. "I want to be out all the time. In London one finds so little one really wants to do that one can always work."

In spite of this Mr. Paterson is a familiar figure in London, and a picturesque one. He has a striking face and a head of waving, fluffy light hair. His costume generally is the conventional frock coat, but somehow it has an air of last century courtliness.

Literature Lyonnaise

A book appeared in London lately entitled The Compleat Bachelor, by Oliver Onions. The name of the author seemed so singular that it apparently occurred to no one that it could be anything but a pen-name. When the Athenæum reviewed the volume it remarked sagely:

"The authorship of this book is unknown to us but there should be little difficulty in the way of identification." But the fact is that the author goes about the world as Mr. Onions and claims it is his real name, although he sometimes finds difficulty in convincing people. He was a friend of Mr. Gelett Burgess when that curious young American writer was living in London, and was by him introduced to several literary houses. But Mr. Burgess is a joker in real life as well as in his writings, and at least one house thought for a long time that the name Onions was his invention and the whole affair a Burgess practical joke.

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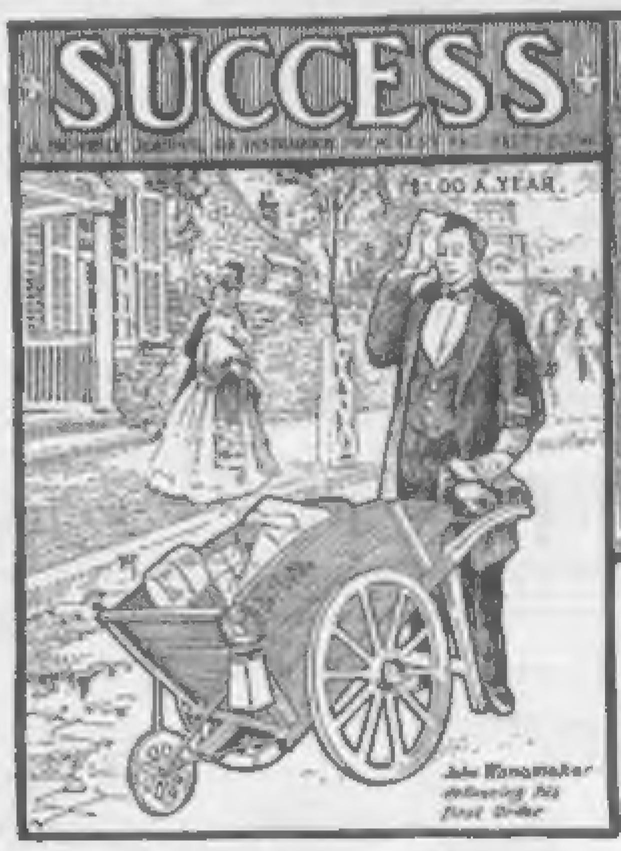
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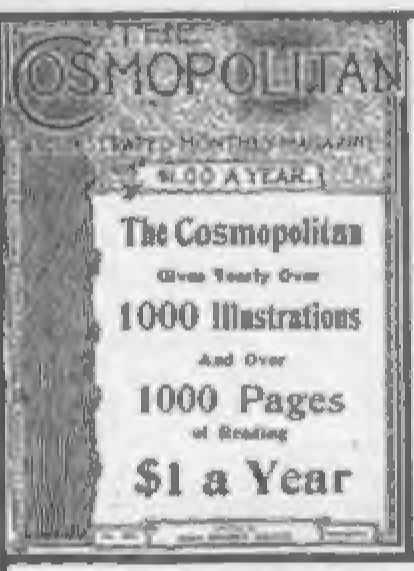

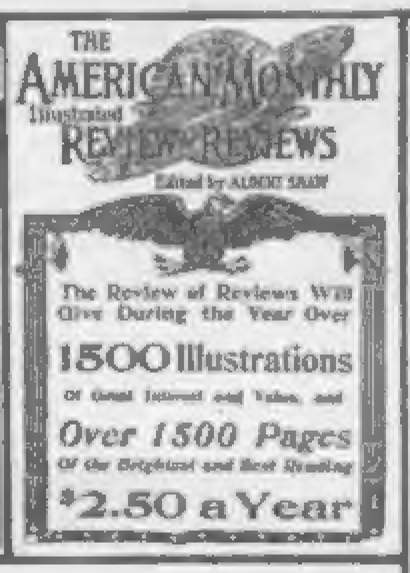
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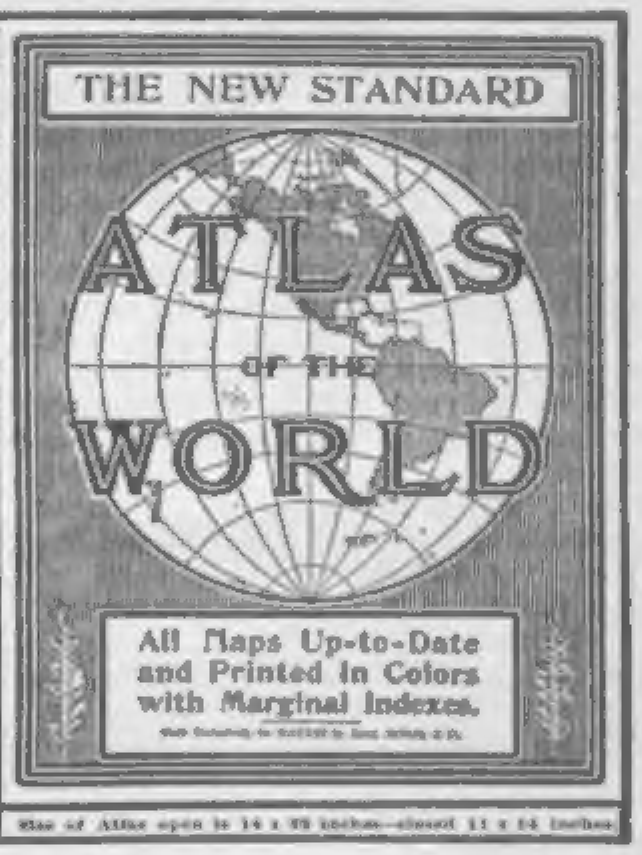
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Mooswa of the Boundaries

(Continued from Page 13)

"Yes, we can generally tell. Well, as I was saying, we went up the bank in one of these roads, and by the odor of the little clay mound I knew that Strong Jowl, a cousin of mine, was just inside the wood—or had been. So the family went among the poplars to have a bite to eat, and just as we were felling a tree whom should I see but François drifting down the river in his canoe. We kept pretty close, you had better believe. When the Breed came opposite our road he stopped his canoe, let it drift gently up to the bank, pulled out a trap and set it in muddy water just at the foot of the path. He was clever enough not to touch the land, even with his paddle, so there was no scent—nothing to warn a poor Beaver of the danger. Then he floated on down. If I had not seen the whole thing this depraved taker of our lives would have caught me sure; for you know how we go into the water, Nekik, just as you do—heads and hands first."

"That's an old trick of François's," exclaimed Carcajou, "and you'll find that is just what he has done here. If Mister Nekik will feel gently at the foot of his slide he will find something hard and smooth—not at all like a stick or a stone."

"Fat Fish! but I'm afraid of my fingers!" whistled Otter.

"Is Nekik afraid to safeguard his own slide?" sneered Whisky-Jack.

"Shut up, Quarrel-maker!" interposed the King. "You know Otter is one of the pluckiest fighters inside the Boundaries. It's only brainless chaps who tackle things they know nothing about."

"Dive their beaks into hot pork, Your Most Wise Majesty!" echoed Lynx with a fawning smile.

"Sakwasew will look for the trap," exclaimed Lynx as Mink, attracted by their chatter, came wandering down the stream. "Here, little Blacktail," he continued, "just dip into the hole there and look for evidence of François's deviltry."

"It's against the Law of the Boundaries," pleaded Mink, "for me to use Otter's ice-hole. By the kink in my tail, I'm not like some of my comrades, always breaking the laws."

"Aren't you, Mink? Who cut the throats of Gray Hen, the Grouse's children, last July, when they were still in their pin-feathers? But I suppose that isn't breaking the Law of the Boundaries," cried Lynx, taking Mink's observation to himself.

"Stop wrangling, you subjects!" commanded Black King, and the silvered fur on his back stood straight up in anger. "I'll order Rof to thrash you soundly if you don't stop this."

Pisew slunk tremblingly behind a tree, and Carcajou, humping his back, exclaimed: "Brother Nekik, I'll fish out that trap for you; I'm sure it's there—my good nose lines the track of a Man straight to the hole."

In less than two minutes he triumphantly swung a steel-jawed thing up on the bank. "There, what did I tell you?" he boasted proudly. "But the ring is on a stout root or stick—cut it off, Umisk, with your strong chisel-teeth, and Fisher will carry it up that big hollow poplar and cache it in a hole."

"I will, if you spring the jaws first," agreed Fisher.

Otter was overjoyed. "This is fine!" he cried; "I'll be back in a minute!" And he darted down the slide as an Indian throws the snake-stick over the snow.

"What fine sport!" remarked Carcajou, when Nekik came up again, shaking the water from his strong, bristled mustache.

"Shall we have some games?" suggested the King. "I'll give a fat Pheasant to the one who slides down Nekik's chute best—that is, of course, barring Nekik himself."

"But the water, Your Majesty," interposed Pisew.

"I don't want to wet my feet," pleaded Wapistan, the Marten. "If you'll make the race up a tree I will take part."

"So will I," concurred Fisher.

"Or three miles straight over the hill," suggested Blue Wolf.

"Make it a wrestling match," said Carcajou.

"No, no," declared Black King. "No one need go in the hole, of course. When you come to the bottom, spring over to the ice—that will be part of the game."

After much wrangling and discussion they all agreed to try it. Mink went first, being more familiar with slides, for he had a little one of his own. He did it rather nicely, but, forgetting to jump at the bottom, dove into the water.

"That rules you out," decided the King. "You left the course. Go on, Rof."

Blue Wolf fixed himself gingerly at the upper end of the slide and, at the last minute, decided to take it sitting, riding down on his great haunches. This worked first-rate until the ice was reached. Rof was going with so much speed by this time that he couldn't gather for a spring; his hind quarters slipped through the hole, which, being just about his size, caused him to wedge tight. He gave a roar of surprise that made the woods ring, for the stream was icy cold.

"Keep your nose above water or you'll drown, old Bow-wow," piped Jay. It took the combined strength of Beaver and Carcajou to pull the grumbling animal out.

"By the white spot on my tail," laughed Black King, "but I thought for a time you were going to win. Your turn, Pisew." Lynx made a grimace of dislike, for his cat nature revolted at the thought of water; but he crept on to the slide with nervous steps.

"You won't get in the hole," jeered Jack; "your feet are too big." Pisew tried it standing up, with arched back, for all the world like a cat on a garden fence. As he neared the bottom at lightning speed confusion seized him—he tried to spring, but only succeeded in throwing a half somersault—and plunged headlong into the water. The Jay fairly screamed with delight. "Didn't scorch his tongue a bit!" he cried. "Give him the tail feathers of the Pheasant to dry his face with, oh, Your Majesty! Ha, ha, ha! Pe-he-e-e!"

Pisew scrambled out, filled with morose anger. "That's another failure," adjudged the King. "Who is next?"

"Carcajou's turn," instigated Whisky-Jack. "He knows all about sliding up and down chimneys—he'll win, sure!"

"I shall try it," grunted the fat little chap; "but if you make fun of me, Jack, I'll wring your neck first chance I get." Wolverine shuffled clumsily to the starting-post, studied the slide critically for a minute with his little snakelike eyes, then deliberately turned over on his back and prepared for the descent.

"Tuck in your ears!" shouted Whisky-Jack. Now, this was an insult. Carcajou's ears were so very short that they were generally supposed to have been cut off for stealing. However, Wolverine started, tail first, holding his head up between his forepaws to judge distances. When he struck the bottom his powerful hind feet jammed into the snow, and the speed of his going threw him safely over on the ice, where he landed right side up, on all fours.

"Capital! Capital!" yapped Black King, patting his furred hands together in approval. "That will be pretty hard to beat. Skunk, you're a clever little fellow—see if you can make a tie of it with Carcajou."

Sikak moved up to the slide with a peculiar rocking-horse-like gallop. Taking his cue from Carcajou, he decided to go down the same way. Now, in the excitement of the thing, all the animals had gathered close to the slide, lining it on both sides.

Skunk had never traveled in this way before, and was nervous. During his delay in getting a straight start, Carcajou and Mink, half way down, got into an altercation about a good seat that each claimed.

"Keep it then, Glutton!" whined Sakwasew, starting across the chute. As he did so, Skunk got away rather prematurely, coming down with the speed of a snow-slide off a roof. He struck Mink full amidship, and his anger was furious. A wild scramble took place.

"Fat Hens!" shrieked Black King, as he fled through the forest, his long brush tail trailing in the snow.

"I'm choking!" screamed Carcajou. "Was there ever such an odoriferous chap on the face of the earth?" and he scurried away with his short legs, just for all the world like a Bear cub.

Fisher climbed a tree in hot haste, as did Marten. Mink dove into Otter's hole and disappeared. Even the Jay clasped one claw over his nose and flew wildly through the forest, almost knocking out his brains against branches. In ten seconds there was no one left on the ground but poor little white-striped Skunk. The collision had sent him rolling over and over down to the ice bottom of the stream. He got up, shook himself, used some very bad animal language, and slunk away to his family to tell them of the trick that Carcajou and Mink had played him.

"That glutton was afraid I'd win the Pheasant," he confided to Mrs. Sikak, "but I broke up the party, anyway."

The sixth of these stories will appear next week.

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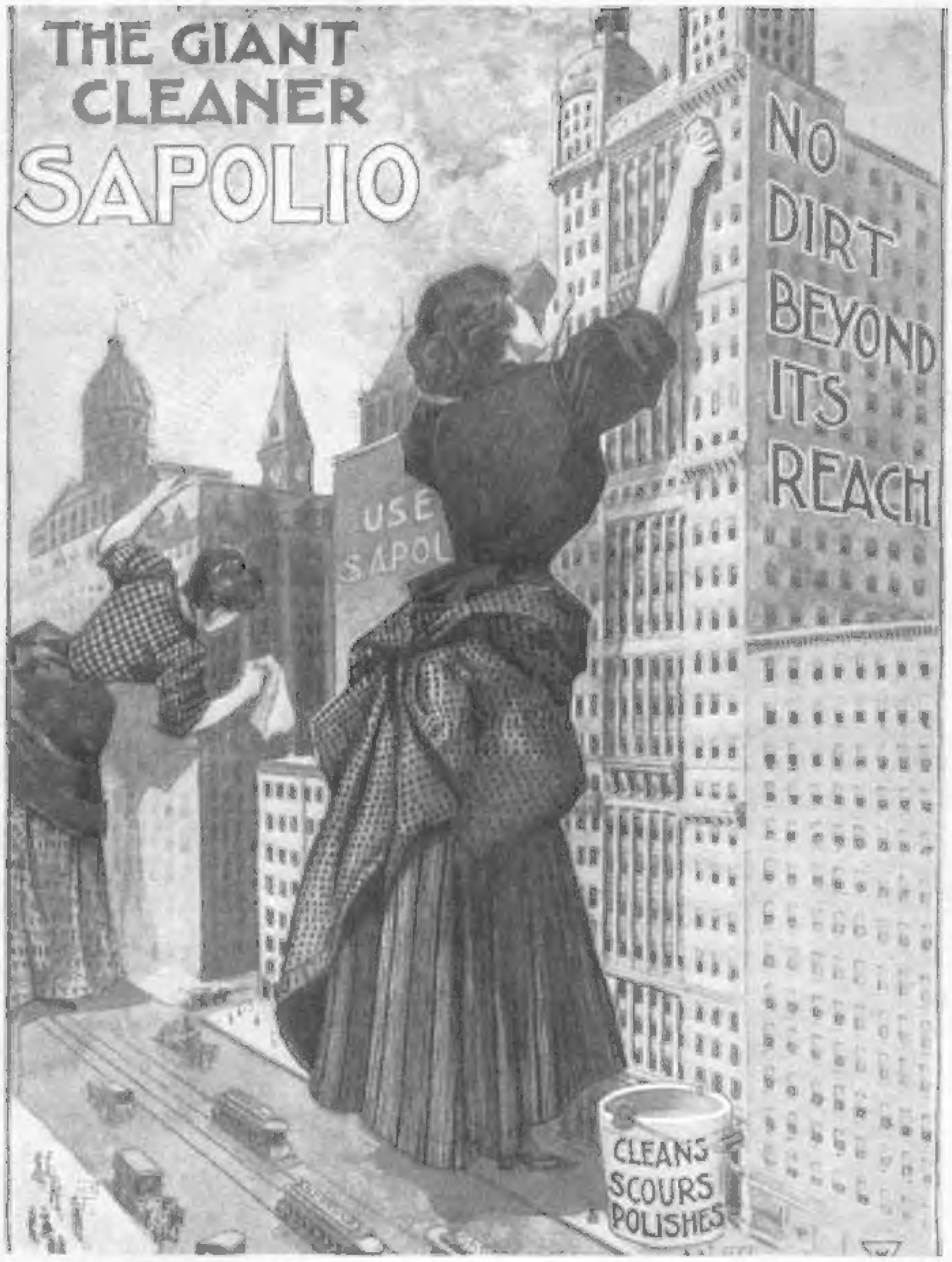

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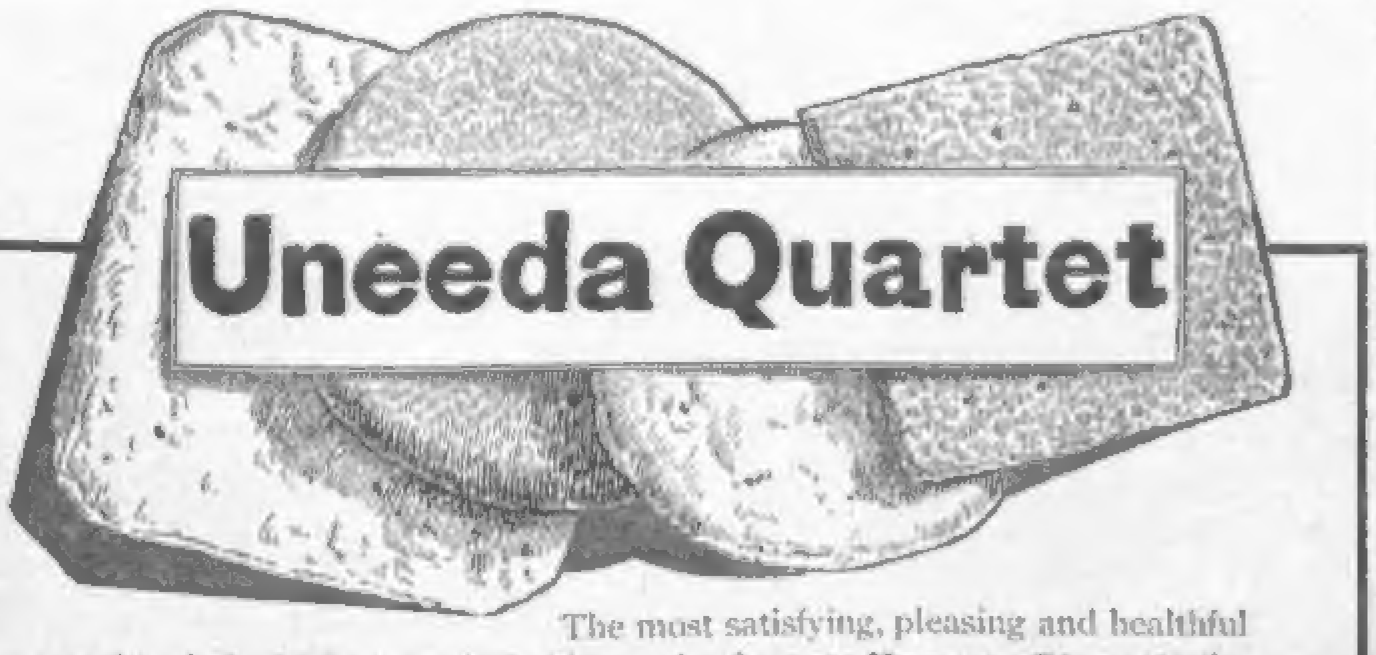

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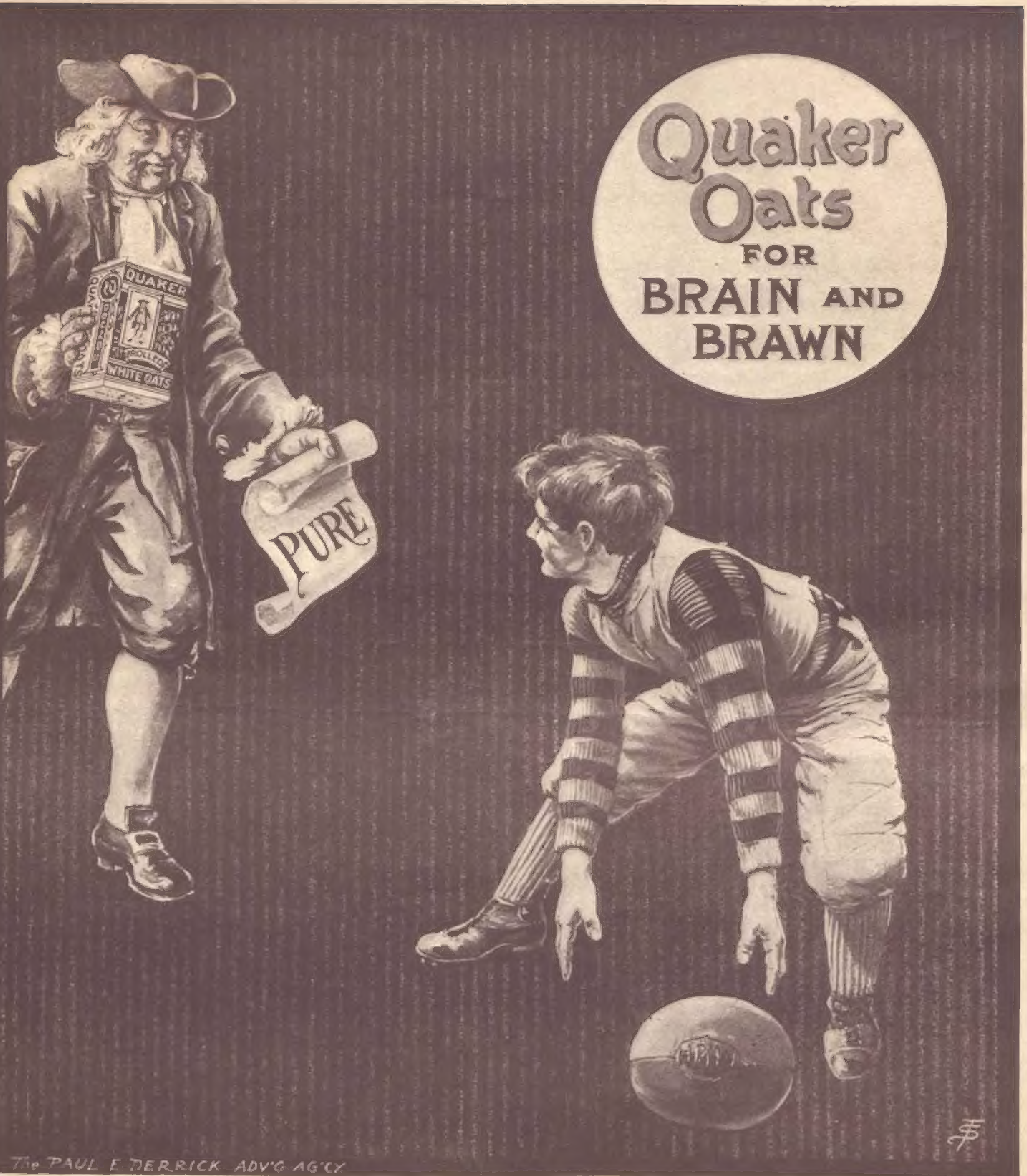
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